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Charles II
From a miniature by Samuel Cooper
in the possession of His Grace The Duke of Buccleuch.

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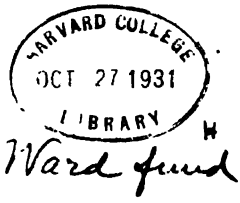

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Introduction

SINCE the publication of "The Flight of the King," it has often occurred to me that there should be a companion supplementary volume containing the five important contemporary narratives of Charles II.'s escape after the Battle of Worcester, which were issued collectively in 1830, under the title of "The Boscobel Tracts," viz. :— "The King's Narrative," Blount's "Boscobel," Whitgreave's "Narrative," "Ellesdon's Letter," and the "Claustrum Regale Reseratum."

The two other tracts introduced by Thomas Hughes were "The Prisoner of Chester's Letter" and "The Extract from Lord Clarendon's Rebellion;" but these I have not reprinted, as the former has nothing to do with Charles's adventures after the battle, and the latter, as explained here later, is too misleading as to the consecutive events of the fascinating story.

Tract I., "The King's Narrative; An Account of His Majesty's Escape from Worcester, dictated to Mr. Pepys by the King Himself," in the year 1680, is, of course, of first importance, though, narrated after a lapse of nearly thirty years from the occurrence of the events, there are

many errors in it. The original document (in cypher), in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, was printed first in the year 1766 by Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), with additional notes by the diarist from information subsequently obtained from Father Huddleston and Colonel Phelips, who, it will be remembered, were active agents in getting the royal fugitive out of the country.

Tract II. is a reprint of "Boscobel; or, The Complete History of His Sacred Majesties Most Miraculous Preservation after the Battle of Worcester, 3 Sept., 1651," by Thomas Blount.

As there is usually some confusion over the early editions of this curious work, I am anxious to point out the date when Parts I. and II. and the "Claustrum Regale Reseratum" were first published.

The first edition of Blount's "Boscobel" was printed a few months after the Restoration, by Henry Seile, the King's stationer, but contains only the first part of the narrative, viz. as far as the King's arrival at Bentley Hall. Part II., as will be seen from the author's preface, appeared later. This was published in 1662 by "A. Seile over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street," and with Part I. formed the second edition.[1]

"Claustrum Regale Reseratum; or, The King's Concealment at Trent" [Tract IV.], by

[1] The edition of 1748, as far as Blount's work is concerned, is a reprint of the 1662 edition.

Introduction

Anne Wyndham, the wife, or, as some suppose, the sister[1] of Colonel Francis Wyndham, was published first in the year 1667. It was printed "for Will Nott, at the Queen's Arms, in Pall Mall," and was originally published by itself, a small quarto volume, with an engraved title-page somewhat similar to that in the later edition of 1681, which I reproduce in this work.[2]

The particulars of Charles's sojourn at Trent, however, were, by royal command, drawn up seven years before by Colonel Wyndham himself, but for some reason, probably negligence on Charles's part, it was put aside and not published. The "Claustrum," doubtless, is a revised version of the Colonel's narrative, by his wife, which was allowed to be printed seven years after Blount's work.

The third edition of Blount's "Boscobel" consists of Parts I. and II. and the "Claustrum" bound in one volume. Part I. was printed in 1680, and Part II. and the "Claustrum" in 1681, "by M. Clark, and sold by H. Brome and C. Harper, at their shop in St. Paul's Churchyard and Fleet Street."[3]

It is this third edition I have here reprinted, as in the Ashmolean copy of 1725, a duplicate of

[1] She does not figure in the Wyndham pedigree (*vide* Appendix, Hughes's "Boscobel Tracts").

[2] It is usually stated that the Tract first appeared in 1680–1. The only copy I know of the first edition is in the Salt Library at Stafford.

[3] There was another edition of 1666, which was reprinted (at Wellington, Salop) in 1822.

which was used by Hughes, I find that a few paragraphs towards the end of Part II. are wanting.[1]

The fourth edition, "printed for J. Wilford at The Three Golden Flower de Luces in Little Britain in 1725,"[2] as well as some of the later ones, contains a supplementary chapter; but, as this deals with the Restoration and later events, it is quite unnecessary as far as the story of the King's escape goes.[3]

Among the State Papers for August, 1660–1, is the following:—"It is the King's pleasure that Thomas Blount, author of 'Boscobel,' continue to perfect that history of his wonderful preservation after the Battle of Worcester, and that all persons instrumental therein give him information of the particulars, also that none but he presume to print any part thereof."[4]

Notwithstanding this, it is perplexing that in 1662 the King desired it to be made known that a little book named "Boscobel" "hath divers errors and mistakes in it, and [is] therefore not to be admitted as a true and perfect narrative of his sacred Majesty's deliverance."[5] The reason of this statement, it may be inferred, originated from certain compilations, which, in addition to

[1] See Tract II., pp. 150–152.

[2] There was an earlier fourth edition, published in Edinburgh in 1709.

[3] There are other editions of 1743, 1769, 1786, etc.

[4] Calendar of State Papers, August, 1660–1.

[5] "The Kingdom's Intelligencer," 1661–2.

Part I. of Blount's work, had some less reliable matter supplemented to it, for one occasionally comes across such copies.

But far more perplexing is the fact that Thomas Blount, the Royalist Roman Catholic lawyer of the Inner Temple, and author of "Ancient Tenures of Land," and many other works ranging between the years 1654 and 1679, declared that he did not write "Boscobel." He saw it, by his own account, in the library at Brampton Bryan, and when asked by Lord Oxford if he was not the author of it, observed that, whatever merit it might possess, he had no claim to it, neither did he wish to usurp it or the fame of another's productions. Further, in a letter to his son, he desired that, "if the same opinion prevails amongst my friends in your part of the world, I desire you will contradict it, for I do not so much as know the author of the piece." [1]

It may further be remarked that, in the Preface to Part II. of "Boscobel," the author says, "The first part of this miraculous history I long since published, having the means to be well informed in all circumstances relating to it: the scene (whereon those great actions were performed) being my native country, and many of the actors my particular friends."

Now, as the original "Boscobel" is full of minute details of all that occurred in the vicinity

[1] Nash's "Worcestershire Supplement," p. 90.

of the old house that bears its name, Madeley and Moseley, it would almost appear that the author was a native of Staffordshire or Shropshire, and perhaps was a member of the old Staffordshire family of Blount of Blount Hall, which became extinct in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Though Thomas Blount of the Inner Temple was born in Worcestershire, his father and grandfather came from Herefordshire, the history of which county he was compiling at the time of his death.

On the other hand, as Mr. Charles G. Thomas points out in his 1894 edition, in the lawyer Blount's criticism of the account of Charles' escape in "Baker's Chronicle," he calls attention to an error which shows that he was conversant with the details of the story.[1]

Tract III., Mr. Whitgreave's "Narrative," was printed originally in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of June, 1789, and was afterwards published in the *Retrospective Review.*

Tract V., "The Letter from Captain Ellesdon to Lord Chancellor Clarendon," printed in the Oxford edition of the Clarendon State Papers, I have revised and corrected from what claims to be the original document before that which is in the Bodleian Library[2] was drawn up. This

[1] See "Animadversions upon Sir Richard Baker's 'Chronicle' and its Continuation," by Thomas Blount.

[2] Bodleian Library, Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. pp. 563, 571.

document, recently in the possession of the late Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, *née* Grove, descended to her from her lineal ancestor, the royalist captain who was beheaded in 1655 in Penruddocke's premature plot to bring about the Restoration. The marginal notes, which are now placed in their proper positions, I gave (as additional matter to "Ellesdon's Letter"), in the Appendix of "The Flight of the King."

Lord Clarendon's narrative, as given in his "History of the Rebellion," was, as he says, collected from information communicated to him by the King soon after the event, and from daily conversation with Lord Wilmot, and subsequently from frequent conferences with many who had acted several parts towards the escape; but there is so much confusion of time and place in this account that I have not felt justified in reprinting it in full. I have, however, made a few extracts from it, as extra footnotes for the "King's Narrative" (Tract I.), for some of the details, particularly those which relate to Abbot's Leigh, have all the semblance of truth; many incidents, on the other hand, are applied to the wrong localities or persons.[1] The most accurate parts of Lord Clarendon's narrative is drawn from Ellesdon's letter, which is best read in its original form.

[1] Hughes marked the errors with a letter D, but three so pointed out are not incorrect statements (*vide* pp. 123, 127, and 130, "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition).

Introduction

I cannot close these introductory remarks without expressing my deep obligations to those who have kindly placed family documents at my disposal, or have allowed me to reproduce the relics and portraits in their possession, or have supplied me with valuable information. Among these are:—His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, Lady Bangor, G. Troyte-Chāfyn-Grove, Esq., Rev. G. Sneyd, A. S. Merry, Esq., Miss A. M. Merry, W. B. Redfern, Esq., W. T. C. Giffard, Esq., Percy Wyndham, Esq., Thos. Carless Attwood, Esq., M.A., W. Henchman, Esq., Rev. F. T. Wrottesley, J. W. Bradley, Esq., Rev. A. Carter, Rev. W. Budgen, Col. Ralph Leeke, Hon. Emily G. Ward, Mrs. M. Dyott Marshall, S. H. H. Isaacson, Esq., Capt. James Foster, Miss Florence F. Glennie, Miss F. V. Yonge, Rev. E. S. Carlos, S. Williamson, Esq., Rev. Thos. Wright, M. Pearson, Esq., Miss C. M. F. Dyott, Charles H. Inge, Esq., etc.

N.B.—Since the publication of "The Flight of the King," it is gratifying to note that in Dorsetshire memorial tablets have been placed upon some of the various houses visited by Charles, in commemoration of this romantic episode in English history. It would be welcome to find that other counties would follow this laudable example, so as to keep the story fresh for future generations.

Relics

AFTER "The Flight of the King" was published, I heard of several other relics in connection with the story of Charles II.'s escape, some of which, thanks to the owners, I am now able to reproduce.

Lady Bangor has in her possession some Jane Lane relics, which were given by her to Elizabeth Best, of Hornby Castle, who married Sir John Eccles (the owner's great-great-grandfather) in 1699.

In a beautifully carved old ivory box there are two packets containing locks of light brown hair of Jane Lane, a lock of Charles II.'s hair, and a chip of the Royal Oak. At Castle Ward, Downpatrick, there is also a three-quarter length portrait of the King, by Lely, and a miniature (attributed to Dixon) of him as a young man—also given by Charles to Jane Lane. Here also is a portrait of the Royalist Colonel Lane, represented as an older man than in the miniature I before reproduced.[1]

Mr. Alfred S. Merry has in his possession the watch which is said to have been used by Charles

[1] For further particulars, see *Genealogical Magazine*, October, 1897.

at the time of his escape. It is of crystal, with an engraved silver face, and is contained in a leather, silver-studded, case. On the face roses and leaves are represented, and on the back is inscribed, "Henry Granda at ye Exchange Fecit."

This is one of the two watches which were given by the King to Jane Lane. The other, a more valuable one, of gold and jewelled, passed by intermarriage into the Lucy family,[1] of Charlecote, from which house it was stolen, and is supposed to have been melted down. It was given at the time of the Restoration, whereas Mr. Merry's relic was said to have been presented to Jane Lane when she parted from the King in 1651.

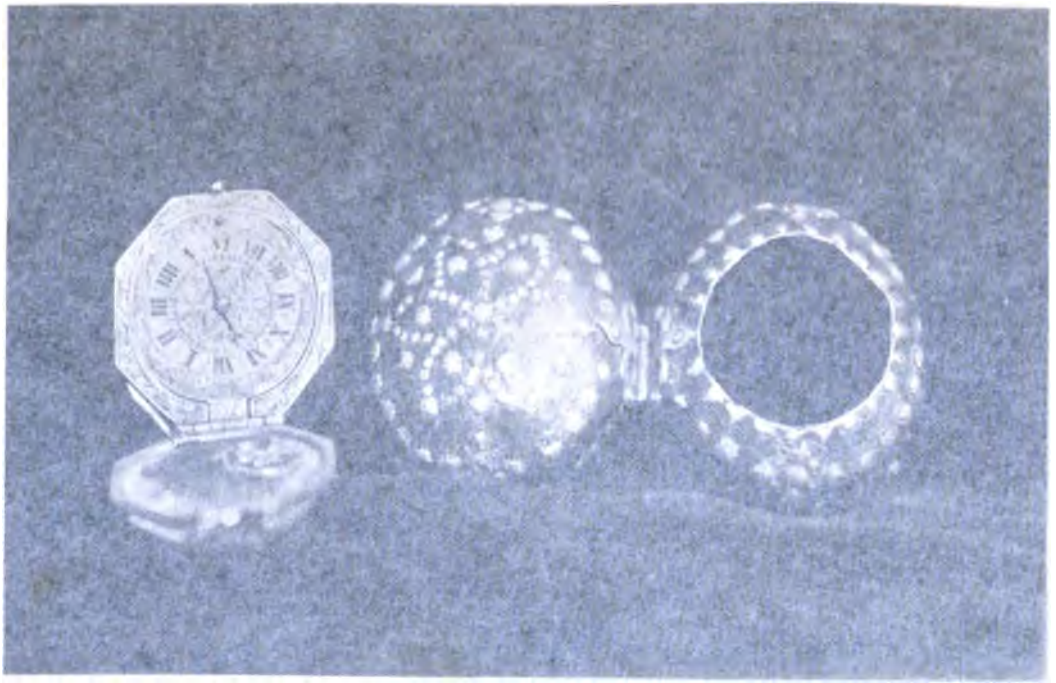
The watch descended to the present owner through a second cousin of his mother, Joseph Cooke, of Olton, whose mother was a Mary Lane. Curiously enough, in the last generation the Merry family intermarried with a representative of the Carlos family.[2]

The Merrys of Barton-Blount and Radbourne were staunch supporters of the Stuarts, and intermarried with many well-known midland Royalist families.

The watch was exhibited in the Stuart Exhibition of 1887, and the "Monarch" Exhibition of 1901–2. By the courtesy of the owner I am able to give an illustration of it.

[1] *Vide* "Flight of the King," p. 105.

[2] *Vide* the Carlos pedigree (Section III.) in the Appendix.



WATCH GIVEN BY CHARLES II TO JANE LANE

Relics

The Rev. R. W. Burnaby, Vicar of East Cowes, owns a curious lantern made of gilded tin, with two glass sides of dark blue, and the rest ordinary glass, upon which is a white pattern. It is the same lantern that Jane Lane snatched off a table at Bentley Hall, where it always stood, to use going to the stables when King Charles was there, and is said to have been given by Mary Lane[1] to Penelope Lane, of Whittington, Staffordshire, the aunt of Lucy Burnaby (*née* Dyott), of Freeford, Lichfield, grandmother of Mrs. Dyott Marshall and the aforesaid Mr. Burnaby.[2]

A clock which was given by Charles to Jane Lane, in the possession of Sir Charles Egerton Carey (ob. 1897), descended to him through a Mrs. Anne Stafford, *née* Biddulph (two generations intervening), whose grandmother, Jane, the wife of Simon, second son of Theophilus Biddulph, was the daughter of Anne Lane (sister of Jane Lane who assisted Charles in his escape) and Edward Birch, of Lea Croft. Of recent years the works of the clock have been put into a new case, the old walnut-wood one having become dilapidated.

There is also in existence a portion of Jane Lane's hat, but of this I am not at liberty to state

[1] The relationship of this Mary Lane to the Colonel or Jane is not known.

[2] The above is from information kindly provided by Mrs. M. Dyott Marshall, great-great-granddaughter of the aforesaid Mary Lane.

particulars. More interesting, however, are the cap, stocking, and handkerchief left by Charles at the George (now the Talbot) Inn at Mere. Thanks to the kindness of the owner, Mr. G. Troyte-Chāfyn-Grove, I am able to reproduce these.

Among several Stuart relics in the possession of Mr. W. B. Redfern of Cambridge is a curious silver-mounted coker-nut cup dated 1662, representing on its three panels various scenes of the King's escape. Of this I am also able to give an illustration, as well as a facsimile of the King's glove left at Whiteladies belonging to Mr. Clark-Kennedy.

The drawing which I give of Colonel Carlos' threefold seal is from a sketch made in 1824 (by Henrietta Creswell), in the possession of Thomas Carless Attwood, Esq., M.D., the present representative of the Birmingham branch of the family.[1] The relic itself is still in existence, belonging to another member of the family. It is made of steel, and, opening with a spring, discloses two other seals. With the sketch are representations of the impressions, viz. the coat-of-arms given by the King when he altered the name from Carless to Carlos; the crest belonging to the arms; and two figures, one kneeling, with the motto, "À vous seul et à jamais." When the sketch was made the seal was in the possession of Charles Carless, of Gainsborough.

[1] *Vide* the Carlos pedigree (Section II.) in the Appendix.

Relics

At Perry Pont House, Perry Bar, near Birmingham, is preserved a large block of the Royal Oak, upon which is the following inscription :—

" This seat is formed of a part of the root of the celebrated Royal Oak in the parish of Donnington in Shropshire, and which afforded safe shelter to King Charles 2nd and Col. Carless after the Battle of Worcester, September 3rd, in the year 1651.. It was presented to Mr. W. H. Osborne, of Bird's Cottage, Perry Bridge, Handsworth, by his friend Thomas Dickinson, Esq., Mayor of Walsall, Staffordshire, 1832."

As there are still people who believe, notwithstanding every evidence to the contrary, that the existing tree at Boscobel is the actual Royal Oak in which Charles was hidden, the above relic should be conclusive proof to the contrary.

A former curate at Donington records that when the last remains were rooted up, "a portion of it was made into a pig-trough at Kilsall." The position of the *old* tree in a corner of the enclosure afforded "a fair opportunity of taking out the whole of the stock and the thickest portion of the roots."[1]

As the successor of the famous tree has for some years past been showing signs of decay, it is gratifying to note that a seedling was planted in 1897 in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

[1] See "Flight of the King," p. 50.

Petitions, Pensions, Gifts, etc.

I HAVE, I think, arrived at the solution of the puzzle about the two families of Yates. "Were it not that two separate families," says Hughes,[1] "whose descendants are surviving, are respectively traced to Francis and Elizabeth Yates and Francis and Margaret Yates, I should conclude that Elizabeth and Margaret were one and the same person, or that Elizabeth might have been the mother of the Francis named in Blount."

Among the petitions which I quote hereafter is one from Nicholas Yates, whose mother, *Margaret*, is described as the woman who was the first to provide the King with food in the wood. The petitioner was an orphan, but his father had survived to see the Restoration, and came up to London with the Penderels, but had the misfortune to die a few days afterwards.

Now, the Francis Yates who acted as the King's guide from Worcester to Whiteladies was another person altogether. He was imprisoned by order of Cromwell, and afterwards executed

[1] "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, pp. 94, 95.

at Oxford.[1] His son Richard was allowed a pension of £20 per annum, as will be seen from the Secret Service expenses mentioned hereafter. The wife of this Francis Yates was *Elizabeth*, and hitherto has been confounded with the other Francis Yates's wife, Margaret. In the warrant for the grant of the annuity of £50 to Elizabeth, she is described as of Broode (Brewood). Carlos's parental home, Broom Hall, was close by, and when the colonel went to meet the King in his advance to Worcester before the disastrous battle, this Yates, as well as Mr. Charles Giffard, was under his command.

The other Francis Yates and his wife Margaret lived at Longlelawn, or Long Lawn, a small farm or holding on the outskirts of Spring Coppice near Boscobel (which, though rebuilt, retains the name), where Richard Penderel left the King while he went to the house to borrow a blanket and ask his sister-in-law to bring some food into the wood.

This Margaret Yates, *née* Penderel, had died before the Restoration, but her husband presumably had married again, for Ann, widow of Francis Yates, in making a petition in 1660 with Edward Martin of Whiteladies (who had provided the King with his "noggin" shirt), said

[1] "Flight of the King," pp. 13, 14, 25. N.B.—The petitioner, Mrs. Graves, also very naturally confused one Francis Yates with the other.

that her husband had "lately died in grief that he could not present himself to his Majesty."[1]

Among the Secret Service expenses of Charles II. and James II., between the years 1679 and 1688,[2] there are several disbursements to the Penderel and Yates families over and above the ordinary pensions. The entries in the volume not only are a further proof of the King's gratitude, but by them we learn the names of some of the next generation which are wanting in the pedigrees in Hughes's "Boscobel Tracts."

The children of John Penderel appear to have been well looked after, perhaps in remembrance of the fact, as Father Huddleston says, that John took the most pains of all the brothers when the King was under their care. Besides learning that the sons and daughters were apprenticed to a trade, it is interesting to find that James II. lent a helping hand to set up old William Penderel as a goldsmith.

On October 18, 1687, William received £200 bounty for this purpose, and the year before (December 31) "£20 to put his daughter Margaret forth an apprentice." Anne, another daughter, who married a Mr. Lloyde, received a gift of £50 in June, 1681. Under date July 3, 1688,

[1] Calendar of State Papers, 1660. N.B.—Elizabeth Yates mentioned on p. 25 of the "Flight of the King" must be read as *Margaret*.

[2] Camden Society Publications, 1851.

Eleanor, the widow of Richard Penderel, received a sum of money, bringing her pension up to £100, equal to the brothers of her late husband.

Richard's son Simon (from whom descend living representatives), on December 28, 1682, received a gift of £25, and Thomas, his eldest son (October 29, 1684), £100 bounty. Humphry's annuity was by payments (January, 1683, December, 1686, and January and June, 1687) brought up to £100. His eldest daughter, Mary, who married Richard Whitehouse, also received £100 bounty (March 9, 1681). Jane, the widow of John Penderel (on June 14, 1683), received £100 towards discharging her husband's debts, and £40 to be divided between her daughters Anne and Jane, and six months before another £40 had been granted that she might pay Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Taylor each £20 for taking her two daughters, Bridget and Katherine, as apprentices.

The last two also appear with their sister Elizabeth and brothers Francis and John in the entry of June 24, 1687, of £250, £50 apiece to enable them to set up their respective trades; and John's name figures again (in July, 1684) under the sum of £80, to be expended by his mother in putting him and his sisters Mary, Winifreth, and Agatha into apprenticeship.

In March of the following year Winifred

(Winifreth) received an additional £50, "to set her up to her trade," and Francis and Elizabeth appeared again (May 8, 1685) with £40 to be spent in their apprenticeship, and, finally, their sisters Mary, Anne, and Jane received £150, £50 for each, "to set them up in their respective trades."

From this it appears that John Penderel and his wife Jane had ten children, eight daughters and two sons, a large increase upon the issue entered in Pedigree VI. of the "Boscobel Tracts."

Richard Yates, son of Francis Yates, who conducted his "Majesty from Worcester to White Ladyes after the battle there, and suffered death und^r^ the usurper Cromwell," is described as a carpenter. He received bounty of £20 per annum. This was the younger son of Francis and Elizabeth Yates (and is described as of Westminster), and left no issue. The descendants of this Yates family originate from his sister Elizabeth. [1]

In addition to the various petitions made to the King by those who directly or indirectly were instrumental in aiding his escape in 1651 which I have mentioned in "The Flight of the King," are the following, which, with the exception of two, appear in a letter-book among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library, and quoted by

[1] *Vide* pp. 376, 377, Hughes's "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition.

W. D. Macray in vol. ii. of the "English Historical Review."

A sidelight is obtained from the petition of Elizabeth Smith, the servant at Moseley when the King was there, as she said she placed sweet herbs in the Priest's Hiding-place before the King entered it. She also said she aroused his Majesty from his slumbers when Cromwell's soldiers arrived to interrogate Mr. Whitgreave.[1]

There are other petitions which I have not quoted, as they are ludicrously untruthful. Charles is said to have been prejudiced against the petitioners who claimed to have lent a helping hand in the hour of need by the vast number of claims that poured in almost as soon as he reached the English shore in 1660; but when one reads many of the fabulous stories of the assertors, both in this volume and among the State Papers, one can hardly wonder that the legitimate cases were injured by such association.

Briefly, the daughter of John Portlock, of Cirencester, declared that his Majesty was "graciously pleased to say that the first house he went into after he came out of the oak was the petitioner's father's, but before he was so honoured, having heard of the sad disaster at Worcester," he had "declared his desire not to live a day longer, and went up into his closet and never stired out alive, but dyed for grief," and

[1] See Tract III., "Whitgreave's Narrative."

life was just extinct when the King arrived.[1] It is possible, however, that the Sun Inn, where the King slept on the night of September 11, may have belonged to the aforesaid John Portlock.[2]

Hanah Wyett informed the King in her petition that he came to Colchester "on foot, with only one in your Majesties company, going to sea. Your Majesty called at the petitioner's parents' door (being thirsty) for something to drink. Your Majesties poor petitioner being young, came then with such as was in the house, and gave it to your Majesty to drink."[3] The only explanation that can be given is, of course, that some fugitive cavalier was mistaken for the King, which happened in many other places; the Talbot Inn at Ripley, for example.[4] Indeed, it is not improbable that the two referred to were Jane Lane and her brother, who, in disguise, went on foot to the east coast in October, 1651, where they managed to get a vessel at Yarmouth to carry them over to France.[5]

Ann Tomlison, in her petition, declared that her mother formerly lived at Bously Lodge, in the parish of Alvechurch, Worcestershire, and

[1] Letter-book, Rawlinson MSS.

[2] See "Flight of the King," p. 94.

[3] Letter-book, Rawlinson MSS.

[4] See "Flight of the King," pp. 335, 336. Erroneous traditions of the King's escape.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 104.

received Charles there, "and from thence for fear of discovery conveyed your royal person to the woods, not suffering any person to come to or go from your Majesty but your petitioner's mother."[1] Now, as this house was almost in the direct route taken by Charles upon his way from Bentley Hall to Long Marston, there may have been some truth in this petitioner's story. The King, upon leaving Bromsgrove, probably took a cross road which goes eastwards and eventually strikes the main road to Wootton Wawen, Bearley, and Stratford-on-Avon. This passes between Alvechurch and Redditch, leaving the former to the north and the latter to the south. I can find no such place as Bously, but possibly Bordesley Lodge is the place meant, which is on the route. Thorn Farm, near Inkberrow, where there is a tradition to the effect that the King halted for refreshment, is much further out of the way.[2]

In the Calendar of the State Papers for July 22, 1668, it is stated that no less a sum than £33,524 4*s.* 2*d.* was to be employed in paying those who had had a hand in the King's escape after the Battle of Worcester.

"A certificate by Charles Giffard and W. Carlos to the King in favour of Robert Bird, of Tong, co. Salop, who was utterly ruined and

[1] Letter-book, Rawlinson MSS.
[2] See "Flight of the King," p. 86.

disabled from supporting himself and many children through his loyalty and services after the defeat at Worcester, and giving intelligence of his Majesty's arrival at Whiteladys. He was diligent by constant correspondence with the five brothers Pendrell and others and discovering what was passing between each army, and he informed of those impious regicides who endeavoured to imbrue themselves in his Majesty's blood, and gave such information to Carlos as added much to the endeavours for his Majesty's blessed escape."

Noted, "The King to be moved in it."[1]

[N.B.—I find Robert Bird received a grant of £30 per annum, June 30, 1670. *Vide* Hist. Manuscript Comms. Rep., 15. Appendix, Part II., p. 13.]

"Petition of Robert Swan to the King (July 14, 1668) for present relief, an employment or a pension. Has lived four years on his friends, who cannot longer maintain him; has been three months in town relying on friends to make known his sad condition; has neither bread nor clothes, and being 200*l.* in debt, dares not stir abroad for fear of arrest."

Order on the above petition granting a pension of £60. "His Majesty remembering with how much fidelity he served him in his escape after the Battle of Worcester, and requesting it to be

[1] State Papers, Charles II. Dom, March 31, 1670.

so settled that it may be received without trouble."[1]

In 1678 he eventually got a pension of £80, which was to be paid quarterly (*vide* "Flight of the King," p. 185). By no means, however, had Robert Swan been forgotten, for he, as well as most of those who could prove their case, had received gifts from the Privy Purse. In 1662 (October 3) a warrant was issued to pay him £100 on account of his "former services and necessitous condition."

"The humble petition of Elizabeth Smith, formerly Radcliff, and servant maid to old Mrs. Whitgrame (*sic*) in her house at Moseley, when your Majesty lay privately there, in your happy escape from Worcester.

"That your Majesties said petitioner, waiting in her poor quality of (*sic*) your sacred Majesty at the time and place aforesaid, making your Majesties fire and bed in your Majesties chamber there; and particularly when your Majesty was at your repose, or rest upon your bed, and sound asleep, and notice given that Cromwell's soldiers was about the towne, etc., your Majesties petitioner rubbed softly your Majesty upon the feet and leggs to wake your Majesty, and warne your Majesty thereof, and provided sweet herbes into the private place ere your Majesty went therein, and other services did do for your Majesty, and

[1] Cal. State Papers, Charles II. Dom, July 14, 1668.

the Lord Wilmot who was there 2 or 3 dayes before your Majesty, all or most of which Mr. Huddleston knoweth to be true of your Majesties petitioner, and can certifie the same if your Majesty please to command it.

"Now she your Majesties said poor petitioner comming up with her daughter to be touched for the eveil, which they humbly and heartely thank and pray for your sacred Majesty giving, most humbly prayes and beggs of your Majesty in tender respect of the premisses above said that your Majesty will be charitably pleased to grant her a little [of] your Majesties benevolence for their charges, and she your Majesties said poor petitioner as in duty ever bound shall ever pray for your sacred Majesty," etc.[1]

"The humble petition of Anne Rogers, wife of John Rogers, and late daughter of Richard Pendrell, deceased.

"That after the decease of the said Richard Pendrell your Majesty was gratiously pleased to grant to your petitioner and her said husband a pention of 100*l.* per annum, payable out of the Annual Tenths of the Clergy of England. That there is now due of the said pention 125*l.*, and the same being the onelie support of your petitioner, her husband and 5 children, the want thereof, with the great charges of attendance in London for some former arreares (since paid)

[1] Letter-book, Rawlinson MSS.

forced him to contract severall small debts to supporte himself and family, for which he was lately cast into Shrewsbury Goale, where he remains in a poor and distressed condition, and is altogether uncapable of obtayning his freedom, or of administering any relief to his helpless family to preserve them from perishing, without your Majesties grace and favour.

"Wherefore your petitioner humbly prayes that your Majesty will be gratiously pleased to order the speedy payment of the said 125*l.*, whereby her husband may be released from prison, and shee repaire home to her familys relief."[1]

The Humble Petition of Nicholas Yates.

That your petitioners father, Francis Yates, was equally instrumentall with the Pendrells in the preservation of your Majesties sacred person (who God long preserve) at Boscobell and White-Ladies, after that unfortunate bataille at Worcester, and your Majesties petitioners mother was the first person that brought your Majesty meat in the wood.

That your petitioners father being sent by your sacred Majesty to Mr. Jefford of Chillington for money to supply your Majesties then present

[1] Letter-book, Rawlinson MSS.

occasions, and your petitioners father missing the said Mr. Jefford, your Majesties petitioners father according to his duty did then deliver to your Majesty all the money hee had, part of which your Majesty was gratiously pleased to accept of, and comended his ready loyalty therein.

That your petitioners said father being sent for by Colonel Carlos to come up to London with the said Pendrills to lay himself with them at your Majesties feet, and to implore your Majestys princely care, was owned by your Majesty to be instrumentall accordingly, but your petitioners father dyed in a few dayes afterwards and left your Majesties petitioner an orphan unprovided for, as by the certificate hereunto annexed (most humbly) doth appeare to your Majesty.

Your Majesties petitioner therefore most humbly prayes that your Majesty according to your wounted clemency and goodness would be gratiously pleased to consider him accordingly.

Certificate.

These are most humbly to certify that Nicholas Yates, the sonn of Francis Yates, late of Longle-Lawne, and Margarit his wife, who were togeather with the Pendrills particularly instrumentall in the preservation of his most sacred Majesties person,

have never received any marks of his Majesties favour since his Majesties blessed restauration; his father comming to towne according to his Majesties speciall directions, but within some few dayes after dyed, and left the said Nicholas an infant and a proper object of his Majesties royall care.

W. CARLOS.
R. ASTLEY.
The marke X of WM. PENDRILL.
HUMPHREY PENDRILL.
GEORGE PENDRILL.
MARY PENDRILL.
(The widow of Richard Pendrill),
son and daughter[1] to my owne sister,[2] the woman that brought his Majesty his first meate after his disguize in the wood.

REFERRENCE TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE TREASURY.

At the Court at Whitehall,
December 21, 1684.

His Majesty is gratiously pleased to referr this petition to the right honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to consider the

[1] There is no mention of her in the petition. The petitioner's aunt only confuses matters by mentioning her.
[2] Viz. Margaret Yates, *née* Penderel (or Pendrill).

petitioners suite and to take such order therein as their lordshipps shall think fit.

CHARLES MORLEY.[1]

[N.B.—The father of the above Nicholas Yates must not be confused with the other Francis Yates, whose wife's name was Elizabeth. It was this other Francis who was executed for acting as the King's guide from Worcester to Whiteladies. See *ante*, p. xxii.]

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF FRANCIS MANSELL.

That his Majesty was gratiously pleased to settle upon your petitioner a pension of 200*li.* per annum in consideration of service performed unto his Majesty in his escape beyond seas after Worcester battle.

That your petitioner is also sworne sewer-extraordinary to attend at command upon his Majesty. But your petitioner living in the county of Surrey, a distrant is passing on your petitioners goods and chattells for the present payment of the pole-assessment for his pension.

Whereupon he craves your honours favours of being entred in the roll of his Majesties household, and a certificate thereof to be granted him, hee being ready to submitt to what shall be

[1] Letter-book, Rawlinson MSS.

assessed by your honours upon him, and the payment shall be ordered thereupon.[1]

[N.B.—Mansell petitioned for and received his pension of £200 in June, 1661. See "Flight of the King," p. 187.]

[1] Letter-book, Rawlinson MSS.

Traditions, etc.

I MAY add to the traditions at the end of the Appendix in the "Flight of the King" one existing in the Muscote family of Langharne, Carmarthenshire, who claim to have entertained the King "disguised as a scullery-boy," at Nash Court, near Presteign. The King is said to have sent the Mr. Muscote of that time "a fine carved oak chair, which is still carefully preserved."[1]

In regard to the Coaxden tradition ("Flight of the King," p. 336), a gold chain and locket bearing the Royal arms is said to have been sent at the Restoration by the King to Mrs. Cogan in acknowledgment of her services. This relic, a descendant (Mrs. Garstin, of Colorado Springs) writes to me to say, was seen by her grandmother, when it had an inscription upon it. I am further informed by Mr. Thomas C. Hine, another descendant, that the farthingale to Mrs. Cogan's dress, to which Charles, by the family tradition,

[1] My informant, Mrs. Muscott, further tells me that "a family named Price, who also claim to have sheltered Charles, received from him a handsome four-post bedstead, so large that when it was placed in the house in a village at Orleton, near Ludlow, the room had to be enlarged."

is said to have owed his safety, was preserved as a relic for many years.

In a letter supposed to have been written by Waller to Saint Evremond, he says—

"I was much pleased with a conversation which I overheard a few days ago between the King and an honest Worcestershire baronet, who was lately elected for a borough in that county. The good-natured man came up to take his seat among us, and, as he lived in the neighbourhood of the Royal Oak, he supposed that he could not pay a better compliment to his Majesty than by bringing a branch of his old asylum.

"'Who is that antique,' said the King, 'with a withered branch in his hand?'

"'It is Sir Thomas * * *, member for * * *.'

"*The King.* Sir Thomas, I am glad to see you. I hope you can give a good account of our friends in Worcestershire.

"*Sir Thomas.* I wish I could please your Majesty, but there is a blacksmith's wife.

"*The King.* No matter for her. I enquired only after the health of your family.

"*Sir Thomas.* Thank God, in good health. But this woman, please your Majesty.

"*The King.* What of her?

"*Sir Thomas.* Has sworn a child to your Majesty.

"*The King.* I am glad of it. I do remember that I met a woman when I went a wood-cutting with Farmer Pendrell.

"*Sir Thomas.* A rosy complexion, please your Majesty.

"*The King.* No matter. What is become of the woman and her child?

"*Sir Thomas.* She is very well taken care of, please your Majesty. The churchwardens are my tenants, and I ordered them to allow her an upper sheet.

"*The King.* Fie, fie!

"*Sir Thomas.* Please your Majesty, I was near losing my election by it. Some of that parish were free men, and they said that I, as a magistrate, ought to have sent a warrant to your Majesty, and give a bond to the parish or to pay ten pounds.

"*The King.* Why did you not do your duty?

"*Sir Thomas.* Because, please your Majesty, I thought it my duty not to do it. Your Majesty has been at a great expense of late.

"*The King.* True—very true, Sir Thomas. What is that branch in your hand: some token, I suppose, by which you hold your lands?

"*Sir Thomas.* No, 'tis something by which your Majesty holds your lands. 'Tis a branch of that blessed oak which preserved your Majesty's precious life.

"*The King.* This is a wooden compliment; but it is honest, and I thank you for it. You have wit, Sir Thomas; why do not we see you oftener at Court?

"*Sir Thomas.* I can do your Majesty much more service in the country, by keeping up a spirit of loyalty and good will towards you amongst my neighbours.

"*The King.* And how do you manage that point?

"*Sir Thomas.* I give them beef, and bid 'em fall to without the long grace of the Roundheads. Then I give 'em strong beer, and they cry, 'God bless your Majesty.'

"*The King.* If that is the toast, Sir Thomas, you are the King; and, in truth, I think you govern them with profound policy. Could I adopt the same measures, I should have much less trouble; but there is no finding beef enough for that hungry circle which you see there.

"*Sir Thomas.* God bless your Majesty, I have ten fat oxen in Worcestershire; and nine of them are heartily at your Majesty's service.

"This bountiful order of the honest baronet's made the King laugh so violently that it put an end to the conversation. His Majesty told us, with great good-humour, what we had to expect, and added that he hoped every member of the House would be as ready to give as Sir Thomas—that he might be able to find wine

for the feast. This is a measure which I will promote with all my power; for the King's necessities are truly deplorable. Considering his extreme poverty, his good-humour is astonishing. I believe there never was a prince at the same time so pleasant and so poor."[1]

What would appear to be a curious sequel to the story of the blacksmith's wife was the following, which was written in a letter to me by the daughter of the late Dean Howard, of Lichfield, with reference to a family of the name of Radford, who formerly lived at Shakerley (a village a little over a mile to the south-west of Whiteladies). A member of a family of that name, said my correspondent writing from memory, was farrier to Charles, and had married Nan Clarges previous to that lady's union with Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and she thought it would be interesting if it could be proved that the Shakerley Radfords belonged to the same family. The letter continues as follows:—

"For many generations a family of the name of Radford were established as farriers at a hamlet called Shakerley, about two miles from Boscobel, Whiteladies being about halfway between the two. About the years 1850–68 there were three generations: an old man, his son Thomas, and his son, a youth—all blacksmiths. They all had

[1] "Letters supposed to have passed between M. de St. Evremond and Mr. Waller," vol. ii. p. 33.

the same swarthy complexions, long noses, large drooping eyelids, and dark eyes; a great contrast to their neighbours, who, as a rule, were remarkably fair. I can well remember the wonder with which, as a child, I heard my father's old curate, the Rev. J. Dale,[1] say that these Radfords were descended from King Charles. There was, I think, a tradition to this effect in the family; certainly all the men I remember had a most remarkable resemblance to that monarch."

Now, from the Clarges trial at the King's Bench, November 15, 1700, it appears that the name of the Duchess of Albemarle's first husband was Thomas Ratford, the son of a farrier residing in the mews; her father, John Clarges, was farrier to General Monk, and lived in the Savoy. She was separated from her husband in 1649, and married Monk in 1652, and Christopher, second Duke of Albemarle, was born in 1653, during Ratford's lifetime, as was asserted by the plaintiff; indeed, a witness swore that he survived both the Duke and the Duchess.

It may not be uninteresting to locate some of the places where the Duke of Buckingham and others of the Royalist party fled to after parting with the King at Whiteladies.

As described by Blount, some sixty horse accompanied Charles when he rode out of "the

[1] Curate of Donington (in which parish Boscobel stands) from 1811 to 1849.

faithful city" on the fatal 3rd of September. While the little council were conferring on Kinver Heath as to the expediency of following the Earl of Derby's advice and take the King to Boscobel, Leslie and the Scottish horse fled northwards *viâ* Newport, in Shropshire, where the others hoped to join him after they had placed their sacred charge in safety; but just beyond the town the little party (then reduced to about forty) were surrounded and carried prisoners to Whitchurch, and thence to an inn at Bunbury, near Taporley, in Cheshire.[1]

In the "Journal of the Earl of Leicester" we find that the Earl of Derby, when he was removed from the inn at Bunbury to Chester Castle, made a desperate attempt to escape, clambering out of a window on to the leads of the roof, from which "he flung himself down by a rope on Dee side, but upon search being made he was immediately retaken. He had left a letter on the table addressed to his lady."

From Bunbury the gallant Earl of Derby was taken to the scaffold at Bolton, while Lauderdale and the rest were brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower. Mr. Giffard, however, effected his escape.

Wilmot, who afterwards joined the King at Moseley and accompanied him in all his adven-

[1] Local tradition is silent as to the name of the inn where the Royalist prisoners were removed to.

tures, in parting with Charles at Whiteladies, went eastwards to Brewood, and had a narrow escape at Covenbrook, midway between that town and Moseley. One of the pamphlets of 1660 ("The Royal Oak," by John Danvers [1]) describes Wilmot: "meeting with a countrey fellow formerly a soldier in the old King's army," who secured him in a malt-house, and "having no other convenient place to hide him in, clapt him under the kilne, though there were then some fire in it and the malt smoaking on the top. In the meantime the soldiers then in pursuit of him entered the house and having made about three-quarters of an hours' search everywhere else, but not at all suspecting the kilne, where they saw the fire, they departed, and the Lord Wilmot was taken out of the kilne almost ready to faint with the extremity of the heat."

Blount describes how he (Wilmot) was concealed in a dry marl pit, and hidden in Mr. Huntbache's house at Brinsford, which is close to Moseley, before he went to the latter.

The Duke of Buckingham, Lord Talbot, Colonel Blague, Mr. Darcy, Mr. May, and Lord Leviston (who had joined the fugitives after they left Whiteladies) avoided capture, and, striking into a by-road, effected their escape. Talbot's paternal house, Longford, was close by. Here

[1] I mention this in the Introduction of "The Flight of the King" as too unreliable to reprint in full.

he fled, and had scarcely concealed himself in an outhouse when some soldiers arrived, and discovered his saddled horse in an adjacent barn. This led to a strict search, which lasted some days, all of which time Talbot remained in hiding, being supplied with food at night by one of his servants.

Longford Hall (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles S.W. of Newport) was partially rebuilt in 1780, and the older part has been so altered externally and internally that scarcely any of the original building remains, but the old barn is still standing, and retains the tradition that Lord Talbot was concealed in it when Charles II. was at Boscobel. The barn, stables, etc., are situated close to the road to Newport. An old map of the estate (of which Colonel Leeke has kindly provided me with a tracing) shows the mansion to have been a quadrangular structure, with two long avenues of trees running at right angles from the bowling-green. In the church is preserved a monument to one of the Talbots.

Of Woodcote (where, according to Blount, the old Earl of Cleveland fled to, and was captured and carried prisoner to Stafford, and thence to London) there is but a small part of the old house standing, a small wing, with a loft used as offices, the mansion having twice been destroyed by fire. My informant, Captain Foster, tells me that the family of Cotes, to

whom the estate belongs, have owned it for six centuries.

Though local tradition is silent here about the fugitive from Worcester fight, the neighbourhood of Blore Pipe, some seven miles to the north of Newport, teems with stories about the Duke of Buckingham's concealment there.

Blount says that the Duke, and those who accompanied him, quitted the Newport road, and, abandoning their horses, got to Blore Park, which is midway between Eccleshall and Market Drayton. Buckingham changed clothes with a labourer in an adjacent wood, and gave his George into Mr. May's keeping, and, remaining hidden for some days, was, by the connivance of a Mr. Barlow and his wife (who lived at a little obscure house at Blore Pipe) taken by a carpenter named Matthews to the house of a cavalier named Hawley, at Bilstrop, in Nottinghamshire, and thence to Lady Villiers' house, at Brooksby, in Leicestershire.[1]

Colonel Blague, who was also of the party, had in his possession the King's diamond George, which had been handed to him at Whiteladies when Charles assumed his disguise. This, with the help of Mrs. Barlow, was concealed under a heap of chips and dust; but Blague soon afterwards being captured and imprisoned in the Tower, the George was given into the keeping

[1] See Tract II., p. 80.

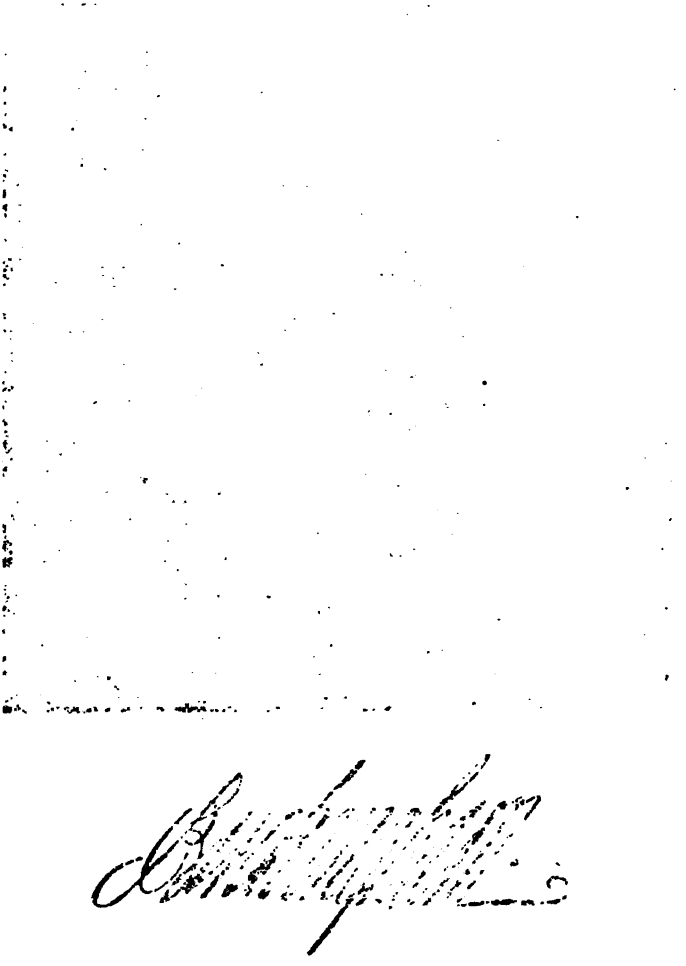
of a Mr. Milward, of Stafford, who, handing it to Isaac Walton, the latter conveyed it to Blague in the Tower, who soon afterwards escaped, and returned the George to the exiled King.

Mr. May, with Buckingham's George in his care, was concealed for twenty-one days on a hay-mow at Soudley,[1] during which time Cromwellian soldiers were quartered in the house, whence, assuming a disguise, he came to London, and eventually escaped to Holland, where he returned the George to its owner.

"Mr. Barlow's house" at Blore Pipe is still occupied by a lineal descendant of Buckingham's host of 1651 (the maiden name of Mrs. Holland's mother was Barlow). I am informed it is a plain old brick house, with nothing particularly picturesque about it.

Miss Florence F. Glennie, who has collected many of the traditions still lingering in this old-world corner of Staffordshire, tells me that her father (the late Rev. Mr. Glennie, of Croxton) always pointed out the house as that where Charles II.'s George was hidden. A spot is still shown near "the Warren" where the Duke is said to have fallen and broken his arm. The story goes that he was taken to a cottage called Armsdale (which is still standing), and hidden by the "good wife" in the brick oven, who, scattering flour about, prayed the party of soldiers who

[1] ? Sudeley, near Winchcombe, Gloucestershire.



Buckingham.

came to search the house not to spoil her batch of bread, thus evading a discovery. A field close by still goes by the name of "Buckingham's field."

From Armsdale the Duke is said to have been conveyed to a cave beyond Blore Pipe, at New Inn Bank, known as "Buckingham's Hole," the entrance to which (now grown over) can only be reached by a rope or a long ladder. It is down the side of the precipitous rock or cliff where the cave is situated that the Duke is said to have slipped and broken his arm. My informant further tells me, from a note made in 1890, that she had spoken to an old resident of the neighbourhood (who lived to a great age) whose great-grandfather knew a man named Elias Bradshaw, who was living there in 1651, and always pointed out the exact spot.

I quote verbatim Miss Glennie's amusing note recording the information she received from an old basket-maker, in whose garden the cave was situated: "Dun yo see," said he, "that there ivvy up yonder on the rock at top o' the gardin? Well, Buckingham's Hole's to the roight o' that. Yo mun git at t'opening from Sinkup's craft. There wor a mony kings and headmen and sich loik aboot in all countries then; and it was one o' these 'ere kings as they were arter, to cut his yed off or summat, and he come and hid in t'hole

yonder for a good bit. But 'tis a many years back, bless yer! I reckon some one must have takken him his meat oop. 'Tis a despert ockerd plaice fur yo to get at, and I hanner got a lather as'll raich to two yards off it. But yer can goo an have a luke at it, oop t'garden."

I can find no such place as Bilstrop in Nottinghamshire, and conclude that Bildesthorp (some eight miles to the south-east of Mansfield) is the place. Brooksby Hall, once the seat of the elder branch of the Villiers family, is a few miles to the west of Melton. It is a fine old Tudor mansion, enlarged of recent years. In the church there is a mural monument to the last male representative, Sir William Villiers, Bart., who died in 1711. The arms of the family also appear in some fine heraldic glass.

By the account of the Countess Dunois, when Buckingham reached London in disguise he assumed the character of a mountebank, and donned the most eccentric costume. "He caused himself to be made a jack-pudding's coat, a little hat, with a fox tail in it, and adorned with cock's feathers. Sometimes he appeared in a wizard's mask; sometimes he had his face bedaubed with flour, sometimes with lamp black, as the fancy took him. He had a stage erected at Charing Cross, where he was attended by violins and puppet players. Every day he produced ballads of his own composition upon what passed in

town, wherein he himself often had a share. These he sung before several thousands of spectators, who every day came to see and hear him. He also sold mithridate and his galbanum plaisters in this great city, in the midst of his enemies."[1]

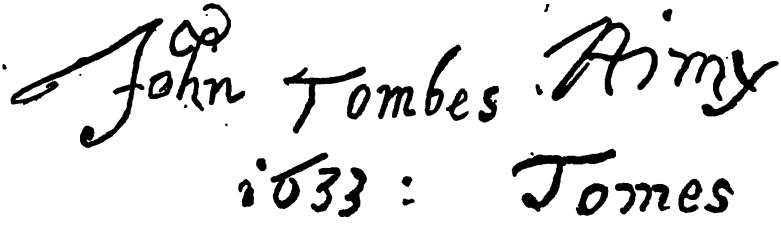
Blount does not give particulars of what happened to Major-General Massey. From Corbet's "Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis," however, we learn that he accompanied the King for the first few miles upon his leaving Worcester, but, being severely wounded, he was forced to fall back, upon which Charles is reputed to have said, with tears in his eyes, "Farewell, my dear and faithful friend, the Lord bless and preserve us both." He and one Major Wood accompanying him took an easterly course by way of Droitwich, going thence by cross-roads, it is conjectured, through Alcester and Stratford to Coventry and Nuneaton; here they found the road leading from Ashby-de-la-Zouch to Leicester. A few miles to the north-west of the latter stand the two ruined towers of Bradgate Castle (the birthplace of Lady Jane Grey). The Countess of Stamford possessed the estate in 1651, and to her Massey, unable to proceed further, surrendered.[2] From Bradgate he was removed to Warwick Castle and to London.

[1] "The Memoirs of the Countess Dunois."

[2] *Vide* his Letter of Surrender in the Appendix of "Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis."

On the journey, however, he made an ineffectual attempt to obtain his liberty, but he and Lieut.-General Middleton eventually escaped from the Tower and got to France.

Colonel Legge also gained his freedom by the ingenuity of his wife, with whom he exchanged dresses in Coventry gaol.



SIGNATURE OF THE KING'S HOST AND HOSTESS AT LONG MARSTON.

CHARLES II

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Times

CHARLES II

Tract No. I

An Account of His Majesty's Escape from Worcester, dictated to Mr. Pepys by the King himself

Printed for the first time in the year 1766 by Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes) from the original manuscript in the Pepysian Library

EDITORIAL NOTE

"TOUCHING the Worcester paper," says Pepys, "my covetousness of rendering it as perfect as the memory of any of the survivors (interested in any part of that memorable story) can enable me to make it has led me into so many distant inquiries relating thereto, as have kept me out of a capacity of putting it together as I would, and it ought, and shall be, as soon as ever I can possess myself of all the memorials I am in expectation of towards it, which I shall also, for your Royal Highness's satisfaction, use my utmost endeavours in the hastening; begging your Royal Highness in the meantime to receive this transcript of what I took from his Majesty's own mouth, with as considerable addition I have since obtained to it in writing from Colonel Philips, suitable to what I am promised and daily look for from Father Hurleston."

Letter from Pepys (dated June 4, 1681) in reply to one from the Duke of York (dated May 21, 1681), in which the latter writes, "Pray send me a copy of the relation of His Majesty's

escape from Worcester; 'tis only for my own satisfaction, and I shall let no copies be taken of it."—Pepys's Correspondence.

To this narrative Pepys has subjoined his own remarks and many corrections and illustrations procured from the King, Father Huddleston, and Colonel Phelips. Each of these are distinguished by the name at the foot of the note.

The notes in brackets I have added from Clarendon and other sources.—A.F.

Tract No. I

NEWMARKET,
Sunday, October 3rd, and
Tuesday, October 5th, 1680.

AFTER that the battle was so absolutely lost, as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself; and the first thought that came into my head was, that, if I could possibly, I would get to London, as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither: and it being near dark, I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions, which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different, of the possibility of getting to Scotland, but not one agreeing with mine, for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us, of the horse, that I strove, as soon as ever it was dark, to get from them; and

though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it.

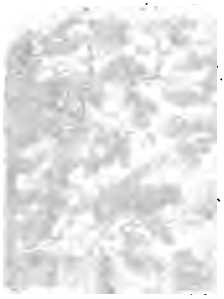
So we, that is, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague,[1] Duke Darcey,[2] and several others of my servants, went along northward towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipt away out of the high-road that goes to Lancastershire, and kept on the right-hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road, and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London, on horse-back, riding directly for it, nor could we do it, because there was yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of.

So we rode through a town short of Woolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went thro', there lying a troop of the enemies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learned afterwards from a country-fellow.

We went that night about twenty miles, to a place called White Ladys, hard by Tong-Castle,

[1 Colonel Blague, who afterwards was entrusted with the care of the King's George (*vide* Blount).]

[2 Marmaduke Darcy, fifth son of Conyers, Lord Darcy, and brother of the Earl of Holderness. He escaped into France, and returned to England with the King in 1660.]



WHITELADIES

by the advice of Mr. Giffard, where we stopt, and got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Ladys was a private house that Mr. Giffard, who was a Staffordshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts.[1]

And just as we came thither, there came in

[1] S. Pepys desiring to know from Father Hodlestone, what he knew touching the brotherhood of the Penderells, as to the names and qualities of each of the brothers? He answered, that he was not very perfect in it, but that as far as he could recollect they were thus, viz.—

1st, William, the eldest, who lived at Boscobel.

2d, John, who lived at White Ladies, a kind of woodward there, all the brothers living in the wood, having little farms there, and labouring for their living, in cutting down of wood, and watching the wood from being stolen, having the benefit of some cow-grass to live on. Father Hodlestone farther told me, that here lived one Mr. Walker, an old gentleman, a priest, whither the poor Catholics in that neighbourhood resorted for devotion, and whom Father Hodlestone used now and then to visit, and say prayers, and do holy offices with. Upon which score it was, that John Penderell happened to know him in the high-way, when the said John Penderell was looking out for a hiding-place for my Lord Wilmot. This John was he, as Father Hodlestone says, that took the most pains of all the brothers.

3d, Richard,* commonly called among them Trusty Richard, who lived the same kind of life with the rest.

4th, Humphrey, a miller, who has a son at this day [1680] footman to the Queen, to be heard of at Somerset house.

5th, George,† another brother, who was in some degree less or more, as he remembers, employed in this service.——He thinks there was a sixth brother, but of that is not certain.—Huddleston.

[* Richard lived at Hobbal Grange with his mother (*vide* "A True Narrative," Tract I., "Flight of the King;" also Blount, p. 87.]

[† George was servant at Whiteladies (*vide* Blount).]

a country-fellow, that told us, there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Tong-Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie, and some other of the general officers: upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me, who were very earnest that I should go to him and endeavour to go into Scotland; which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand to me when they have been beaten.

This made me take the resolution of putting myself into a disguise, and endeavouring to get afoot to London, in a country-fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary gray-cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Ladys. I also cut my hair very short, and flung my cloaths into a privy-house, that nobody might see that anybody had been stripping themselves.[1] I acquainting

[1] There were six brothers of the Penderells, who all of them knew the secret; and (as I have since learned from one of them) the man in whose house I changed my cloaths, came to one of them about two days after, and asking him where I was, told him, that they might get 1000l. if they would tell, because there was that sum laid upon my head. But this Penderell was so honest, that, though he at that time knew where I was, he bad him have a care what he did; for, that I being gone out of all reach, if they should now discover I had ever been there, they would get nothing but hanging for their pains. I would not change my cloaths at

none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess; on which consideration, they, with one voice, begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do.

So all the persons of quality and officers who were with me, (except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting at London, if we escaped, and who endeavoured to go on horse-back, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot,) were resolved to go

any of the Penderells houses, because I meant to make further use of them, and they might be suspected; but rather chose to do it in a house where they were not Papists, I neither knowing them, nor to this day what the man was at whose house I did it. But the Penderells have since endeavoured to mitigate the business of their being tempted by their neighbour to discover me; but one of them did certainly declare it to me at that time.—King.

Concerning one Yates, that married a sister of one of the Penderells, Father Hodlestone says, he has heard, that the old coarse shirt, which the King had on, did belong to him; and consequently that the King did shift himself at his house; but believes that the rest of the King's cloaths were William Penderells, he being a tall man, and the breeches the King had on being very long at the knees.—Huddlestone.*

* [The Francis Yates above alluded to lived at Langley Lawn, near Spring Coppice and Whiteladies ("Flight of the King," p. 64). The King effected his disguise first at Whiteladies, but it was afterwards made more complete at Hobbal Grange. The "noggen" shirt was Edward Martin's, who lived at Whiteladies. It was Humphry (whose mill was close to Whiteladies) who brought Charles the news when he was at Boscobel that he had heard that a thousand pounds had been set upon his head. A Cromwellian Colonel had tempted him with the reward at the house of Captain Broadway, at Shefnal (*vide* Blount, Tract II., p. 94).]

and join with the three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were not marched six miles, after they got to them, but they were all routed by a single troop of horse; which shows that my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away.

As soon as I was disguised I took with me a country-fellow, whose name was Richard Penderell, whom Mr. Giffard had undertaken to answer for, to be an honest man. He was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding holes for priests, that I thought I might make use of in case of need.

I was no sooner gone (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day) out of the house with this country-fellow, but being in a great wood I set myself at the edge of the wood, near the high-way that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the run-aways, and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier.

In this wood I staid all day, without meat

or drink; and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say, that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was, this contributing to my safety.

As I was in the wood I talked with the fellow about getting towards London, and asking him many questions, about what gentlemen he knew; I did not find he knew any man of quality in the way towards London. And the truth is, my mind changed as I lay in the wood, and I resolved of another way of making my escape; which was, to get over the Severn into Wales, and so to get either to Swansey, or some other of the sea-towns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way, as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that, I remembered several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales.

So that night, as soon as it was dark,[1] Richard

[1 "When the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those enclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches. . . . This was so grievous a march and he was so tired that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at such a price. His shoes had after a few

After Worcester Fight

Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry, halt way between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night, we came by a mill where I heard some people talking, (Memorandum, that I got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderell's houses, I not going in,) and as we conceived it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country-fellow desired me not to answer if any body should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country.

Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill door, he being in white cloaths, it being a very dark night. He called out, "Who goes there?" Upon which Richard Penderell answered, "Neighbours going home," or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, "If you be neighbours,

miles hurt him so much that he had thrown them away and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet with the thorns in getting over hedges and with the stones in other places, were so hurt, and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had little farther to go; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed after the walking a few miles . . . Here—he took the best care he could to be supplied with other little better shoes and stockings." —Clarendon.]

stand, or I will knock you down." Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close; and he run to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, "Rogues! Rogues!" And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed was soldiers: so we fell a running, both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep, and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lye still to hear if any body followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn; where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolfe, that lived in that town,[1] where I might be with great safety; for that he had hiding-holes for priests. But I would not go in till I knew a little of his mind, whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me? and therefore stayed in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him not to say it was I; but only to ask Mr. Woolfe, whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night, for I durst not go but by night.

Mr. Woolfe, when the country-fellow told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle

[1] Mr. Francis Woolfe lived at Madely.—Huddleston.

of Worcester, said, that for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbour any body that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the King himself. Upon which, Richard Penderell, very indiscreetly, and without any leave, told him that it was I. Upon which Mr. Woolfe replied, that he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done. At which I was a little troubled, but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that, or run some greater danger.

So I came into the house a back way, where I found Mr. Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me he was very sorry to see me there; because there was two companies of the militia foot, at that time, in arms in the town, and kept a guard at the ferry, to examine every body that came that way, in expectation of catching some that might be making their escape that way; and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-holes of his house, because they had been dis-discovered, and consequently if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes; and that therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lye behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat, that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn

all the next day; when towards evening, his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr. Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn; and there we discoursed with them, whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales; which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn, where any passage could be found, for preventing any body's escaping that way into Wales.

Upon this I took resolution of going that night the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news, what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London.

So we set out as soon as it was dark. But, as we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there; and therefore asking Richard Penderell, whether he could swim or no? and how deep the river was? He told me, it was a scurvy river, not easy to be past in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him, that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the riverside, and I entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle; and thereupon taking

Richard Penderell by the hand I helped him over.

Which being done, we went on our way to one of Penderell's brothers, (his house being not far from White Ladys) [1] who had been guide to my Lord Wilmot, and we believed might, by that time, be come back again; for my Lord Wilmot intended to go to London upon his own horse. When I came to this house, I inquired where my Lord Wilmot was; it being now towards morning, and having travelled these two nights on foot,[2] Penderell's brother told me, that he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr. Pitchcroft,[3] not far from Woolverhampton,[4] a Roman Catholic. I asked him,

[1 John lived at Whiteladies (*vide* note, p. 7).]

[2 May 23, 1660. Pepys records: "Upon the quarter deck he [the King] fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, when it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling *four days and three nights* on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues."]

[3] The King is mistaken in calling Mr. Whitgrave Mr. Pitchcroft. Pitchcroft is the name of a very large meadow, contiguous to the city of Worcester, where part of the King's troops lay on the night before the battle; and which his Majesty might have a distant view of, from the top of the tower of the Cathedral, where he held a council just before the unfortunate engagement. It is not to be wondered at, if, after the interval of twenty nine years, the King should mistake the name of a place for the name of a person.—Pepys.

[4] Mr. Whitgrave lived at Mosely.—Huddleston.

what news? He told me, that there was one Major Careless in the house that was that country-man; whom I knowing, he having been a major in our army, and made his escape thither, a Roman Catholic also, I sent for him into the room where I was, and consulting with him what we should do the next day. He told me, that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house, or to go into the wood, there being a great wood hard by Boscobel;[1] that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was, to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape. Of which proposition of his I approving, we (that is to say, Careless and I) went, and carried up with us some victuals for the whole day, viz. bread, cheese, small bear, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak, that had been lopt some three or four years before, and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we staid all the day. I having, in the mean time, sent Penderell's brother to Mr. Pitchcroft's, to know whether my Lord Wilmot was there or no;[2] and had word brought me by him, at

[1 Though there was a highway near one side of it where the King had entered into it, yet it was large, and all other sides of it opened amongst enclosures.—Clarendon.]

[2 I did not depend upon finding Lord Wilmot, but sent only to know what was become of him; for he and I had agreed to meet

night, that my Lord was there; that there was a very secure hiding-hole in Mr. Pitchcroft's house, and that he desired me to come thither to him.

Memorandum, That while we were in this tree we see soldiers going up and down, in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them, now and then, peeping out of the wood.[1]

That night Richard Penderell and I went to Mr. Pitchcroft's, about six or seven miles off, where I found the gentleman of the house, and an old grand-mother of his,[2] and Father Hurlston,[3] who had then the care, as governor, of bringing up two young gentlemen, who I think were Sir John Preston and his brother, they being boys.[4]

at London, at the Three Cranes in the Vintry, and to enquire for Will Ashburnam.—King.

[1 "The King—with the others (Carlos') help climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all the discourse how they would use the King himself if they could take him."—Clarendon.]

[2 Mr. Whitgreave's mother, not grandmother.]

3 His name is Hodlestone, and his grandfather was half-brother, by a second venter, to Sir William Hodleston, who, with eight brothers, raised two regiments for the King, and served with them. Father Hodlestone observes, very particularly, as one extraordinary instance of God's providence in this affair, the contingency of his first meeting with John Penderell, occasioned by one Mr. Garret's coming, the Thursday after the fight, out of Warwickshire, from Mrs. Morgan, grandmother to little Sir John Preston, with some new linen for Sir John, and some for Father Hodlestone himself, namely six new shirts, one whereof he gave to the King, and another to my Lord Wilmot.—Huddleston.

4 This Sir John Preston's father was Sir John Preston, who

Tract No. I

Here I spoke with my Lord Wilmot, and sent him away to Colonel Lane's,[1] about five or six miles off, to see what means could be found for my escaping towards London; who told my Lord, after some consultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence of going hard by Bristol, to a cousin of hers that was married to one Mr. Norton, who lived two or three miles towards Bristol, on Somersetshire-side, and she might carry me thither as her man; and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out of England.[2]

So the next night[3] I went away to Colonel Lane's, where I changed my cloaths[4] into a little

raised a regiment for the King, and for so doing had his estate given away by the Parliament to Pen. This Sir John Preston, the son, is since dead, and his estate fallen to his brother, Sir Thomas Preston, mentioned in Oates's narrative of the plot, who married my Lord Molineux his daughter, by whom he had two daughters, great heiresses, himself being become a Jesuit.—Pepys.

[1] Colonel Lane lived at Bentley.—Huddleston.

[2] The King, after having changed his linen and stockings at Mr. Whitegrave's, said, that he found himself at more ease, was fit for a new march, and if it would please God ever to bless him with ten or twelve thousand men of a mind, and resolved to fight, he should not doubt but to drive those rogues out of the land. —Huddleston.

[3] I think I stayed two days at Pitchcrofts, [Whitgraves,] but Father Hurlstone can tell better than I.—King.

[4] The habit that the King came in to Father Hodleston, was a very greasy old gray steeple crowned hat, with the brims turned up, without lining or hatband, the sweat appearing two inches deep through it, round the band place; a green cloth jump coat, thread bare, even to the threads being worn white, and breeches of the same, with long knees down to the garter; with an old sweaty leathern doublet, a pair of white flanel stockings next to

better habit, like a serving-man, being a kind of gray-cloath suit; and the next day Mrs. Lane and I took our journey towards Bristol, resolving to lye at a place called Long-Marson, in the vale of Esham.

But we had not gone two hours on our way but the mare I rode on cast a shóe; so we were forced to ride to get another shoe at a scattering village, whose name begins with something like Long——.[1] And as I was holding my horses foot, I asked the smith what news? He told me, that there was no news, that he knew of,

his legs, which the King said were his boot stockings, their tops being cut off to prevent their being discovered, and upon them a pair of old green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, with their feet cut off; which last he said he had of Mr. Woolfe, who persuaded him thereto, to hide his other white ones, for fear of being observed; his shoes were old, all slashed for the ease of his feet, and full of gravel, with little rolls of paper between his toes, which he said he was advised to, to keep them from galling; he had an old coarse shirt, patched both at the neck and hands, of that very coarse sort which, in that country, go by the name of hogging- [noggin] shirts; which shirt, Father Hodlestone shifting from the King, by giving him one of his new ones, Father Hodleston sent afterwards to Mr. Sherwood, now Lord Abbot of Lambspring in Germany, a person well known to the Duke [of York,] who begged this shirt of Father Hodlestone; his handkerchief was a very old one, torn, and very coarse, and being daubed with the King's blood from his nose, Father Hodlestone gave it to a kinswoman of his, one Mrs. Brathwayte, who kept it with great veneration, as a remedy for the king's evil; he had no gloves, but a long thorn-stick, not very strong, but crooked three or four several ways, in his hand; his hair cut short up to his ears, and hands coloured; his Majesty refusing to have any gloves, when Father Hodlestone offered him some, as also to change his stick.—Pepys.

[1 Bromsgrove.]

since the good news of the beating of the rogues the Scots. I asked him, whether there was none of the English taken, that joined with the Scots? He answered, that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stewart was taken; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stewart. I told him, that if that rogue were taken he deserved to be hanged, more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said, that I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted.

Here it is to be noted, that we had in company with us Mrs. Lane's sister, who was married to one Mr. ——,[1] she being then going to my Lord Paget's, hard by Windsor, so as we were to part, as accordingly we did, at Stratford upon Avon.

But a mile before we came to Stratford upon Avon, we espied upon the way a troop of horse,[2] whose riders were alighted, and the horses eating some grass by the way side, staying there, as I thought, while their muster-master was providing their quarters. Mrs. Lane's sister's husband, who went along with her as far as Stratford, seeing this troop of horse just in our way, said, that for his part he would not go by them, for he had

[1 John Petre.]

[2] A poor old woman that was gleaning in the field, cried out, of her own accord, without occasion given her, "Master, don't you see a troop of horse before you!"—King.

been once or twice beaten by some of the Parliament soldiers, and he would not run the venture again. I hearing him say so, begged Mrs. Lane, softly in her ear, that we might not turn back, but go on, if they should see us turn. But all she could say in the world would not do, but her brother-in-law turned quite round, and went into Stratford another way. The troop of horse being then just getting on horse-back, about twice twelve score off (*sic*), and, as I told her, we did meet the troop just but in the town of Stratford.

But then her brother and we parted, he going his way, and we ours towards Long-Marson, where we lay at a kinsman's,[1] I think, of Mrs. Lane's; neither the said kinsman, nor her a-fore-mentioned brother-in-law, knowing who I was.

The next night we lay at Cirencester; and so from thence to Mr. Norton's house, beyond Bristol,[2] where, as soon as ever I came, Mrs.

[1 John Tomes.]

[2 "The day that they went to Mr. Norton's they were necessarily to ride quite through the city of Bristol; a place and people the King had been so well acquainted with that he could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which had been made there, after his departure from thence; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him about it.

"They came to Mr. Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holiday they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the King saw was a chaplain of his own [Dr. Gorges] who was allied to the gentleman of the house and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers

Lane called the butler of the house, a very honest fellow, whose name was Pope, and had served Tom Jermyn, a groom of my bed-chamber, when I was a boy at Richmond, she bade him to take care of William Jackson, for that was my name, as having been lately sick of an ague, whereof she said I was still weak, and not quite recovered.[1] And the truth is, my late fatigues and want of meat, had indeed made me look a little pale; besides this, Pope had been a trooper in the King my father's army; but I was not to be known in that house for anything but Mrs. Lane's servant.

Memorandum, That one Mr. Lassells, a cousin of Mrs. Lane's, went all the way with us, from Colonel Lane's, on horse-back, single, I riding before Mrs. Lane.

Pope the butler took great care of me that night, I not eating, as I should have done, with the servants, upon account of my not being well.[2]

played. William, by which name the King went, walked with his horse into the stable until his mistress could provide for his retreat."—Clarendon.]

[1 "By this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent which she often carried herself to hinder others from doing it. . . . She desired her cousin that a chamber might be provided for him and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs." —Clarendon.]

[2 "When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table Mrs. Lane filled a little dish and desired the butler who waited at the table to carry that dish of porridge to William and tell him that he should have some meat sent him presently. The butler carried the porridge into the chamber with a napkin and

After Worcester Fight

The next morning I arose pretty early, having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery hatch to get my breakfast; where I found Pope

spoon and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man who was willing to be eating. The butler looking narrowly upon him fell upon his knees and with tears told him 'he was glad to see his Majesty.' The King was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man and to ask him 'what he meant?' The man had been a falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some particulars, which the King had not forgot, whereupon the King conjured him 'not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man.' The fellow promised, and faithfully kept his word: and the King was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

"Dr. Gorges, the King's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place and allied to Mr. Norton, supped with them, and being a man of a cheerful conversation asked Mrs. Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful by sending up meat to him, 'how long his ague had been gone and whether he had purged since it left him?' and the like; to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor from the final prevalence of the parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good nature and without telling anybody he went to see William. The King saw him coming into the chamber and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed; to which the doctor left him, and went to Mrs. Lane, and told her that he had been with William, and that he would do well and advised her what she should do if his ague returned. The next morning the doctor went away, so that the King saw him no more, of which he was right glad."—Clarendon. See also Tract III., "Flight of the King," p. 250. N.B.—The name of Dr. Thomas Gorges, clerk, appears in the House of Lords' MSS. of July and August, 1660. He calls attention to the fact that the Rector of Wraxall (which is close to Abbots Leigh) "has by misinformation obtained the benefit of the general

and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country-fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester, to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him, how he came to give so good an account of that battle? He told me, he was in the King's regiment; by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment. But questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what a kind of man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my cloaths and my horse; and then looking upon me, he told me that the King was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me, as being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemies.[1]

order to secure the profits of the rectory in the hands of the churchwardens and overseers."—Hist. MSS. Com., 7 Rep. App., pp. 114, 124.]

[1 Pepys thus records the King's account of this adventure as related by him upon his passage to England in 1660: "His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when

So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it Mrs. Norton was coming by thro' it; upon which, I plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand, as she past by, that Pope looked very earnestly in my face. But I took no notice of it, but put on my hat again, and went away, walking out of the house into the field.

I had not been out half an hour, but coming back I went up to the chamber where I lay; and just as I came thither, Mr. Lassells came to me, and in a little trouble said, what shall we do? I am affraid Pope knows you; for he says very positively to me that it is you, but I have denyed it. Upon which I presently, without more ado, asked him, whether he was a very honest man or no? Whereto he answering me, that he knew him to be so honest a fellow that he durst trust him with his life, as having been always on our side. I thought it better to trust him, than go away leaving that suspicion upon him; and thereupon sent for Pope, and told him, that I was very glad to meet him there, and would trust him with my life as an old acquaintance. Upon which, being a discreet fellow, he

at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he" (*vide* Pepys's Diary, 23 May, 1660).

N.B.—Pepys evidently made a mistake here, and confused the master with the butler.]

asked me what I intended to do? for, says he, I am extremely happy I know you, for otherways you might run great danger in this house. For though my master and mistress are good people, yet there are at this time one or two in it that are very great rogues; and I think I can be useful to you in any thing you will command me. Upon which I told him my design of getting a ship, if possible, at Bristol; and to that end bade him go that very day immediately to Bristol, to see if there were any ships going either to Spain or France, that I might get a passage away in.

I told him also that my Lord Wilmot was coming to meet me here; for he and I had agreed at Colonel Lane's, and were to meet this very day at Norton's. Upon which Pope told me, that it was most fortunate that he knew me, and had heard this from me; for that if my Lord Wilmot should have comẽ hither, he would have been most certainly known to several people in the house; and therefore he would go. And accordingly went out, and met my Lord Wilmot a mile or two off the house, not far off, where he lodged him till it was night, and then brought him hither, by a back-door, into my chamber; I still passing for a serving-man, and Lassells and I lay in one chamber, he knowing all the way who I was.

So after Pope had been at Bristol to enquire for a ship, but could hear of none ready to depart

beyond sea sooner than within a month, which was too long for me to stay thereabout, I betook myself to the advising afresh with my Lord Wilmot and Pope what was to be done. And the latter telling me that there lived somewhere in that country, upon the edge of Somersetshire, at Trent, within two miles of Sherburn, Frank Windham, the Knight Marshall's brother, who being my old acquaintance, and a very honest man, I resolved to go to his house.

But the night before we were to go away, we had a misfortune that might have done us much prejudice; for Mrs. Norton, who was big with child, fell into labour, and miscarried of a dead child, and was very ill; so that we could not tell how in the world to find an excuse for Mrs. Lane to leave her cousin in that condition; and indeed it was not safe to stay longer there, where there was so great resort of disaffected idle people.

At length, consulting with Mr. Lassells, I thought the best way to counterfeit a letter from her father's house, old Mr. Lane's, to tell her that her father was extremely ill, and commanded her to come away immediately, for fear that she should not otherways find him alive; which letter Pope delivered so well, while they were all at supper, and Mrs. Lane playing her part so dexterously, that all believed old Mr. Lane to be indeed in great danger, and gave his daughter the excuse

to go away with me the very next morning early.

Accordingly the next morning[1] we went directly to Trent to Frank Windham's house, and lay that night at Castle-Cary,[2] and the next night came to Trent, where I had appointed my Lord Wilmot to meet me, whom I still took care not to keep with me, but sent him a little before, or left to come after me.[3]

When we came to Trent, my Lord Wilmot and I advised with Frank Windham, whether he had any acquaintance at any sea-town upon the coast of Dorset or Devonshire; who told me that he was very well acquainted with Gyles Strangways, and that he would go directly to him, and inform himself whether he might not have some acquaintance at Weymouth or Lyme, or some of those parts.

But Gyles Strangways proved not to have any, as having been long absent from all those places, as not daring to stir abroad, having been always faithful to the King; but he desired Frank

[1] I staid about two days at Popes [Lassells].—King. [This should be Nortons: viz. at Abbots Leigh.]

[2] "In the way he encountered in a town [Castle Cary] through which they passed, Mr. Kirton, a servant of the King's who well knew the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him nor suspected the King to be there, yet that day made the King more wary of having him in his company upon the way."—Clarendon.]

[3] I could never get my Lord Wilmot to put on any disguise, he saying, that he should look frightfully in it; and therefore did never put on any.—King.

Windham to try what he could do therein, it being unsafe for him to be found busy upon the sea coast. But withal he sent me three hundred broad pieces, which he knew were necessary for me in the condition I was now in; for I durst carry no money about me in those mean cloaths, and my hair cut short, but about ten or twelve shillings in silver.

Frank Windham, upon this, went himself to Lyme, and spoke with a merchant there, to hire a ship for my transportation, being forced to acquaint him that it was I that was to be carried out. The merchant undertook it, his name being ————,[1] and accordingly hired a vessel for France, appointing a day for my coming to Lyme to embark.[2] And accordingly we set out from Frank Windham's, and to cover the matter the better, I rode before a cousin of Frank Windham's, one Mrs. Judith[3] Coningsby, still going by the name of William Jackson.[4]

Memorandum, That one day, during my stay

[1 Capt. William Ellesdon.]

[2 "Mr. Ellison . . . was well known to Colonel Windham having been a captain in the King's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the Colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen friends of his who were in danger to be arrested and transport them into France."—Clarendon.]

[3 Juliana.]

[4 At Trent Mrs. Lane and Lassells went home. I stayed some four or five days at Frank Windham's house, and was known to most of his family.—King.

at Trent, I hearing the bells ring (the church being hard by Frank Windham's house) and seeing a company got together in the churchyard, I sent down the maid of the house, who knew me, to enquire what the matter was; who returning came up and told me, that there was a rogue a trooper come out of Cromwell's army that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on. Upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it.

This merchant having appointed us to come to Lyme, we, viz. myself, my Lord Wilmot, Frank Windham, Mrs. Coningsby, and one servant of Frank Windham's, whose name was Peter, were directed from him to a little village hard by Lyme,[1] the vessel being to come out of the cobb at Lyme, and come to a little creek that was just by this village, whither we went, and to send their boat ashore to take us in at the said creek, and carry us over to France, the wind being then very good at north.

So we sat up that night, expecting the ship to come out, but she failed us.[2] Upon which,

[1 Charmouth.]

[2 "They found many passengers in the inn and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark of which there was no appearance." —Clarendon.]

I sent Frank Windham's man, Peter, and my Lord Wilmot to Lyme the next morning, to know the reason of it. But we were much troubled how to pass away our time the next day, till we could have an answer. At last, we resolved to go to a place called Burport,[1] about four miles from Lyme, and there stay till my Lord Wilmot should bring us news, whether the vessel could be had the next night or no, and the reason of her last nights failure.

So Frank Windham, and Mrs. Coningsby and I, went in the morning, on horse-back, away to Burport; and just as we came into the town, I could see the streets full of red-coats, Cromwell's soldiers, being a regiment of Colonel Haynes', viz. fifteen hundred men going to embark to take Jersey, at which Frank Windham was very much startled, and asked me what I would do? I told him, that we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done; because we should otherways miss my Lord Wilmot, in case we went any where else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horses thought it the best way to go blundering in among them, and lead them thro' the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did;

[1 Bridport.]

and they were very angry with me for my rudeness.

As soon as I came into the stable I took the bridle off the horses, and called the hostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the hostler was helping me to feed the horses, "Sure, Sir," says the hostler, "I know your face?" which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him, where he had lived? whether he had always lived there or no? He told me, that he was but newly come thither; that he was born in Exeter, and had been hostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain in the time of war: so I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, Friend, certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year. Oh! says he, then I remember you a boy there; and with that was put off from thinking any more on it; but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together; which I excused, by saying, that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him. But told him, that my master was going for London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lye there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him.

As soon as we had dined, my Lord Wilmot

came into the town from Lyme, but went to another inn. Upon which, we rode out of town, as if we had gone upon the road towards London; and when we were got two miles of, my Lord Wilmot overtook us, (he having observed, while in town, where we were) and told us, that he believed the ship might be ready next night; but that there had been some mistake betwixt him and the master of the ship.

Upon which, I not thinking it fit to go back again to the same place where we had sat up the night before, we went to a village called ———,[1] about four miles in the country above Lyme, and sent in Peter to know of the merchant, whether the ship would be ready. But the master of the ship, doubting that it was some dangerous employment he was hired upon, absolutely refused the merchant, and would not carry us over.

Whereupon we were forced to go back again to Frank Windham's to Trent, where we might be in some safety till we had hired another ship.

As soon as we came to Frank Windham's, I sent away presently to Colonel Robert Philips, who lived then at Salisbury, to see what he could do for the getting me a ship; which he undertook very willingly, and had got one at Southampton, but by misfortune she was, amongst others, prest to transport their soldiers to Jersey, by which she failed us also.

[1 Broad-Windsor.]

Upon this, I sent further into Sussex, where Robin Philips knew one Colonel Gunter, to see whether he could hire a ship any where upon that coast. And not thinking it convenient for me to stay much longer at Frank Windham's, (where I had been in all about a fortnight, and was become known to very many) I went directly away to a widow gentlewoman's house, one Mrs. Hyde, some four or five miles from Salisbury,[1] where I came into the house [2] just as it was almost dark, with Robin Philips only, not intending at first to make myself known. But just as I alighted at the door Mrs. Hyde knew me, though she had never seen me but once in her life, and that was with the King, my father, in the army, when we marched by Salisbury, some years before, in the time of the war; but she being a discreet woman took no notice at that time of me, I passing only for a friend of Robin Philips', by whose advice I went thither.

At supper there was with us Frederick Hyde, since a judge, and his sister in law, a widow, Robin Philips, myself, and Dr. Henshaw,[3] since Bishop of London, whom I had appointed to meet me there.

[1 "In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and presently after met Desborough walking down a hill, with three or four men with him who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers."—Clarendon.]

[2 Heale House.]

[3 Henchman.]

While we were at supper, I observed Mrs. Hyde and her brother Frederick to look a little earnestly at me, which led me to believe they might know me. But I was not at all startled at it, it having been my purpose to let her know who I was; and accordingly after supper Mrs. Hyde came to me, and I discovered myself to her; who told me, she had a very safe place to hide me in, till we knew whether our ship was ready or no. But she said it was not safe for her to trust any body but herself and her sister; and therefore advised me to take my horse next morning, and make as if I quitted the house, and return again about night; for she would order it so that all her servants and everybody should be out of the house, but herself and her sister, whose name I remember not.

So Robin Philips and I took our horses, and went as far as Stonehenge; and there we staid looking upon the stones for sometime,[1] and returned back again to Hale, (the place where Mrs. Hyde lived) about the hour she appointed; where I went up into the hiding-hole, that was very convenient and safe, and staid there all alone[2] (Robin

[1] The King and Colonel Phelips rode about the Downes, and took a view of the wonder of the country, Stonehenge; where they found that the King's arithmetic gave the lie to the fabulous tale, that those stones cannot be told alike twice together.—Phelips.

[2] "The widow being trusted with the knowledge of her guest sent her servants out of the way and at the hour appointed received him again and accommodated him in a little room, which had

Philips then going away to Salisbury) some four or five days.

After four or five days stay, Robin Philips came to the house, and acquainted me, that a ship was ready provided for me at Shoreham, by Colonel Gunter. Upon which, at two o'clock in the morning, I went out of the house by the back-way, and, with Robin Philips, met Colonel Gunter and my Lord Wilmot together, some fourteen or fifteen miles off, on my way towards Shoreham,[1] and were to lodge that night at a place called Hambleton,[2] seven miles from Portsmouth; because it was too long a journey to go in one day to Shoreham. And here we lay at a house of a brother-in-law of Colonel Gunter's, one Mr. ——,[3] where I was not to be known, (I being still in the same gray-cloath suit, as a serving-man) though the master of the house was a very honest poor man, who, while we were at supper, came in, he having been all the day playing the good-fellow at an ale-house in the

been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a malignant family. Here he lay concealed without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days, the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Phelips."—Clarendon.]

[1 This was at Warnford, Hants. (See Tract 5, "Flight of the King."]

[2 Hambledon.]

[3 Thomas Symons.]

town, and taking a stool sat down with us; where his brother-in-law, Colonel Gunter, talking very feelingly concerning Cromwell, and all his party, he went and whispered his brother in the ear, and asked, whether I was not some round-headed rogue's-son? for I looked very suspiciously. Upon which, Colonel Gunter answering for me, that he might trust his life in my hands, he came and took me by the hand, and drinking a good glass of beer to me, called me brother Roundhead.

About that time my Lord Southampton, that was then at Titchfield, suspecting, for what reason I don't know, that it was possible I might be in the country, sent either to Robin Philips, or Dr. Henshaw,[1] to offer his service, if he could serve me in my escape. But being then provided of a ship, I would not put him to the danger of having any thing to do with it.[2]

The next day we went to a place, four miles off of Shoreham, called Bright-helmstone, where we were to meet with the master of the ship, as

[1 Charles has here confused Dr. Henchman with Mr. Henslow of Burchant (or Burhunt), near Titchfield, who informed the Earl his neighbour that the King was in hiding (*vide* Blount, Tract II., p. 139).]

[2 "That he had a ship ready, and if the King came to him he should be safe, which advertisement came to the King the night before he embarked and when his vessel was ready. But his Majesty ever acknowledged the obligation with great kindness, he being the only person of that condition who had the courage to solicit such danger, though all good men heartily wished his deliverance."—Clarendon.]

thinking it more convenient for us to meet there than just at Shoreham, where the ship was. So when we came to the inn at Bright-helmstone, we met with one [Mansel,] the merchant, who had hired the vessel, in company with her master,[1] the merchant only knowing me, as having hired her only to carry over a person of quality, that was escaped from the battle of Worcester, without naming any body. And as we were all, (viz. Robin Philips,[2] my Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, the merchant, the master, and I) I observed that the master of the vessel looked very much upon me. And as soon as we had supped, calling the merchant aside, the master told him, that he had not dealt fairly with him; for though he had given him a very good price for the carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him; for, says he, he is the King, and I very well know him to be so. Upon which, the merchant denying it, saying that he was mistaken, the master answered, I know him very well; for he took my ship, together with other fishing vessels at Bright-helmstone, in the year 1648, (which was when I commanded the King my father's fleet, and I very kindly let them go again.) But, says he to

[1] Mr. Francis Mansel, the faithful merchant who provided the bark. Captain Tettershall, the master of the bark.—Phelips.

[2] Charles was wrong here. Col. Phelips left the King at Hambledon.]

the merchant, be not troubled at it; for I think I do God and my country good service, in preserving the King, and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France. Upon which, the merchant came and told me what had past between them; and thereby found myself under a necessity of trusting him. But I took no kind of notice of it presently to him; but thinking it convenient not to let him go home, least he should be asking advice of his wife, or any body else, we kept him with us in the inn, and sat up all night drinking beer, and taking tobacco with him.

And here I also run another very great danger, as being confident I was known by the master of the inn, for as I was standing, after supper, by the fire-side, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in, and fell a talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he, upon a sudden, kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, God bless you wheresoever you go; I do not doubt, before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady: so I laughed, and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more

discourse might have but raised suspicion.[1] On which consideration, I thought it best for to trust him in that manner, and he proved very honest.

About four o'clock in the morning, myself and the company beforenamed went towards Shoreham, taking the master of the ship with us, on horse-back, behind one of our company, and came to the vessel's side, which was not above sixty tun. But it being low water, and the vessel lying dry, I and my Lord Wilmot got up with a ladder into her, and went and lay down in the little cabbin, till the tide came to fetch us off.

But I was no sooner got into the ship, and lain down upon the bed, but the master came in to me, fell down upon his knees, and kist my hand; telling me, that he knew me very well, and would venture life, and all that he had in the world, to set me down safe in France.[2]

So about seven o'clock in the morning, it being high-water, we went out of the port; but the master being bound for Pool, loaden with sea-coal, because he would not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, but stood all the day, with a very easy sail,

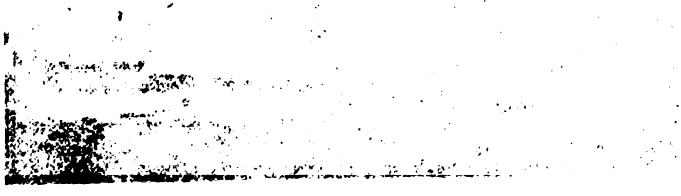
[1 The King's account of this incident, as recorded by Pepys in May 23, 1660, is almost identical (*vide* "Pepys's Diary," 23 May, 1660).]

[2 Captain Tattersal was one of those who attended the king upon his voyage from Holland to Dover in 1660 (*vide* Sir W. Lower's "Relation of the Voiage of Charls II.," Hague, 1660, p. 53).]

towards the Isle of Wight, (only my Lord Wilmot and myself, of my company, on board.) And as we were sailing, the master came to me, and desired me that I would persuade his men to use their endeavours with me to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof. Upon which, I went to the men, which were four and a boy,[1] and told them, truely, that we were two merchants that had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt; that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of those ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much, and with that I gave them twenty shillings to drink. Upon which, they undertook to second me, if I would propose it to the master. So I went to the master, and told him our condition, and that if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him some consideration for it. Upon which he counterfeited difficulty, saying, that it would hinder his voyage. But his men, as they had promised me, joining their persuasions to ours, and, at last, he yielded to set us over.

[1 The King, in describing his adventures in crossing to Dover, May 23, 1660, said the ship's company were four men and a boy, but in some of the editions of "Pepys's Diary" the sentence has been misprinted as a *foreman* and a boy (*vide* "Pepys's Diary," 23 May, 1660, and "Flight of the King," p. 184).]

LANE



CAPTAIN TATTERSALL'S [illegible] HALL

JANE LANE'S LANTERN

CAPTAIN TATTERSAL'S BOAT IN WHICH CHARLES II ESCAPED TO FRANCE

So about five o'clock in the afternoon, as we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, we stood directly over to the coast of France, the wind being then full north; and the next morning, a little before day, we saw the coast. But the tide failing us, and the wind coming about to the south-west, we were forced to come to an anchor, within two miles of the shore, till the tide of flood was done.

We found ourselves just before an harbour in France, called Fescamp; and just as the tide of ebb was made, espied a vessel to leeward of us, which, by her nimble working, I suspected to be an Ostend privateer. Upon which, I went to my Lord Wilmot, and telling him my opinion of that ship, proposed to him our going ashore in the little cock-boat, for fear they should prove so, as not knowing, but finding us going into a port of France (there being then a war betwixt France and Spain) they might plunder us, and possibly carry us away and set us ashore in England; the master also himself had the same opinion of her being an Ostender, and came to me to tell me so, which thought I made it my business to dissuade him from, for fear it should tempt him to set sail again with us for the coast of England; yet so sensible I was of it, that I and my Lord Wilmot went both on shore in the cock-boat; and going up into the town of Fescamp, staid there all day to provide horses for Rouen. But the vessel

which had so affrighted us, proved afterwards only a French hoy.

The next day we got to Rouen, to an inn, one of the best in the town, in the Fish-market, where they made difficulty to receive us, taking us, by our cloaths, to be some thieves, or persons that had been doing some very ill thing, until Mr. Sandburne, a merchant, for whom I sent, came and answered for us.

One particular more there is observable in relation to this our passage into France; that the vessel that brought us over, had no sooner landed me, and I given her master a pass, for fear of meeting with any of our Jersey frigates, but the wind turned so happily for her, as to carry her directly for Pool, without its being known that she had ever been upon the coast of France.

We staid at Rouen one day,[1] to provide ourselves better cloaths, and give notice to the Queen, my mother, (who was then at Paris) of my being safely landed. After which, setting out in a hired coach, I was met by my mother, with coaches, short of Paris; and by her conducted thither, where I safely arrived.

[1 "At Rouen he [the King] looked so poorly that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other."—Charles' description of his adventures in crossing to Dover, May 23, 1660 (*vide* "Pepys's Diary" of that date).]

Tract No. II

BOSCOBEL:

OR THE

Compleat History

Of His Sacred

MAJESTIES

Most Miraculous Preservation

After the Battle of

Worcester,

3 Sept. 1651.

Introduced by an exact Relation of that Battle; and Illustrated with a Map of the City.

The Third Edition with Addition.

Joel 1. 2.

Hear this ye Old men, and give ear all ye Inhabitants of the Land: Has this been in your days, or in the days of your Fathers?

LONDON:

Printed by *M. Clark*, and to be sold by *H. Brome* and *C. Harper*, at their Shops in *S. Pauls* Churchyard and *Fleetstreet*. 1680.

FRONTISPIECE OF BOOK "[illegible]," 165[illegible]

CHARLES II

FRONTISPIECE OF BLOUNT'S "BOSCOBEL," 1660 EDITION

TO THE

KINGS

Most Excellent

MAJESTY.

SIR,

Among the many addresses, which every day offers Your Sacred Majesty, This humbly hopes Your particular gracious Acceptance; since it has no other ambition than faithfully to represent to Your Majesty, and, by Your Royal permission, to all the world, the History of those miraculous Providences that preserv'd You in the Battle of Worcester, concealed You in the Wilderness at Boscobel, and led You on Your way towards a Land, where You might safely expect the returning favours of Heaven, which now, after so long a tryal, has graciously heard our Prayers, and abundantly crown'd Your Patience.

And, as in the conduct of a great part of this greatest Affair, it pleased God (the more to endear

his Mercies) to make choise of many very little, though fit instruments: So has my weakness, by this happy President, been encourag'd to hope it not unsuitable for me to relate, what the wisest King thought proper for them to act; wherein yet I humbly beg Your Majesties pardon; being conscious to my self of my utter incapacity to express, either Your unparallel'd Valour in the day of Contending, or (which is a vertue far less usual for Kings) Your strong and even Mind in the time of Your Sufferings.

From which sublime Endowments of Your most Heroick Majesty I derive these comforts to my self; That whoever undertakes to reach at Your Perfections, must fall short as well as I, though not so much: And while I depend on Your Royal Clemency more than others, I am more oblig'd to be,

Your Majesties
Most Loyal Subject
and most Humble Servant
THO. BLOUNT.

TO THE

READER.

BEHOLD, I present you with an History of wonders; wonders so great, that, as no former Age can parallel, succeeding Times will scarce believe them.

Expect here to read the highest Tyranny and Rebellion that was ever acted by Subjects, and the greatest hardships and persecutions that ever were suffer'd by a King; yet did His Patience exceed His sorrows; and His vertue become at last victorious.

Some particulars, I confess, are so superlatively extraordinary, that I easily should fear, they would scarce gain belief, even from my modern Reader, had I not this strong argument to secure me; That no ingenuous person will think me so frontlesse, as knowingly to writ an untruth in an History, where His Sacred Majesty (my dread Soveraign and the best of Kings) bears the principal part, and most of the other persons concern'd in the same Action (except the Earl of

Darby, Lord Wilmot, and Col. Blague) still alive, ready to pour out shame and confusion on so impudent a Forgery.

But I am so far from that foul crime of publishing what's false, that I can safely say, I know not one line unauthentick; such has been my care to be sure of the truth that I have diligently collected the particulars from most of their mouths, who were the very Actors themselves in this Scene of Miracles.

To every individual person (as far as my industry could arrive to know) I have given the due of his merit; be it for Valour, Fidelity, or whatever other quality that any way had the honour to relate to His Majesties Service.

In this later Edition I have added some particulars, which came to my knowledge, since the first publication, and have observ'd that in this persecution, much of His Majesties Actions and Sufferings have run parallel with those of King David.

And though the whole Complex may want elegance and politeness of style (which the Nature of such Relations does not properly challenge), yet it cannot want Truth, the chief ingredient for such Undertakings, in which assurance I am not afraid to venture my self in your hands.

Read on and wonder.

THE HISTORY Of His Sacred MAJESTIES

Most Miraculous Preservation after the Battel of

WORCESTER, &c.

It was in June, in the year 1650, that Charles the Second, undoubted heir of Charles the First of Glorious Memory, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, (after his Royal Father had been barbarously murder'd and himself banish'd his own dominions, by his own rebellious subjects) took shipping at Scheveling in Holland, and having escap'd great dangers at Sea, arrived soon after at Spey in the North of Scotland.

On the first of January following His Majesty was crown'd at Scoon, and an army raised in that Kingdom, to invade this; in hope to recover his regalities here, then most unjustly detain'd from

him by some members of the Long Parliament and Oliver Cromwell their General, who soon after most trayterously assum'd the title of Protector of the new-minted Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Of this Royal Scotch Army the General Officers were these, Lieutenant General David Lesley, L. Gen. Middleton (who is since created Earl of Middleton, Lord Clarmont, and Fettercairn), Major Gen. Massey, M. Gen. Montgomery, M. Gen. Dal[z]iel,[1] and M. Gen. Vandrose, a Dutchman.

The first of August, 1651, His Majesty with his Army began his march into England, and on the fifth of the same month, at his Royal Camp at Woodhouse near the border, publish'd his gracious declaration of general pardon and oblivion to all his loving Subjects of the Kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, that would desist from assisting the usurped authority of the pretended Commonwealth of England and return to the obedience they owed to their lawfull King, and to the antient happy Government of the Kingdom; except only Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, John Cook (pretended Solicitor,) and all others who did actually sit and vote in the murder of his Royal Father.

And lastly did declare, that the service being done, the Scotch Army should quietly retire, that

[1] [Or Dalzell].

Edw Massie

Dalzell

so all armies might be disbanded, and a lasting peace setled with Religion and Righteousnesse.

His Majesty, after the publication of this Gracious Offer, march'd his Army into Lancashire, where he received some considerable supplies from the Earl of Derby (that loyal Subject), and at Warrington Bridge met with the first opposition made by the rebels in England, but his presence soon put them to flight.

In this interim His Majesty had sent a copy of his declaration inclosed in a gracious letter to Thomas Andrews, then Lord Mayor (who had been one of his late Majesties Judges), and the Aldermen of the City of London, which by order of the rump-rebels then sitting at Westminster, was (on the 26 of August) publickly burnt at the Old Exchange by the hangman; and their own declaration proclaimed there and at Westminster, with beat of drum, and sound of trumpet, by which His Sacred Majesty (to whom they could afford no better title than Charles Stuart), his abetters, agents and complices were declared traytors, rebels, and publique enemies. Impudence and treason beyond example!

After a tedious march of near 300 miles His Majesty, with his Army on the 22 of August possessed himself of Worcester, after some small oposition made by the rebels there commanded by Col. John James. And at his Entrance the Mayor of that City carryed the Sword before His

Majesty, who had left the Earl of Derby in Lancashire, as well to settle that and the adjacent Counties in a posture of defence against Cromwell and his Confederates; as to raise some Auxiliary Forces to recruit His Majesties Army, in case the success of a battle should not prove so happy as all good men desired.

But (such was Heavens decree) on the 25 of August, the Earl's new rais'd forces, being overpowered, were totally defeated near Wiggan in that County by Col. Lilburn, with a regiment of rebellious Sectaries. In which conflict the Lord Widdrington, Sir Thomas Tildsly, Collonel Trollop, Collonel Bointon, Lieutenant Collonel Galliard (faithfull subjects and valiant soldiers), with some others of good note, were slain; Collonel Edward Roscarrock wounded, Sir William Throkmorton (now Knight Marshal to His Majesty), Sir Timothy Fetherstonhaugh (who was beheaded by the rebels at Chester, on the 22 of October following), Collonel Bains and others taken prisoners, and their General the Earl of Derby (who charged the rebels valiantly and received several wounds), put to flight with a small number of his men: In which condition he made choice of the way towards Worcester, whither he knew His Majesties Army was design'd to march.

After some days, my Lord, with Collonel Roscarrock and two Servants, got into the

confines of Staffordshire, and Shropshire near Newport, where at one Mr. Watsons house he met with Mr. Richard Snead[1] (an honest gentleman of that county, and of his lordships acquaintance), to whom he recounted the misfortune of his defeat at Wiggan and the necessity of his taking some rest, if Mr. Snead could recommend his lordship to any private house near hand where he might safely continue till he could find an opportunity to go to His Majesty.

Mr. Snead brought my lord and his company to Boscobel House, a very obscure habitation, scituate in Shropshire, but adjoyning upon Staffordshire, and lies between Tong Castle and Brewood, in a kind of wilderness. John Giffard, Esq; having built this house about thirty years since, invited Sir Basil Brook with other friends and neighbours to a house warming feast, at which time Sir Basil was desired by Mr. Giffard to give the house a name, he aptly calls it Boscobel (from the Italian Bosco-bello, which in that language signifies fair-wood), because seated in the midst of many fair woods. It is now the inheritance and dwelling house of Mr. Basil Fitzherbert by

[1] [Third son of Ralph Sneyd, of Keele Hall, Staffordshire. His elder brother, Colonel Ralph Sneyd, was killed in the Isle of Man fighting for the Countess of Derby. From William, the second brother, descend the present Ralph Sneyd, of Keele, and three brothers, respectively of Basford, Ashcombe (where the original of the portrait here reproduced is preserved), and Chastleton. There was an intimate connection between the Sneyds and the Earls of Derby for many generations.]

Jane his wife, daughter and heir of Mr. John Cotton, by Frances, daughter and heir of the said John Giffard.

At this place the Earl arriv'd on the 29 of August (being Friday) at night, but the house at that time afforded no inhabitant except William Penderel, the housekeeper and his wife, who to preserve so eminent a person, freely adventur'd to receive my lord, and kept him in safety till Sunday night following, when (according to my lord's desire of going to Worcester) he convey'd him to Mr. Humphrey Elliot's house at Gatakar Park (a true hearted Royalist), which was about nine miles on the way from Boscobel thither. Mr. Elliot did not only chearfully entertain the Earl, but lent him ten pounds and conducted him and his company safe to Worcester.

The next day after His Majesty's arrival at Worcester, being Saturday the 23 of August, he was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France and Ireland by Mr. Thomas Lisens, Mayor, and Mr. James Bridges, Sheriff of that loyal city with great acclamations.

On the same day His Majestie published this following Manifesto or declaration :—

"Charles by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the faith, etc. To all whom it may concern Greeting. We desire not the effusion of blood.

RICHARD GWYN

RICHARD SNEYD

We covet not the spoil or forfeiture of our people, our declaration at our entry into this Kingdom, the quiet behaviour and abstinence of our Army throughout this long March, and our own general pardon declared to all the inhabitants of this City, without taking advantage of the opposition here made us, by a force of the Enemy over mastring them untill we chased them away, have sufficiently certified both what we seek is only that the laws of England (which secure the right both of King and Subject) may henceforth recover their due power and force, and all past bitternesse of these unnatural wars be buried and forgotten. As a means whereunto we have by our Warrants of the date hereof, and do hereby summon, upon their allegiance, all the Nobility, Gentry and others of what degree and condition soever of our county of Worcester from Sixteen to Sixty to appear in their persons and with any horses, arms and ammunition they have or can procure, at Pitch-Croft, near the City on Tuesday next being the 26 of this instant moneth, where our self will be present that day (and also the next, in case those of the further parts of the county should not be able to come up sooner) to dispose of such of them as we shall think fit, for our service in the war, in defence of this city and county, and to adde unto our marching Army, and to apply others (therein versed) to matters of Civil Advice and Government. Upon which appearance we

shall immediately declare to all present and conforming themselves to our Royal Authority, our free pardon not excluding from this Summons or the pardon held forth or from trust and imployment in our service as we shall find them cordial and usefull therein, any person or persons heretofore or at this time actually imployed in opposition to us whether in the military way as Governers, Colonels, Captains, Common Souldiers, or whatsoever else; or in the civil as Sheriffs, Undersheriffs, Justices of the Peace, Collectors, High Constables, or any other of higher or lower quality; for securing of all whom before mentioned in their loyal addresses and performances (besides our Army (more than once successfull since our entrance) which will be between them and the Enemie, and the engagement of our own person in their defence,) we have directed this city to bee forthwith fortified and shall use such other helps and means as shall occur to us in order to that end; but on the other side, if any person of what degree or quality soever, either through disloyalty and disaffection, or out of fear of the cruel usurpers and oppressors, accompanied with a presumption upon our Mercy and Goodness, or lastly presuming upon former service, shall oppose or neglect us at this time, they shall find that as We have Authority to punish in life, liberty and estate, so we want not now the power to do it, and (if overmuch provoked) shall not

want the will neither, and in particular unto those who have heretofore done and suffered for their loyalty, we say it is now in their hands either to double that score, or to strike it off; concluding with this, that although our disposition abound with tenderness to our people, yet we cannot think it such to let them lye under a confest slavery, and false peace, when as we well know, and all the world may see, we have force enough, with the conjunction of those that groan under the present yoak (we will not say to dispute, for that we shall do well enough with those we have brought with us), but clearly (without any considerable opposition) to restore together with our self the quiet, the liberty and the laws of the English nation.

"Given at our city of Worcester the 23 of August, 1651. And in the third year of our reign."

Upon Sunday, the 24 of August, Mr. Crosby (an eminent divine of that City) preach'd before His Majestie in the Cathedral Church; and in his prayer stiled His Majestie, in all causes and over all persons, next unto God, Supreme Head and Governor; at which the Presbyterian Scots took exception, and Mr. Crosby was afterwards admonish'd by some of them to forbear such expressions.

Tuesday the 26 of August was the ren-

dezvouz in Pitchcroft of such Loyal Subjects as came into His Majesties aid pursuance of his before mentioned Declaration and Summons: Here appeared—

Francis Lord Talbot now Earl of Shrewsbury, with about 60 Horse.
Mr. Mervin Touchet, his Lieut. Collonel.
Sir John Packington.
Sir Walter Blount.
Sir Ralph Clare.
Sir Rowland Berkley.
Sir John Winford.
Mr. Ralph Sheldon of Beoly.
Mr. John Washburn of Witchinford with 40 Horse.
Mr. Thomas Hornyold of Blackmore Park with 40 Horse.
Mr. William Seldon of Finstall.
Mr. Thomas Acton.
Captain Benbow.
Mr. Robert Blount of Kenswick.
Mr. Robert Wigmore of Lucton.
Mr. Edward Pennel the Elder.
Captain John Kingston.
Mr. Peter Blount.
Mr. Edward Blount.
Mr. Walter Walsh.
Mr. Charles Wash (*sic*).
Mr. William Dansey.
Mr. Francis Knotsford.

Mr. George Chambers, etc., with divers others, who were honour'd and encourag'd by His Majesties presence; notwithstanding which access, the number of his Army both English and Scots, was conceiv'd not to exceed 12,000 men, (viz.) 10,000 Scots and about 2000 English; and those too not excellently arm'd nor plentifully stored with ammunition.

Meantime Cromwell (that grand patron of Sectaries) had amass'd together a numerous body of rebels, commanded by himself in chief, and by the Lord Grey of Groby, Fleetwood and Lambert under him, consisting of above 30,000 men (being generally the scum and froth of the whole kingdom), one part of which were Sectaries who through a fanatique zeal, were become devotes to this great Idol; the other part seduc'd persons, who either by force or fear were unfortunately made actors or participants in this so horrible and fatal a tragedy.

Thus then began the Pickeerings to the grand engagement, Major General Massey with a commanded party, being sent by his Majesty to secure the Bridge and pass at Upton upon Severn, seven miles below Worcester, on Thursday, the 28 of August. Lambert with a far greater number of rebels attaqu'd him and after some dispute gain'd the pass, the river being then fordable. Yet the Major General behav'd himself very gallantly, received a shot in the

hand from some musketiers the Enemy had convey'd into the Church, and retreated in good order to Worcester.

During this encounter, Cromwell himself (whose headquarter was the night before at Pershore) advanc'd to Stoughton within four miles of the city on the south side, himself quartered that night at Mr. Simons house at White Lady-Aston, and a party of his horse faced the city that evening.

The next day (August the 29) Sultan Oliver appear'd with a great body of horse and foot on Redhill within a mile of Worcester, where he made a bonnemine, but attempted nothing; and that night part of his army quartered at Judge Barkleys house at Speachley. The same day it was resolv'd by His Majesty, at a Council of War, to give the grand rebel a camisado, by beating up his quarters that night with 1500 select horse and foot commanded by Lieutenant General Middleton, and Sir William Keyth; all of them wearing their shirts over their armor for distinction; which accordingly was attempted, and might in all probability have been successful, had not the design been most trayterously discover'd to the rebels by one Guyse a taylor in the town, and a notorious sectary, who was hang'd the day following as the just reward of his treachery. In this action Major Knox was slain and some few taken prisoners by the Enemy. A considerable

party of the rebels commanded by Collonel Fleetwood, Collonel Richard Ingoldsby (who is since become a real Convert, and was created Knight of the Bath at His Majesties Coronation), Collonel Goff and Collonel Gibbons being got over the Severn at Upton, march'd next day to Powick Town where they made an halt, for Powick Bridge (lying upon the river Team, between Powick Town and Worcester) was guarded by a brigade of His Majesties horse and foot, commanded by Major General Robert Montgomery and Collonel George Keyth.

The fatal 3d of September being come, His Majesty this day (holding a Council of War upon the top of the Colledge Church-steeple, the better to discover the Enemies posture) observ'd some firing at Powick, and Cromwell making a bridge of boats over Severn, under Buns-hill, about a mile below the City towards Team mouth; His Majesty presently goes down, commands all to their arms, and marches in person to Powick Bridge to give orders, as well for maintaining that bridge, as for opposing the making the other of boats and hasted back to his Army in the City.

Soon after His Majesty was gone from Powick Bridge, the Enemy assaulted it furiously, which was well defended by Montgomery, till himself was dangerously wounded, and his amunition spent; so that he was forced to make a disorderly retreat into Worcester, leaving Collonel Keyth a

prisoner at the bridge. At the same time Cromwell had with much celerity finish't his bridge of boats and planks over the main river, without any considerable opposition, saving that Col. Piscotty, with about three hundred highlanders, performed as much therein as could be expected from a handfull of men fighting against great numbers. By this means Oliver held communication with those of his party at Powick Bridge, and when he had march'd over a considerable number of his men, said (in his hypocritical way), the Lord of Hosts be with you, and return'd himself to raise a battery of great guns against the Fort Royal on the south side of the City.

His Majesty being return'd from Powick Bridge march'd with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grandison and some other of his Cavalry, through the City and out at Sudbury Gate by the Fort Royal, where the rebels great shot came frequently neer his sacred person.

At this time Cromwell was setled in an advantageous post at Perrywood within a mile of the City, swelling with pride and confident in the numbers of his men, having besides rais'd a breast work at the cockshoot of that wood, for his greater security; but Duke Hamilton (formerly Lord Lanerick) with his own troop and some highlanders, Sir Alexander Forbus with his regiment of foot and divers English lords and gentlemen voluntiers, by His Majesties command and

encouragement, engaged him, and did great execution upon his best men, forced the great Sultan (as the Rhodians in like case did the Turk) to retreat with his Janizaries and His Majesty was once as absolute master of his great guns as he ought then to have been of the whole land.

Here His Majesty gave an incomparable example of valor to the rest by charging in person, which the highlanders especially imitated in a great measure, fighting with the but-ends of their muskets, when their ammunition was spent; but new supplies of rebels being continually poured upon them, and the main body of Scotch horse not coming up in due time from the town to His Majesties relief, his army was forced to retreat in at Sudbury Gate in much disorder.

In this action Duke Hamilton (who fought valiantly) had his horse kill'd under him and was himself mortally wounded, of which he dyed within few days;[1] and many of his troop (consisting much of gentlemen and divers of his own name) were slain; Sir John Douglas received his deaths wound; and Sir Alex Forbus (who was the first Knight the King made in Scotland, and commanded the Fort Royal here) was shot through both the calves of his legs, lay in the wood all night and was brought prisoner to Worcester next day.

[1 The spot is still pointed out in the old Commandery at Worcester where the Duke was carried after receiving his death wound.]

The rebels in this encounter had great advantage as well as their numbers, as by fighting both with horse and foot, against His Majesties foot only, the greatest part of his horse being wedged up in the town: And when the foot were defeated a part of His Majesties horse fought afterwards against both the enemies horse and foot upon great disadvantage. And as they had few persons of condition among them to lose, so no rebels but Quartermaster General Moseley and one Captain Jones, were worth taking notice of to be slain in this battle.

At Sudbury Gate (I know not whether by accident or on purpose) a cart laden with ammunition was overthrown and lay cross the passage, one of the oxen that drew it being there kill'd; so that His Majesty could not ride into the town, but was forced to dismount and come in on foot.

The rebels soon after stormed the Fort Royal (the fortifications whereof were not perfected), and put all the Scots they found therein to the sword.

In the Friars Street his Majesty put off his armour (which was heavy and troublesome to him) and took a fresh horse; and then perceiving many of his foot souldiers begin to throw down their arms and decline fighting, he rode up and down among them sometimes with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms, and fight like men: other whiles encouraging them alledging the goodnesse and justice of the

Sleuth

J. Hamilton

SEVLERN END

SEVERN END, WHERE MAJOR-GENERAL MASSEY WAS QUARTERED BEFORE THE BATTLE

BROOKSBY HALL

cause they fought for; but seeing himself not able to prevail, said, "I had rather you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day:" so deep a sense had his prophetick soul of the miseries of his loved country even in the midst of his own danger.

During this hot engagement at Perry-wood and Red-hill, the rebels on the other side the water possessed themselves of S. Johns, and a brigade of His Majesties foot which were there under command of M. Gen: Daliel without any great resistance, laid down their arms and craved quarter.

When some of the enemy were entred and entering the town both at the Key, Castle-hill, and Sudbury Gate, without any conditions; the Earl of Cleveland, Sir James Hamilton, Col. Tho. Wogan, Col. William Carlis (then Major to the Lord Talbot), L. Col. John Slaughter, Capt. Tho. Hornyold, Capt. Tho. Giffard, Capt. John Astley, Mr. Peter Blount, and Capt. Richard Kemble (Capt. Lieutenant to the Lord Talbot) and some others rallied what force they could (though inconsiderable to the rebells numbers) and charged the enemy very gallantly both in Sudbury Street and High Street, where Sir James and Capt. Kemble were desperately wounded, and others slain; yet this action did much secure His Majesties march out at St. Martins Gate, who had otherwise been in danger of being taken in the town.

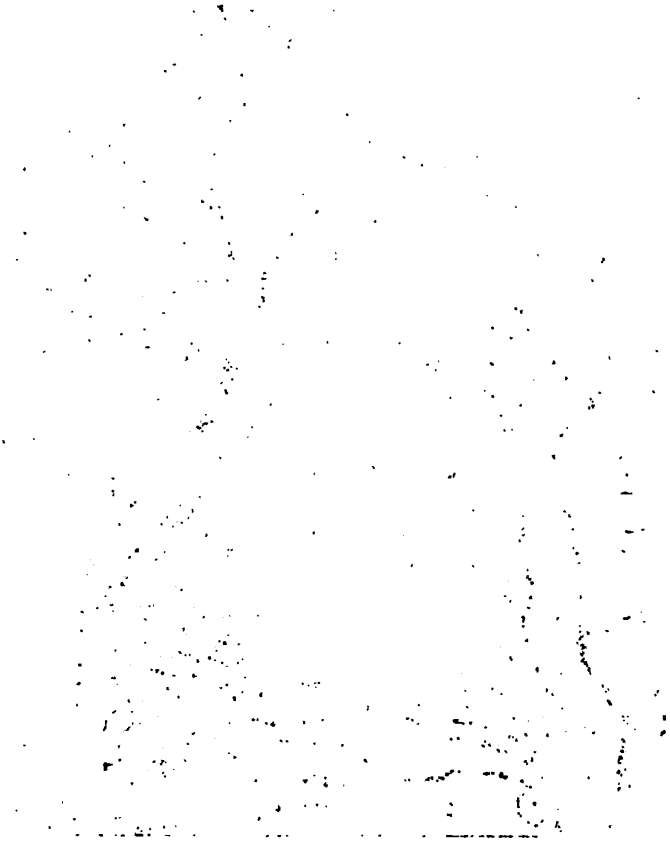
About the same time the Earl of Rothes, Sir William Hamilton and Col. Drummond[1] with a party of Scots maintained the Castle hill with much resolution till such time as conditions were agreed on for quarter.

Lastly some of His Majesties English Army valiantly opposed the rebels at the Town hall where Mr. Coningsby Colles and some others were slain, Mr. John Rumney, Mr. Charles Wells, and others taken prisoners; so that the rebels having in the end subdued all their opponents, fell to plundering the city unmercifully, few or none of the citizens escaping but such as were of the phanatique party.

When His Majesty saw no hope of rallying his thus discomfited foot, he marched out of Worcester, at S. Martins Gate (the Fore gate being mured up) about six of the clock in the evening with his main body of horse, as then commanded by General David Lesley, but were now in some confusion.

The Lord St. Clare with divers of the Scottish nobility and gentry were taken prisoners in the town. And the foot souldiers (consisting most of

[1 Hon. William, son and heir of John Lord Drummond, Baron Maderty, a staunch royalist. He was taken prisoner at the battle, but effected his escape. At the Restoration he was promoted to Major-General. He succeeded his brother in 1684, and two years afterwards was created Viscount Strathallan. The present representative of the Drummond family, William Huntley Drummond, is 9th Viscount Strathallan and 15th Earl of Perth.]



PLAN OF WORCESTER FIGHT

(From Blount's "Boscobel")

Scots) were almost all either slain or taken and such of them (who in the battle escaped death) lived but longer to die for the most part more miserably; many of them being afterwards knock'd o' the head by country people, some bought and sold like slaves for a small price, others went begging up and down, till charity failing them, their necessities brought upon them diseases and diseases death.

Before His Majesty was come to Barbon's Bridge, about half a mile out of Worcester, he made several stands, faced about and desired the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and other of his commanders that they might rally and try the fortune of war once more: But at the bridge a serious consultation was held, and then perceiving many of the troopers to throw off their arms and shift for themselves, they were all of opinion, the day was irrecoverably lost, and that their only remaining work was to save the King from those ravenous wolves and regicides; whereupon His Majestie by advice of His Council, resolv'd to march with all speed for Scotland; Following therein the steps of King David his great predecessor in royal patience, who finding himself in circumstances not unlike these, "said to all his servants that were with him at Hierusalem, Arise and let us fly, for we shall not else escape from Absolom; make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly and bring evil upon

us, and smite the city with the edge of the sword."[1]

Immediately after this result, the Duke ask'd the Lord Talbot (being of that country) If he could direct the way northwards? His lordship answered that he had one Richard Walker in his troop (formerly a Scout-master in those parts, and who since dyed in Jamaica) that knew the way well; who was accordingly called to be the guide, and performed that duty for some miles; but being come to Kinver heath, not far from Kederminster, and day light being gone, Walker was at a puzzel in the way.

Here His Majesty made a stand, and consulted with the Duke, Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, etc., To what place He might march at least to take some hours rest; the Earl of Derby told His Majesty that in his flight from Wiggan to Worcester, he had met with a perfect honest man, and a great convenience of concealment at Boscobel house (before mentioned) but withall acquainted the King it was a recusants house; and it was suggested that those people (being accustomed to persecution and searches) were most like to have the readiest means and safest contrivances to preserve him; His Majesty therefore inclined to go thither.

The Lord Talbot being made acquainted therewith and finding Walker dubious of the way,

[1] 2 Sam. xv. 14.

LIEUT.-GEN. DAVID LESLIE

called for Mr. Charles Giffard (a faithful subject and of the antient family of Chillington) to be his Majesties conductor, which office Mr. Giffard willingly undertook, having one Yates a servant with him, very expert in the ways of that country; and being come near Sturbridge, it was under consideration whether His Majesty should march through that town or no and resolved in the affirmative and that all about His person should speak French to prevent any discovery of his Majesties presence.

Meantime General Lesley with the Scottish horse had in the close of the evening taken the more direct way northward by Newport, His Majesty being left only attended by the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdail, Lord Talbot, Lord Wilmot, Col. Thomas Blague, Col. Edward Roscarrock, Mr. Marmaduke Darcy, Mr. Richard Lane, Mr. William Armorer, (since knighted,) Mr. Hugh May, Mr. Charles Giffard, Mr. Peter Street, and some others, in all about 60 Horse.

At a house about a mile beyond Sturbridge, His Majesty drank, and eat a crust of bread, the house affording no better provision, and as His Majesty rode on, he discoursed with Col. Roscarrock touching Boscobel house and the means of security which the Earl of Derby and he found at that place.

However Mr. Giffard humbly proposed to

carry His Majesty first to Whiteladies (another seat of the Giffards) lying but half a mile beyond Boscobel, where He might repose himself for a while and then take such further resolution as His Majesty and Council should think fit.

This house is distant about 26 miles from Worcester and still reteins the ancient name of Whiteladies from its having formerly been a monastery of Cistertian nuns, whose habit was of that colour.

His Majesty and his retinue (being safely conducted thither by Mr. Giffard) alighted now as they hoped, out of danger of any present surprise by pursuit; George Penderel (who was a servant in the house) opened the doors, and after His Majesty and the lords were entered the house, His Majesties horse was brought into the hall and by this time it was about break of day on Thursday morning. Here every one was in a sad consult how to escape the fury of blood-thirsty enemies, but the greatest sollicitude was to save the King, who was both hungry and tired with this long and hasty march.

Mr. Giffard presently sent for Richard Penderel who lived near hand at Hobbal Grange[1] and Col. Roscarrock caused Bartholomew Martin, a boy in the house, to be sent to Bocobel for William Penderel, mean time Mris. Giffard

[1 There is an illustration of this old cottage in the "Flight of the King."]

brought His Majesty some sack and bisket, for "the King and all the people that were with him came weary and refreshed themselves there." [1] Richard came first and was immediately sent back to bring a suit of his clothes for the King, and by that time he arrived with them William came and both were brought into the parlour to the Earl of Derby who immediately carried them into an inner parlour (where the King was) and told William Penderel "This is the King (pointing to His Majesty) thou must have a care of him and preserve him as thou did'st me." And Mr. Giffard did also much conjure Richard to have a special care of his charge to which commands the two brothers yielded ready obedience.

Whilst Richard and William were thus sent for, His Majesty had been advised to rub his hands on the back of the chimney and with them his face, for a disguise, and some person had disorderly cut off his hair. His Majesty having put off his garter, blue ribband, George of Diamonds, buff coat, and other princely ornaments committed his watch to the custody of the Lord Wilmot, and his George to Col. Blague, and distributed the gold he had in his pocket among his servants, and then put on a noggen coarse shirt which was borrowed of Edward Martin, who lived in the house, and Richard Penderels green suit, and leather doublet, but had not time to be

[1] 2 Sam. xvi. 14.

so exactly disguised as he was afterwards, for both William and Richard Penderel did advertise the company to make haste away in regard there was a troop of rebels commanded by Col. Ashenhurst quartered at Cotsal but three miles distant, some of which troop came to the house within half an hour after the dissolution of the royal troop. "Thus David and his men departed out of Keilah and went whithersoever they could go."[1]

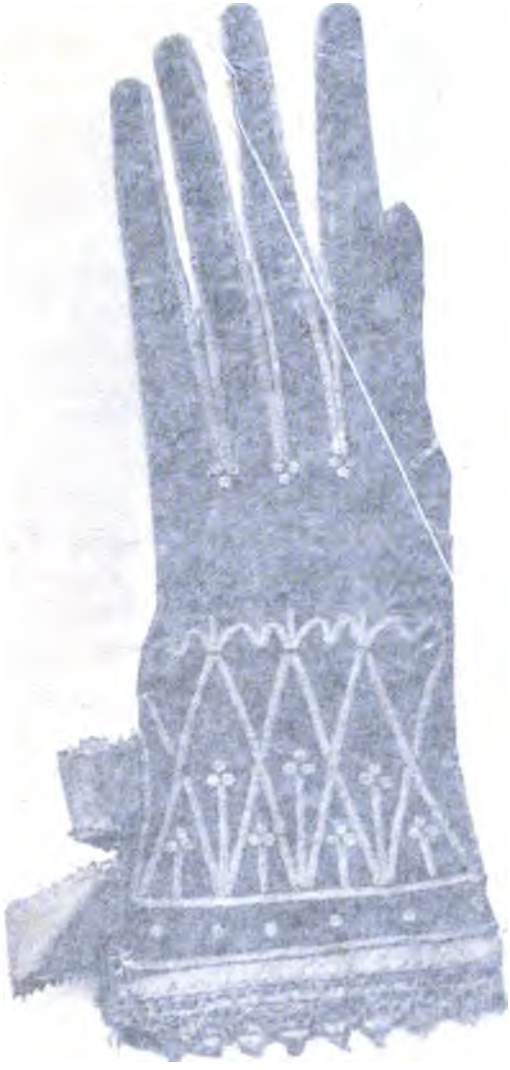
Richard Penderel conducted the King out at a back door unknown to most of the company (except some of the lords and Collonel Roscarrock, who with sad hearts but hearty prayers took leave of him) and carried him into an adjacent wood belonging to Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, about half a mile from Whiteladies (where he abode as David did in the wilderness of Ziph in a wood[2]) whilst William, Humphrey and George were scouting abroad to bring what news they could learn to His Majesty in the coppice as occasion required.[3]

His Majesty being thus, as they hoped in a way of security, the duke, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdail, Lord Talbot and the rest (having

[1] 1 Sam. xxiii. 13.

[2] 1 Sam. xxiii. 15.

[3] Charles had scarcely left an hour when a troop of Cromwell's soldiers arrived. In answer to inquiries they were told a party of horse had been there, but had gone about three hours before. They therefore hastened in the direction that the King's little company had taken (*vide* "A True Narrative," "Flight of the King," Tract I., p. 207).]



THE KING'S GLOVE

THE KING'S GLOVE LEFT AT WHITELADIES

Mr. Giffard for their guide and being then not above 40 horse of which number His Majesties pad nag was one, ridden by Mr. Richard Lane, one of the grooms of the bedchamber) marched from Whiteladies northward by the way of Newport, in hope to overtake or meet General Lesley with the main body of Scotch horse.

As soon as they were got into the road, the Lord Leviston (who commanded His Majesties life guard) overtook them, pursued by a party of rebels under the command of Col. Blundel; the lords with their followers faced about, fought and repeld them, but when they came a little beyond Newport some of Col. Lilburns men met them in the front, other rebels from Worcester pursued them in the rear, themselves and horses being sufficiently tired, the Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdail, Mr. Charles Giffard and some others were taken and carried prisoners, first to Whitchurch and from thence to an inne in Bunbury in Cheshire where Mr. Giffard found means to make an escape; but the noble Earl of Derby was thence conveyed to Westchester, and there tryed by a pretended court martial, held the first of October 1651, by vertue of a commission from Cromwell, grounded on an execrable Rump-Act of the 12 of August then last past, the very title whereof cannot be mentioned without horrour, but it pretended most trayterously to prohibit correspondence with Charles Stuart (their lawfull

Soveraign) under penalty of high treason, losse of life and estate —— Prodigious rebels!

In this black tribunal there sate as judges these persons, and under these Titles:

Colonel Humphrey Mackworth (President).
Major General Mitton.
Colonel Robert Duckenfield.
Colonel Henery Bradshaw.
Colonel Thomas Croxton.
Colonel George Twisleton.
Lieutenant Colonel Henry Birkenhead.
Lieutenant Colonel Simon Finch.
Lieutenant Col. Alexander Newton.
Captain James Stepford.
Captain Samuel Smith.
Captain John Downs.
Captain Vincent Corbet.
Captain John Delves.
Captain John Griffith.
Captain Thomas Portington.
Captain Edward Alcock.
Captain Ralf Pownall.
Captain Richard Grantham.
Captain Edward Stelfax.

Their Cruel Sentence.

Resolved by the Court upon the Question.

That James Earl of Darby is guilty of the breach of the Act of the 12 of August 1651, last

Derby.

past, entituled An act prohibiting correspondence with Charles Stuart or his party, and so of High Treason against the Commonwealth of England, and is therefore worthy of death.

Resolved by the Court.

That the said James Earl of Derby is a traytor to the commonwealth of England, and an abetter encourager and assister of the declared traytors and enemies thereof, and shall be put to death by severing his head from his body at the market place in the town of Boulton in Lancashire upon Wednesday the 15th day of this instant October, about the hour of one of the clock the same day.

This was the authority, and some of these the persons that so barbarously and contrary to the law of nations condemned this noble earl to death, notwithstanding his just plea, that he had quarter for life given him by one Captain Edge who took him prisoner. But this could not obtain Justice nor any intercession Mercy; so that on the 15 of the said October he was accordingly beheaded at Boulton in a most barbarous and inhumane manner.

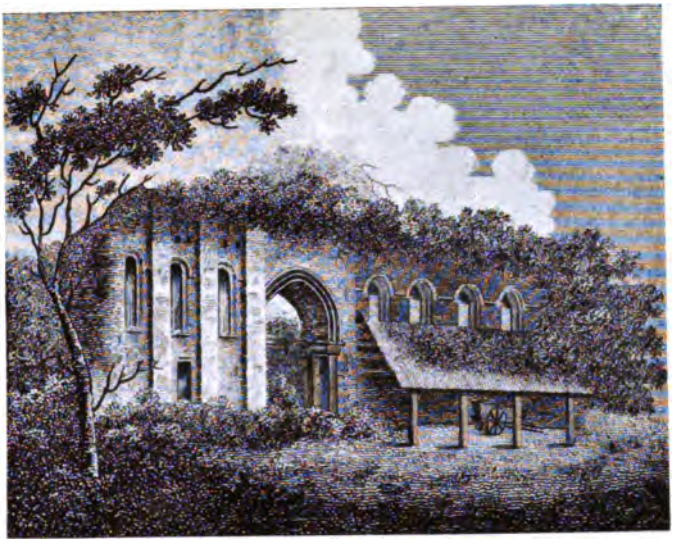
The Earl of Lauderdail, with several others were carried prisoners to the Tower, and afterwards to Windsor Castle, where they continued divers years.

After Worcester Fight

Whilst the rebels were plundering those noble persons the Duke, with the Lord Leviston, Col. Blague, Mr. Marmaduke Darcy, and Mr. Hugh May, forsook the road first and soon after their horses, and betook themselves to a by way and got into Bloore Park, near Cheswardine, about five miles from Newport, where they received some refreshment at a little obscure house of Mr. George Barlows, and afterwards met with two honest labourers in an adjoyning wood to whom they communicated the exigent and distress which the fortune of war had reduced them to, and finding them like to prove faithful, the Duke thought fit to imitate his Royal Master, delivered his George (which was given him by the Queen of England) to Mr. May (who preserved it through all difficulties and after restored it to his grace in Holland) and changed habit with one of the workmen; and in this disguise by the assistance of Mr. Barlow and his wife was after some dayes conveyed by one Nich. Mathews, a carpenter, to the house of Mr. Hawley an hearty cavalier at Bilstrop in Nottinghamshire from thence to the Lady Villiars house at Brooksby in Leicestershire, and after many hardships and encounters his grace got secure to London, and from thence to His Majesty in France.[1]

At the same time the Lord Leviston, Col. Blague, Mr. Darcy and Mr. May all quitted their

[1 *Vide* "Traditions" in the Introduction.]



WHITELADIES IN 1809

BROAD WINDSOR

horses, disguised themselves, and severally shifted for themselves, and some of them, through various dangers and sufferings, contrived their escapes. In particular Mr. May was forced to lie 21 dayes in a hay-mow belonging to one John Bold, an honest husband-man, who lived at Soudley; Bold having all that time rebel souldiers quartered in his house, yet failed not to give a constant relief to his more welcome guest; and when the coast was clear of souldiers, Mr. May came to London on foot in his disguise.

The Lord Talbot (seeing no hope of rallying) hasted towards his fathers house at Longford near Newport, where being arrived, he conveyed his horse into a neighbours barn, but was immediately pursued by the rebels, who found the horse sadled and by that concluded my lord to be not far off, so that they searched Longford house narrowly and some of them continued in it four or five dayes; during all which time my lord was in a close place in one of the outhouses, almost stifled for want of air, and had perished for want of food, had he not been once relieved in the dead of night, and with much difficulty by a trusty servant; yet his lordship thought it a great providence, even by these hardships to escape the fury of such enemies who sought the destruction of the nobility, as well as of their King.

In this interim the valiant Earl of Cleveland

(who being above 60 years of age had marched 21 dayes together upon a trotting horse) had also made his escape from Worcester, when all the fighting work was over, and was got to Woodcot in Shropshire, whither he was pursued, and taken at or near Mris. Broughtons house from whence he was carryed prisoner to Stafford and from thence to the Tower of London.

Col. Blague remaining at Mr. Barlows house at Bloor-Pipe about eight miles from Stafford, his first action was, with Mrs. Barlows privity and advice, to hide His Majesties George under a heap of chips and dust: yet the Colonel could not conceal himself so well, but that he was here soon after taken and carryed prisoner to Stafford and from thence conveyed to the Tower of London. Meantime the George was transmitted to Mr. Robert Milward of Stafford for better security: who afterwards faithfully conveyed it to Col. Blague in the Tower by the trusty hands of Mr. Isaac Walton; and the Colonel not long after happily escaping thence restored it to His Majesties own hands, which had been thus wonderfully preserved from being made a prize to sordid rebels.

The Scotch cavalry (having no place to retreat unto nearer than Scotland) were soon after dispersed and most of them taken by the rebels and country people in Cheshire, Lancashire, and parts adjacent.

Thus was this Royal Army totally subdued, thus dispersed; and if in this so important affair any of the Scottish Commanders were treacherous at Worcester (as some suspected) he has a great account to make for the many years miseries that ensued thereby to both nations, under the tyrannical usurped government of Cromwell.

But to return to the duty of my attendance on His Sacred Majesty in Spring Coppice. By that time Richard Penderel had conveyed him into the obscurest part of it, it was about sun-rising on Thursday morning, and the heavens wept bitterly at these calamities, insomuch as the thickest tree in the wood was not able to keep His Majesty dry, nor was there anything for him to sit on; wherefore Richard went to Francis Yates' house (a trusty neighbour, who married his wife's sister), where he borrowed a blanket, which he folded and laid on the ground under a tree for His Majesty to sit on.

At the same time Richard spoke to the good-wife Yates to provide some victuals, and bring it into the wood at a place he appointed her. She presently made ready a messe of milk, and some butter and eggs, and brought them to His Majesty in the wood,[1] who, being a little

[1 "A mess of milk, eggs, and sugar, in a black earthen cup, which the King guessed to be milk and apples and said he loved it very well."—"Flight of the King," Tract I., p. 208.]

surprized to see the woman (no good concealer of a secret), said cheerfully to her, "Good woman, can you be faithfull to a distressed cavalier?" She answered, "Yes, sir, I will die rather than discover you." With which answer His Majesty was well satisfied, and received from her hands, as David did from Abigail's, "that which she brought him."[1]

The Lord Wilmot in the interim took John Penderel for his guide, but knew not determinately whither to go, purposing at first to have marched northwards; but as they passed by Brewood forge, the forgemen made after them, till being told by one Rich. Dutton that it was Colonel Crompton whom they pursued, the Vulcans happily, upon that mistake, quitted the chase.

Soon after they narrowly escaped a party of rebels as they passed by Covenbrook; so that seeing danger on every side, and John meeting with William Walker (a trusty neighbour),[2] committed my lord to his care and counsel, who for the present conveyed them into a dry marl pit, where they staid a while, and afterward to one Mr. Huntbache's house at Brinsford, and put their horses into John Evans barn, whilst John Penderel goes to Wolverhampton to see what

[1] 1 Sam. xxv. 35.

[2] An old priest who lived at Whiteladies and used to hold services there (*vide* Tract I., footnote, p. 7).]

convenience he could find for my lord's coming thither, but met with none, the town being full of souldiers.

Yet John leaves no means unessayed, hastens to Northcot (an adjacent village), and there, whilst he was talking with good-wife Underhil (a neighbour), in the instant Mr. John Huddleston (a sojourner at Mr. Tho. Whitgreave's of Moseley, and of John's acquaintance) was accidentally passing by, to whom John (well assured of his integrity) presently adresses himself and his business, relates to him the sad news of the defeat of His Majesty's army at Worcester, and discoveres in what strait and confusion he had left His Majesty and his followers at White Ladies, and in particular, that he had brought thence a person of quality (for John then knew not who my lord was) to Huntbache's house, who, without present relief, would be in great danger of being taken.

Mr. Huddleston goes home forthwith, takes John with him, and acquaints Mr. Whitgreave with the businesse, who freely resolved to venture all, rather than such a person should miscarry.

Hereupon Mr. Whitgreave repairs to Huntbache's house, speaks with my lord, and gives direction how he should be privately conveyed into his house at Moseley, about ten of the clock at night; and though it so fell out that

the directions were not punctually observed, yet my lord and his man were at last brought into the house, where Mr. Whitgreave (after some refreshment given them) conveys them into a secret place, which my lord admiring for its excellent contrivance, and sollicitous for His Majesty's safety, said, "I would give a world my friend," meaning the King, "were here;" and then (being abundantly satisfied of Mr. Whitgreave's fidelity) deposited in his hands a little bag of jewels, which my lord received again at his departure.

As soon as it was day, Mr. Whitgreave sent William Walker with my lord's horses to his neighbour, Colonel John Lane of Bentley, near Walsall, south-east from Moseley about four miles (whom Mr. Whitgreave knew to be a right honest gentleman, and ready to contribute any assistance to so charitable a work), and wished Walker to acquaint the Colonel that they belonged to some eminent person about the King, whom he could better secure than the horses. The colonel willingly receives them, and sends word to Mr. Whitgreave to meet him that night in a close not far from Moseley, in order to the tender of farther service to the owner of the horses, whose name neither the colonel nor Mr. Whitgreave then knew.

On Thursday night when it grew dark, His Majesty resolved to go from those parts into

Wales, and to take Richard Penderel with him for his guide; but, before they began their journey, His Majesty went into Richard's house at Hobbal Grange, where the old good-wife Penderel had not only the honour to see His Majesty, but to see him attended by her son Richard.[1] Here His Majesty had time and means better to complete his disguise. His name was agreed to be Wil. Jones, and his arms a wood-bill. In this posture, about nine a'clock at night (after some refreshment taken in the house), His Majesty, with his trusty servant Richard, began their journey on foot,[2]

[1 "About five o'clock that evening the King, with the retinue of Richard, Humphry, George, and Francis Yates, left the wood and betook himself to Richard's house [Hobbal Grange], where he went under the name of William Jones, a wood-cutter newly come thither for work. Against his coming the good wife for his entertainment for supper was preparing a fricosy of bacon and eggs, and whilst that was doing, the King held on his knee their daughter Nan.* After he had eat a little, he asked Richard to eat, who replied, 'Yea, sir, I will,' whereto his Majesty answered, 'You have a better stomach than I, for you have eaten five times to-day already.' After supper ended, the King, according to his resolution to pass into Wales, proposed when it should be dusky to depart. Before he went Jane Pendrill, the mother of the five brethren, came to see the King, before whom she blessed God that had so honoured her children in making them the instruments as she hoped of his Majesty's safeguard and deliverance."—"A True Narrative, etc." "Flight of the King," Tract I., p. 209. See also Blount, p. 115.]

[2 The King accepted ten out of thirty shillings which was offered to him by Francis Yates.—"Flight of the King," Tract I., p. 209.]

* Possibly Richard's daughter Anne, who married — Rogers, and is mentioned in the Protection of 1708 (*vide* Hughes, Appendix, p. 369).

resolving to go that night to Madeley, in Shropshire, about five miles from White Ladies, and within a mile of the river Severn, over which their way lay for Wales. In this village lived one Mr. Francis Woolf, an honest gentleman of Richard's acquaintance.

His Majesty had not been long gone, but the Lord Wilmot sent John Penderel from Mr. Whitgreave's to White Ladies and Boscobel, to know in what security the King was. John returned and acquainted my lord that His Majesty was marched from thence. Hereupon my lord began to consider which way himself should remove with safety.

Col. Lane, having secured my lord's horses, and being come to Moseley, according to appointment, on Friday night, was brought up to my lord by Mr. Whitgreave, and (after mutual salutation) acquainted him that his sister, Mrs. Jane Lane, had by accident procured a pass from some commander of the rebels, for herself and a man to go a little beyond Bristow,[1] to see Mrs. Norton, her special friend, then near her time of lying in, and freely offered, if his lordship thought fit, he might make use of it; which my lord seemed inclinable to accept, and on Saturday night was conducted by Col. Lane's man (himself not being well) to the colonel's house at Bentley; his lordship then, and not before, discovering his

[1 Bristol.]

name to Mr. Whitgreave, and giving him many thanks for so great a kindness in so imminent a danger.

Before His Majesty came to Madeley, he met with an ill-favoured encounter at Evelin[1] Mill, being about two miles from thence. The miller (it seems) was an honest man, but His Majesty and Richard knew it not, and had then in his house some considerable persons of His Majesty's army, who took shelter there in their flight from Worcester, and had not been long in the mill, so that the miller was upon his watch; and Richard unhappily permitting a gate to clap, through which they passed, gave occasion to the miller to come out of the mill and boldly ask, "Who is there?" Richard, thinking the miller had pursued them, quitted the usual way in some haste, and led His Majesty over a little brook, which they were forced to wade through, and which contributed much towards the surbating and galling His Majesty's feet, who (as he afterwards pleasantly observed) was here in some danger of losing his guide, but that the rustling of Richard's calves-skin breeches was the best direction His Majesty had to follow him in that dark night.

They arrived at Madeley about midnight; Richard goes to Mr. Woolf's house, where they were all in bed, knocks them up, and acquaints

[1 Evelith.]

Mr. Woolf's daughter (who came to the door) that the King was there, who presently received him into the house, where His Majesty refreshed himself for some time; but understanding the rebels kept several guards upon Severn, and it being feared that some of their party (of which many frequently passed through the town) might quarter at the house (as had often happened), it was apprehended unsafe for His Majesty to lodge in the house (which afforded no secret place for concealment), but rather to retire into a barn near adjoining, as less liable to the danger of a surprise; whither His Majesty went accordingly and continued in a hay-mow there all the day following, His servant Richard attending him.

During His Majesty's stay in the barn, Mr. Woolf had often conference with him about his intended journey, and in order thereto took care, by a trusty servant (sent abroad for that purpose), to inform himself more particularly of those guards upon Severn, and had certain word brought him, that not only the bridges were secured, but all the passage-boats seized on, insomuch that he conceived it very hazardous for His Majesty to prosecute his design for Wales, but rather go to Boscobel House, being the most retired place for concealment in all the country, and to stay there till an opportunity of a farther safe conveyance could be found out; which advice His Majesty inclined to approve, and thereupon resolved for

Boscobel the night following. In the mean time, his hands not appearing sufficiently discoloured, suitable to his other disguise, Mrs. Woolf provided walnut-tree leaves, as the readiest expedient for that purpose.

The day being over, His Majesty adventured to come again into the house, where having for some time refreshed himself, and being furnished with conveniences for his journey (which was conceived to be safer on foot than by horse), he with his faithful guide Richard, about eleven of clock at night set forth towards Boscobel.

About three of the clock on Saturday morning, being come near the house, Richard left His Majesty in the wood, whilst he went in to see if any souldiers were there, or other danger; where he found Col. William Carlis (who had seen, not the last man born, but the last man killed, at Worcester, and) who, having with much difficulty made his escape from thence, was got into his own neighbourhood, and for some time concealing himself in Boscobel Wood, was come that morning to the house, to get some relief of William Penderel, his old aquaintance.

Richard having acquainted the Col. that the King was in the wood, the Col., with William and Richard go presently thither to give their attendance, where they found His Majesty sitting on the root of a tree, who was glad to see the Col., and came with them into the house, where

he eat bread and cheese heartily, and (as an extraordinary) William Penderel's wife made His Majesty a posset of thin milk and small beer, and got ready some warm water to wash his feet, not only extreme dirty, but much galled with travail.

The Col. pulled off His Majesties shooes, which were full of gravel, and stockens, which were very wet; and there being no other shooes in the house that would fit him, the good-wife put some hot embers in those to dry them, whilst His Majesties feet were washing and his stockins shifted.

Being thus a little refreshed, the Colonel persuaded His Majesty to go back into the wood (supposing it safer than the house), where the Colonel made choice of a thick-leafed oak, into which William and Richard helped them both up, and brought them such provision as they could get, with a cushion for His Majesty to sit on; the Col. humbly desired His Majesty (who had taken little or no rest the two preceding nights) to seat himself as easily as he could in the tree, and rest his head on the Colonel's lap, who was watchful that His Majesty might not fall. In this oak they continued most part of that day; and in that posture His Majesty slumbred away some part of the time, and bore all these hardships and afflictions with incomparable patience.

In the evening they returned to the house,

CHARLES II IN CARLTON BY THE ROYAL OAK

CHARLES AND CARLOS BY THE ROYAL OAK

where William Penderel acquainted His Majesty with the secret place wherein the Earl of Derby had been secured, which His Majesty liked so well, that he resolved, whilst he stayed there, to trust only to that, and go no more into the royal oak, as from hence it must be called, where he could not so much as sit at ease.

His Majesty now finding himself in a hopeful security, permitted William Penderel to shave him, and cut the hair off his head as short at top as the scissers would do it, but leaving some about the ears, according to the country mode; Col. Carlis attending, told His Majesty, "William was but a mean barber;" to which His Majesty answered, he had never been shaved by any barber before. The King bad William burn the hair which he cut off; but William was only disobedient in that, for he kept a good part of it, wherewith he has since pleasured some persons of honor, and is kept as a civil relique.

Humphrey Penderel was this Saturday designed to go to Shefnal, to pay some taxes to one Captain Broadway, at whose house he met with a colonel of the rebels, who was newly come from Worcester in pursuit of the King, and who, being informed that His Majesty had been at White Ladies, and that Humphrey was a near neighbour to the place, examined him strictly, and laid before him, as well the penalty for concealing the King, which was death without mercy, as the

reward for discovering him, which should be one thousand pounds certain pay. But neither fear of punishment, nor hope of reward was able to tempt Humphrey into any disloyalty; he pleaded ignorance, and was dismissed, and on Saturday night related to His Majesty and the loyal Colonel at Boscobel what had passed betwixt him and the rebel Colonel at Shefnal.[1] This night the good-wife (whom His Majesty was pleased to call "my dame Joan"[2]) provided some chickens for His Majesties supper (a dainty he had not lately been acquainted with), and a little pallet was put into the secret place for His Majesty to rest in; some of the brothers being continually upon duty, watching the avenues of the house and the road-way, to prevent the danger of a surprise.

After supper, Col. Carlis asked His Majesty what meat he would please to have provided for the morrow, being Sunday; His Majesty desired some mutton, if it might be had. But it was thought dangerous for William to go to any

[1 "At the telling of which the King looked something dismayed, as having trusted his life into the hands of so poor men; which made Humphry to be exceedingly troubled for his rashness, while Colonel Careless assured the King, 'If it were one hundred thousand pounds, it were to no more purpose, and that he would engage his soul for their truth,' which Humphry also with many urgent asseverations did succeed."—"Flight of the King," Tract I., p. 214. See also Tract I. in the present volume, footnote, pp. 8 and 9.]

[2 William Penderel's wife. Jane, the "*old* good wife" before referred to, and the mother of the loyal brothers, who lived at Hobbal Grange, must not be confused with "Dame Joan," her daughter-in-law, who lived at Boscobel. See also footnote, p. 87.]

BOSCOBEL IN 1792

market to buy it, since his neighbours all knew he did not use to buy such for his own dyet, and so it might beget a suspicion of his having strangers at his house. But the Colonel found another expedient to satisfie His Majesties desires. Early on Sunday morning he repairs to Mr. William Staunton's sheep-coat, who rented some of the demeans of Boscobel; here he chose one of the best sheep, sticks him with his dagger, then sends William for the mutton, who brings him home on his back.

On Sunday morning (September the 7th) His Majesty got up early, his dormitory being none of the best, nor his bed the easiest), and, near the secret place where he lay, had the convenience of a gallery to walk in, where he was observed to spend some time in his devotions, and where he had the advantage of a window which surveyed the road from Tong to Brewood. Soon after His Majesty coming down into the parlour, his nose fell a-bleeding, which put his poor faithful servants into a great fright; but His Majesty was pleased soon to remove it, by telling them it often did so.

As soon as the mutton was cold, William cut it up and brought a leg of it into the parlour; His Majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops, and pricked them with the knife's point, then called for a frying-pan and butter, and fryed the collops himself, of

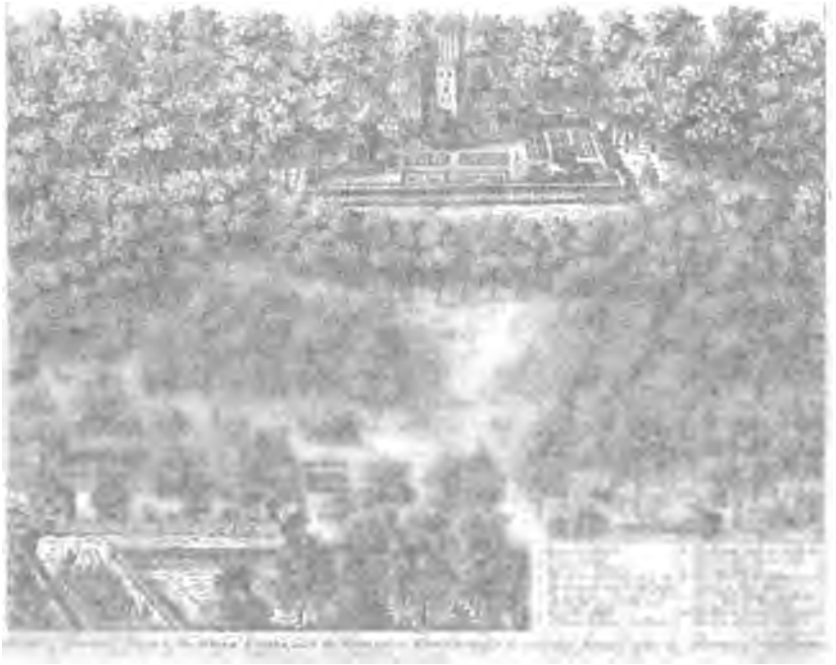
which he eat heartily; Col. Carlis the while being but under cook (and that honour enough too), made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan.

When the Colonel afterwards attended His Majesty in France, His Majesty calling to rememberance this passage among others, was pleased merrily to propose it, as a problematical question, whether himself or the Col. were the master-cook at Boscobel, and the supremacy was of right adjudged to His Majesty.

All this while the other brothers of the Pendrels were, in their several stations, either scouting abroad to learn intelligence, or upon some other service; but it so pleased God, that, though the souldiers had some intelligence of His Majesties having been at White Ladies, and none that he was gone thence, yet this house (which proved a happy sanctuary for His Majesty in this sad exigent) had not at all been searched during His Majesties aboad there, though that had several times; this, perhaps, the rather escaping, because the neighbours could truly inform none but poor servants lived there.

His Majesty spent some part of this Lord's day in reading, in a pretty arbour in Boscobel garden, which grew upon a mount, and wherein there was a stone table, and seats about it, and commended the place for its retiredness.

And having understood by John Penderel



After Worcester Fight

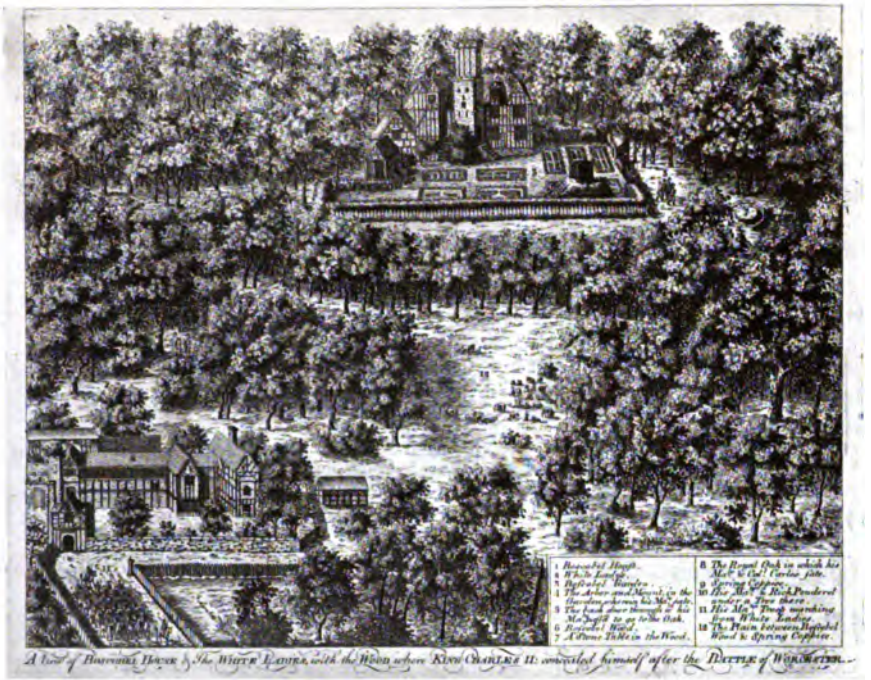
which [illegible] while being
but under [illegible] though tool,
made the fire, and turned [illegible] in the
pan.

When the Colonel afterwards [illegible] His
Majesty in France, His Majesty [illegible] to
[illegible] this passage and [illegible], was
[illegible] only to propose it, and [illegible] himself or the Col. were the
[illegible] Boscobel, and the supremacy was
[illegible] to His Majesty.

[illegible] while the other brothers of the
[illegible] in their several stations, either
[illegible] to inform intelligence, or [illegible]
[illegible] that it so; and God, that
[illegible] had some [illegible] presence of His
[illegible] at White [illegible]s, and more
[illegible] presence, yet this purpose (which
[illegible] for His Majesty in this
[illegible] all [illegible] searched during
[illegible] here, though that had
[illegible] perhaps, the rather escaped,
[illegible] could truly inform more
[illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] part of this Lord's
[illegible] harbour in Boscobel
[illegible] wherein
[illegible] at it, and

[illegible] Pendered


A View of Boscobel House & The White Ladies with the Wood where King Charles II. concealed himself after the Battle of Worcester.
1. Boscobel House.
2. White Ladies.
3. Bowling Green.
4. The Arbor and Stairs in the Garden whereon his Majesty sate.
5. The Road over through which his Majesty came to the Oak.
6. Penistone Hall.
7. A Farm Table in the Wood.
8. The Royal Oak in which his Majesty & Col. Carlos sate.
9. Spring Gardens.
10. His Majesty & Rich. Penderel under a Pear there.
11. His Majesty marching from White Ladies.
12. The Plain between Boscobel Wood & Spring Coppice.

BOSCOBEL AND WHITELADIES

that the Lord Wilmot was at Mr. Whitgreave's house (for John knew not of his remove to Bentley) His Majesty was desirous to let my lord hear of him and that he intended to come to Moseley that night.

To this end John was sent on Sunday morning to Moseley, but finding my lord removed thence, was much troubled; and then acquainted Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston that His Majesty was returned to Boscobel, and the dis-accommodation he had there, whereupon they both resolve to go with John to Bentley, where having gained him an access to my lord, his lordship designed to attend the King that night at Moseley, and desired Mr. Whitgreave to meet his lordship at a place appointed about twelve of the clock, and Mr. Huddleston to nominate a place where he would attend His Majesty about one of the clock the same night.

Upon this intelligence, my lord made stay of Mrs. Jane Lane's journey to Bristol, till His Majesties pleasure was known.

John Penderel returned to Boscobel in the afternoon with intimation of this designed meeting with my lord at Moseley that night, and the place which was appointed by Mr. Huddleston where His Majesty should be expected. But His Majesty, having not recovered his late foot-journey to Madeley, was not able without a horse to perform this to Moseley, which was about five

miles distant from Boscobel and near the midway from thence to Bentley.

It was therefore concluded that His Majesty should ride upon Humphrey Penderel's mill-horse (for Humphrey was the miller of White Ladies mill). The horse was taken up from grass and accoutred, not with rich trappings or furniture, befitting so great a King, but with a pitiful old saddle, and a worse bridle.

When His Majesty was ready to take horse, Col. Carlis humbly took leave of him, being so well known in the country, that his attendance upon His Majesty would in all probability have proved rather a disservice than otherwise; however, his hearty prayers were not wanting for His Majesties preservation.

Thus then His Majesty was mounted, and thus he rode towards Moseley, attended by all the honest brothers William, John, Richard, Humphrey, and George Penderel, and Francis Yates; each of these took a bill or pike staff on his back, and some of them had pistols in their pockets; two marched before, one on each side His Majesties horse, and two came behind aloof off; their design being this, that in case they should have been questioned or encountered but by five or six troopers, or such like small party, they would have showed their valor in defending, as well as they had done their fidelity in otherwise serving His Majesty; and though it was near

CHARLES ATTENDED BY THE PENDEREL BROTHERS ON HIS WAY TO MOSELEY HALL.

midnight, yet they conducted His Majesty through by-ways for better security.

After some experience had of the horse, His Majesty complained, "it was the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on;" to which Humphrey (the owner of him) answered, (beyond the usual capacity of a miller): "My liege! can you blame the horse to go heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?"

When His Majesty came to Penford Mill, within two miles of Mr. Whitgreave's house, his guides desired him to alight and goe on foot the rest of the way, for more security, the foot way being the more secure, and the nearer; and at last they arrived at the place appointed by Mr. Huddleston (which was a little grove of trees, in a close of Mr. Whitgreave's, called the Pit-leasow), in order to His Majesties being privately conveyed into Mr. Whitgreave's house; William, Humphrey, and George, returned with the horse, the other three attended His Majesty to the house; but His Majesty, being gone a little way, had forgot (it seems) to bid farewel to William and the rest who were going back, so he called to them and said, "My troubles make me forget myself; I thank you all!" and gave them his hand to kiss.

The Lord Wilmot, in pursuance of his own appointment came to the meeting place precisely at his hour, where Mr. Whitgreave received him,

and conveyed him to his old chamber; but hearing nothing of the King at his prefixed time gave occasion to suspect some misfortune might have befaln him, though the night was very dark and rainy, which might possibly be the occasion of so long stay; Mr. Whitgreave therefore leaves my lord in his chamber, and goes to Pit-leasow, where Mr. Huddleston attended His Majesties coming; and about two hours after the time appointed His Majesty came, whom Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston conveyed, with much satisfaction, into the house to my lord, who expected him with great sollicitude, and presently kneeled down and imbraced His Majesties knees, who kissed my lord on the cheek, and asked him earnestly, "What is become of Buckingham, Cleveland, and others?" To which my lord could give little satisfaction, but hoped they were in safety.

My lord soon after (addressing himself to Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston) said: "Though I have concealed my friend's name all this while, now I must tell you, this is my master, your master, and the master of us all," not knowing that they understood it was the King; whereupon His Majesty was pleased to give his hand to Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston to kiss, and told them he had received such an account from my Lord Wilmot of their fidelity, that he should never forget it, and presently asked Mr.

Whitgreave, "Where is your secret place?" which being showed His Majesty, he was well pleased therewith, and returning into my lord's chamber, sate down on the bed-side, where his nose fell a-bleeding, and then pulled out of his pocket a handkercher, suitable to the rest of his apparel, both coarse and dirty.

His Majesties attire, as was before observed in part, was then a leather-doublet, with pewter buttons, a pair of old green breeches and a jump-coat (as the country calls it) of the same green, a pair of his own stockens with the tops cut off, because embroydered, and a pair of stirrop stockens which were lent him at Madeley, a pair of old shooes, cut and slashed to give ease to his feet, an old gray, greazy hat without a lyning, a noggen shirt, of the coarsest linnen, his face and hands made of a reechy complexion, by the help of the walnut-tree leaves.

Mr. Huddleston observing the coarsness of His Majesties shirt to dis-ease him much and hinder his rest, asked my lord if the King would be pleased to change his shirt, which His Majesty condescended unto, and presently put off his coarse shirt, and put on a flaxen one of Mr. Huddleston's, who pulled off His Majesties shooes and stockens and put him on fresh stockens and dryed his feet, where he found some body had innocently, but indiscreetly applyed white paper, which, with going on foot from the place where

His Majesty alighted to the house, was rolled betwixt his stockens and his skin, and served to increase rather than asswage the soreness of his feet.

Mr. Whitgreave had by this time brought up some bisket and a bottle of sack. His Majesty eat of the one, and drank a good glass of the other; and being thus refreshed, was pleased to say cheerfully, "I am now ready for another march; and if it shall please God once more to place me in the head of but eight or ten thousand good men, of one mind, and resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these rogues out of my Kingdoms."

It was now break of the day on Monday morning the eighth of September and His Majesty was desirous to take some rest; to which purpose a palet was carried into one of the secret places, where His Majesty lay down, but rested not so well as his host desired, for the place was close and inconvenient, and they durst not adventure to put him into any bed in an open chamber, for fear of a surprise by the rebels.

After some rest taken in the hole, His Majesty got up, and was pleased to take notice of, and salute Mr. Whitgreaves mother, and (having his place of retreat still ready) sate between whiles in a closet over the porch, where he might see those that passed the road by the house.

Tract No. II

Before the Lord Wilmot betook himself to his dormitory, he conferred with Mr. Whitgreave, and advised that himself or Mr. Huddleston would be alwayes vigilant about the house, and give notice if any souldiers came, and (sayes this noble lord) If it should so fall out that the rebels have intelligence of your harbouring any of the Kings party, and should therefore put you to any torture for confession, be sure you discover me first, which may haply in such case satisfie them, and preserve the King. This was the expression and care of a loyal subject, worthy eternal memory.

On Munday His Majesty and my lord resolved to dispatch John Penderel to Col. Lane at Bentley, with direction for the Colonel to send my lords horses for him that night about midnight and to expect him at the usual place. My lord accordingly goes to Bentley again, to make way for His Majesties reception there, pursuant to a resolution taken up by His Majesty to go westward, under the protection of Mrs. Jane Lane's pass, it being most probable, that the rebels wholly pursued His Majesty northwards, and would not at all suspect him gone into the west.

This Munday after noon Mr. Whitgreave had notice that some souldiers were in the neighbourhood, intending to apprehend him upon information that he had been at Worcester fight. The King was then laid down upon Mr. Huddleston's

bed, but Mr. Whitgreave presently secures his Royal Guest in the Secret place, and my lord also,[1] leaves open all the chamber doors, and goes boldly down to the souldiers, assuring them (as his neighbours also testified) that he [had] not been from home in a fortnight then last past; with which asseveration the souldiers were satisfied, and came not up stairs at all.

In this interval the rebels had taken a cornet in Cheshire, who came in His Majesties troop to Whiteladies, and either by menaces or some other way had extorted this confession from him concerning the King (whom these bold Bloudhounds sought with all possible diligence), that he came in company with His Majesty to Whiteladies, where the rebels had no small hope to find him, whereupon they posted thither without ever drawing bit, almost kill'd their horses, and brought their faint-hearted prisoners with them.

Being come to Whiteladies on Tuesday, they called for Mr. George Giffard, who lived in an appartiment of the house, present a pistol to his breast, and bad him confess where the King was, or he should presently die; Mr. Giffard was too loyal and too much a gentleman to be frightened into any infidelity, resolutely denies the knowing any more, but that divers Cavaliers

[1 According to "Whitgreave's Narrative," Tract III., this incident happened on the Tuesday, when Wilmot had removed to Bentley. See pp. 165 and 167.]

came thither on Wednesday night, eat up their provisions and departed, and that he was as ignorant who they were as whence they came, or whither they went, and beg'd, if he must dye, that they would first give him leave to say a few prayers. One of these villains answered, "If you can tell us no news of the King, you shall say no prayers." But his discreet answer did somewhat asswage the fury of their leader. They used the like threats and violence (mingled notwithstanding with high promises of reward) to Mrs. Anne Andrew (to whose custody some of the Kings cloaths, when he first took upon him the disguise, were committed) who (like a true Virago) faithfully sustain'd the one and loyally refus'd the other, which put the rebels into such a fury, that they searched every corner of the house, broke down much of the wainscoat, and at last beat the intelligencer severely for making them lose their labours.

During this Tuesday in my Lord Wilmot's absence His Majesty was for the most part attended by Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Whitgreave being much abroad in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Whitgreave below stairs, both inquisitive after news, and the motions of the souldiery, in order to the preservation of their Royal Guest. The old gentlewoman was this day told by a country-man who came to her house, that he heard the King, upon his retreat had beaten his

enemies at Warrington-bridge and that there were three Kings come in to his assistance, which story she related to His Majesty for divertisement, who smilingly answered, "Surely they are the three Kings of Colen come down from Heaven for I can imagine none else."

The same day His Majesty out of the closet window espy'd two souldiers who pass'd by the gate in the road, and told Mr. Huddleston, he knew one of them to be a highlander, and of his own regiment, who little thought his King and Colonel to be so near.

And His Majesty for entertainment of the time was pleas'd to discourse with Mr. Huddleston the particulars of the battle of Worchester (the same in substance with what is before related) And by some words which His Majesty let fall, it might easily be collected that his counsels had been too often sooner discovered to the rebels, than executed by his loyal subjects.

Mr. Huddlestone had under his charge young Sir John Preston, Mr. Thomas Playn,[1] and Mr. Francis Reynolds, and on this Tuesday in the morning (the better to conceal His Majesties being in the house, and excuse his own more than usual long stay above stairs) pretended himself to be indisposed and afraid of the souldiers, and therefore set his scholars at several garret windows, that survey'd the roads to watch

[1] Palyn.

and give notice when they saw any troopers coming. This service the youths perform'd very diligently all day, and at night when they were at supper, Sir John call'd upon his companions and said (more truly than he imagin'd), "Come lads let us eat lustily, for we have been upon the life-guard to-day."

This very day (9 Septemb) the rebels at Westminster (in further pursuance of their bloudy designs) set forth a proclamation for the discovery and apprehending of Charles Stuart (for so their frontless impudence usually styl'd His Sacred Majesty) his adherents and abettors, with promise of £1000 reward to whomsoever should apprehend him (so vile a price they set upon so inestimable a Jewel). And besides gave strict command to all officers of port towns that they should permit no person to pass beyond sea, without special licence. "And Saul sought David every day, but God delivered him not into his hands."[1]

On Tuesday night between twelve and one of the Clock, the Lord Wilmot sent Colonel Lane to attend His Majesty to Bentley, Mr. Whitgreave meets the Colonel at the place appointed, and brings him to the corner of his orchard, where the Colonel thought fit to stay whil'st Mr. Whitgreave goes in and acquaints the King that he was come. Whereupon His Majesty took his

[1] 1 Sam. xxiii. 14.

leave of Mrs. Whitgreave, saluted her and gave her many thanks for his entertainment, but was pleas'd to be more particular with Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston, not only by giving them thanks, but by telling them, he was very sensible of the dangers they might incur by entertaining him, if it should chance to be discover'd to the rebels. Therefore His Majesty advis'd them to be very careful of themselves, and gave them direction to repair to a Merchant in London, who should have order to furnish them with moneys and means of conveyance beyond sea, if they thought fit. However, His Majesty concluded, that if it should please God ever to restore him to the Government of his dominions, he should not be unmindful of their civilities and fidelity to him. Thus grateful was this Excellent King, for even that which was every good Subjects duty, and thus sollicitous (in the midst of his own dangers) for their security.

After His Majesty had vouchsaf'd these gracious expressions to Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston they told His Majesty all the service they could now do him, was to pray heartily to Almighty God for his safety and preservation, and then kneeling down, His Majesty gave them his hand to kiss, and so went down stairs with them into the orchard, where Mr. Whitgreave both humbly and faithfully deliver'd his great charge into Col. Lanes

hands, telling the Colonel who the person was he there presented to him.

The night was both dark and cold, and His Majesties cloathing thin, therefore Mr. Huddleston humbly offer'd His Majesty a cloak, which he was pleased to accept, and wore to Bentley, from whence Mr. Huddleston afterward received it.

As soon as Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston heard His Majesty was not only got safe to Bentley, but march'd securely from thence, they began to reflect upon his advice, and, lest any discovery should be made of what had been acted at Moseley, they both absented themselves from home. The one went to London, the other to a friends house in Warwickshire, where they liv'd privately till such time as they heard His Majesty was safely arriv'd in France, and that no part of the aforesaid transactions at Moseley had been discover'd to the rebels, and then return'd home.

This Mr. Whitgreave is descended of the ancient family of the Whitgreaves of Burton in the County of Stafford, and was first a Cornet, afterwards Lieutenant to Captain Thomas Giffard, in the first war for his late Majesty.

Mr. John Huddleston is a younger brother of the renowned family of the house of Hutten-John in the county of Cumberland, and was a gentleman voluntier in his late Majesty's service, first under Sir John Preston the Elder, till Sir

John was render'd unserviceable by the desperate wounds he received in that service and after under Colonel Ralph Pudsey at Newark.

His Majesty being safely convey'd to Bentley by Colonel Lane staid there but a short time, took the opportunity of Mris. Janes pass, and rode before her to Bristow, the Lord Wilmot attending by another way at a distance. In all which journey Mris. Lane performed the part of of a most faithful and prudent servant to His Majesty, shewing her observance, when any opportunity would allow it, and at other times acting her part in the disguise with much discretion.

But His Majesties particular gifts to Bristow and to the houses of several loyal subjects, both in Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and so to Brighempston in Sussex where he on the 15 of October 1651 took shipping and landed securely in France the next morning, and the several accidents, hardships and encounters, in all that journey must be the admired subject of the second part of this history.

The very next day, after His Majesty left Boscobel being Monday the eighth of September, two parties of rebels came thither, the one being part of the county troop, who searched the house with some civility. The other (Captain Broadwayes men) did it with more severity, eat up their little store of provision, plundered the

house of what was portable, and one of them presented a pistol to William Penderel, and much frightened my dame Joan; yet both parties returned, as ignorant as they came, of that intelligence they so greedily sought after.

The danger being over, honest William began to think of making satisfaction for the fat mutton, and accordingly tendered Mr. Staunton its worth in money, but Staunton, understanding the sheep was killed for the relief of some honest Cavaliers, who had been sheltered at Boscobel, refused to take the money, but wished, much good it might do them.

These Penderels were of honest parentage, but mean degree, six brothers born at Hobbal Grange in the parish of Tong and County of Salop; William, John, Richard, Humphry, Thomas, and George. John, Thomas and George were souldiers in the first war for His late Majesty, Thomas was slain at Stow fight, William, as you have heard, was a servant at Boscobel, Humphry a miller, and Richard rented part of Hobbal Grange.

His Majesty had not been long gone from Boscobel but Colonel Carlis sent William Penderel to Mr. Humphry Ironmonger, his old friend at Wolverhampton; who not only procured him a pass from some of the rebel Commanders in a disguised name to go to London, but furnished him with money for his journey, by means whereof

he got safe thither, and from thence into Holland, where he brought the first happy news of His Majesties safety to His Royal Sister the Princess of Orange.

This Colonel William Carlis was born at Brom-hall in Staffordshire within two miles of Boscobel, of good parentage, is a Person of approved valor, and was engaged all along in the first war for his late Majesty of happy memory; and since his death has been no less active for His Majesty that now is, for which and his particular service and fidelity before mentioned, His Majesty has been pleased by letters patents under the great Seal of England to give him, by the name of William Carlos (which in Spanish signifies Charles) this very honourable coat of arms *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, as 'tis expressed in the Letters patents.

The oak is now properly call'd *The Royal Oak of Boscobel*, nor will it lose that name whilst it continues a tree, nor that tree a memory whilst we have an inn left in England, since the *Royal Oake* is now become a frequent sign both in London, and all the chief Cities of this Kingdom. And since His Majesties happy Restauration that these mysteries have been revealed, hundreds of people for many miles round, have flock'd to see the famous Boscobel, which (as you have heard) had once the honour to be the palace of His Sacred Majesty, but chiefly to behold the *Royal*

COAT OF ARMS AND CREST OF COLLEGE

He bears vpon an Oake *proper in a* Feild Or. *a* Fesse Gules, *charged with* 3 Regal Crowns *of & second: by the name of* Carlos. *And for his Creast a* Civic Crown, *or* Oaken Garland, *with a* Sword *and* Scepter *crossed through it* Saltier wise.

Henry Seile excudit *Rob Vaughan sculp*

COAT OF ARMS AND CREST OF COLONEL CARLOS

oak, which has been deprived of all its young boughs by the numerous visitors of it, who keep them in memory of His Majesties happy preservation, insomuch that Mr. Fitzherbert the proprietor, has been forced in a due season of the year, to crop part of it for its preservation, and has lately been at the charge to fence it about with a high pale, the better to transmit the happy memory of it to posterity.

This Boscobel House has yet been a third time fortunate, for after Sir George Booth's forces were routed in Cheshire in August 1659 the Lord Brereton, who was engaged with him, took sanctuary there for some time, and was preserved.

When His Majesty was thus happily convey'd away by Colonel Lane and his sister, the rebels had an intimation that some of the brothers were instrumental in his preservation, so that besides the temptations Humphry overcame at Shefnal, William Penderel was twice questioned at Shrewsbury on the same account by Captain Fox and one Lluellin a sequestrator, and Richard was much threatened by a peevish neighbour at Whiteladies, but neither threats nor temptations were able to batter the fort of their loyalties.

After this unhappy defeat of His Majesties Army at Worcester, Good God! in what strange canting language did the fanaticks communicate their exultations to one another; particularly in

a letter (hypocritically pretended to be written from the Church of Christ at Wrexham and printed in the Diurnal, Nov. 10, 1651.) there is this malignant expression, "Christ has revealed his own Arm, and broke the arm of the mighty once and again, and now lastly at Worcester; so that we conclude (in Ezekiels phrase) there will be found no roller to bind the late King's Arm to hold a sword again," &c. And that you may know who these false prophets were, the letter was thus subscribed;

Daniel Lloyd. Mor. Lloyd. John Brown. Edw. Taylor. An. Maddokes. Dav. Maurice. Men who measur'd causes by that success, which fell out according to their evil desires, not considering that God intended, in his own good time, "to establish the Kings throne with justice."[1]

After the "King had entred into the Kingdom and returned to his own Land,"[2] the five Brothers attended him at Whitehall, on Wednesday the 13 of June 1660, when His Majesty was pleased to own their faithful service, and graciously dismissed them with a princely reward.

And soon after Mr. Huddleston and Mr. Whitgreave made their humble addresses to His Majesty, from whom they likewise received a gracious acknowledgment of their service and fidelity to him at Moseley; and this in so high

[1] Prov. 25. [2] Dan. i. 9.

a degree of gratitude and with such a condescending frame of spirit, not at all puff'd up with prosperity, as cannot be parallel'd in the best of kings.

Here let us all with glad and thankful hearts humbly contemplate the admirable Providence of Almighty God, who contrived such wonderful wayes and made use of such mean instruments for preservation of so great a person. Let us delight to reflect minutely on every particular, and especially on such as most approach to miracle; let us sum up the number of those who were privy to this first and principal part of His Majesties disguise and concealment. Mr. Giffard, the five Penderels, their mother[1] and three of their wives, Colonel Carlos, Francis Yates and his wife, divers of the inhabitants of Whiteladies (which then held five several families), Mr. Woolf, his wife, son, daughter and maid, Mr. Whitgreave and his mother, Mr. Huddleston, Colonel Lane and his sister; and then consider whether it were not indeed a miracle that so many men, and (which is far more) so many women should faithfully conceal so important and unusual a secret; and this notwithstanding the temptations and promises of reward on the one hand, the danger and menaces of punishment on the other.

To which I shall add but this one circumstance, that it was perform'd by persons, for

[1] Jane Penderel of Hobbal: see footnote, p. 87.

the most part, of that religion which has long suffer'd under an imputation (laid on them by some mistaken Zelots) of disloyalty to their Soveraign.

And now on my bended knees, let me joyfully congratulate his restored Majesty, and humbly offer him this short and hearty wish, "O King, live for ever!"[1] And not content with my own inconsiderable prayers, with all my soul I beg the universal assistance of others, earnestly inviting all the nation, even all the three nations, to sing

Te Deum Laudamus.

2 Sam. xix. 14.

"And he bow'd the hearts of all the people, as the heart of one man; so that they sent this word unto the King, Return, thou and all thy servants."

[1] Dan. iii. 10.

BOSCOBEL:

OR THE

HISTORY

Of His Sacred

MAJESTIES

Most Miraculous Preservation

After the Battle of

Worcester,

3 Sept. 1651.

The Second Part.

Psal. 19. 15.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer Him; I will be with Him in trouble, I will deliver Him and will honour Him.

LONDON

Printed by *M. Clark*, and are to be sold by *H. Brome* and *C. Harper*, at their Shops in *S. Pauls* Churchyard and *Fleetstreet*. 1681.

Carolus
Dei
peccatis
gratia

FRONTISPIECE OF BLOUNT'S "BOSCOBEL"
1680-1 EDITION

PREFACE.

THE First Part of this Miraculous History I long since published, having the means to be well inform'd in all circumstances relating to it; the scene (whereon those great actions were performed) being my native country, and many of the actors my particular friends.

I did not then intend to have proceeded farther, presuming some of those worthy persons of the West (who were the happy instruments in this Second Part) would have given us that so much desired supplement; the rather since the publication of the wonderful series of this great work, wherein the hand of God so miraculously appeared, in preservation of him, whom the Lord hath chosen, must needs open the eyes and convert the hearts of the most disloyal.

But finding, in all this time nothing done, and the world more greedy of it, than ever young ladies were to read the conclusion of some amorous strange romance, after they had left the darling lover plunged into some dire misfortune, I have thus endeavoured to compleat the history.

Chiefly encourag'd hereunto by an express

from Lisbon, wherein 'tis certified that (besides the Translation of the First Part of Boscobel into French) Mr. Peter Giffard of Whiteladies has lately made it speake Portuguese and presented it to the Infanta, our most excellent Queen, who was pleased to accept it with Grace, and peruse it with passion, intimating her Royal desire to see the particulars, how the hand of Providence had led the great Monarch of her heart out of the treacherous snares of so many rebels.

In this I dare not undertake to deliver so many particulars as in the former; for though the time of His Majesties stay in those western parts was longer, yet the places were more remote, and my Lord Wilmot (the principal agent) dead: But I will again confidently promise to write nothing but truth, as near as a severe scrutiny can inform me.

And perhaps a less exactness in circumstantials will better please some, who (as I have heard) object against my former endeavours on this Royal Subject as too minutely written, and particulars set down of too mean a concern, for which I have yet the example of that renowned historian Famian Strada[1] to protect me, who writing of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, mentions what meat he fed on such a day, what cloaths he wore another time, and gives this reason: that it pleases to know everything that

[1] De Bello Belgico.

Princes do, especially when by a chain of Providences, whose every link seems small and weak in its single self, so great a blessing will, at last, be drawn in among us.

That part of this unparallel'd relation of a King, which here I undertake to deliver, may fitly I think be called the Second Stage of the Royal Progress, wherein, as I am sure every good subject will be astonished to read the hardships and difficulties His Majesty encountered in this long and perilous journey, so will they be even overjoy'd to find Him at last (by the conduct of Heaven) brought safe to Paris, where my humble endeavours leave Him, thus comforted by the Prophet,

"Fear not, for the hand of Saul shall not find
Thee, and Thou shalt be King over Israel."[1]

T. B.

[1] 1 Sam. xxiii. 17.

THE

HISTORY

Of His

SACRED MAJESTIES

Most Miraculous Preservation
after the BATTLE of

WORCESTER.

The Second Stage of the Royal Progress.

HE that well considers the admirable events particulariz'd in the First Part of this History of His Majesties most miraculous preservation, will be apt to think His Evil Genius had almost rackt its invention to find out hardships and perils beyond humane imagination, and that his good Angel had been even tired out with contriving suitable means for his deliverance; yet if you please (after you have sufficiently wondered and blessed God for the preservation you read there) proceed and admire the strange stupendious passages you shall find here; which, when you

have done with just and due attention, I cannot doubt but your thoughts will easily raise themselves into some holy extasie, and growing warm with often repeating their own reflections, break forth at last, and joyn your exclamations with all the true and hearty adorers of the Divine Providence,

"Thou art great O Lord, and dost wonderfull things; Thou art God alone."[1]

I shall not need, I hope, to bespeak my reader's patience for any long introduction; since all the complement I intend, is humbly to kiss the pen and paper, which have the honour to be servants of this Royal Subject, and without farther ceremony begin.

Colonel John Lane having (as't has been related) safely conveyed His Majesty from Moseley to his own house at Bentley in Staffordshire on Tuesday night the 9th of September, 1651, the Lord Wilmot was there ready to receive them, and after His Majesty had eaten and conferred with my lord and the Colonel of his intended journey towards Bristol the very next morning, he went to bed, though his rest was not like to be long; for at the very break of the day on Wednesday morning the Colonel called up His Majesty and brought him a new suit and cloak which he had provided for him of country grey cloth as neer as could be contrived like the

[1] Ps. lxxxvi. 10.

holy-day suit of a farmer's son, which was thought fittest to carry on the disguise. Here His Majesty quitted his leather doublet and green breeches for this new grey suit, and forsook his former name Will Jones for that of Will Jackson.

Thus then was the royal journey designed, the King as a tenant's son (a quality far more convenient for their intention than that of a direct servant) was ordered to ride before Mrs. Jane Lane, as her attendant. Mr. Henry Lassels (who was kinsman and had been Cornet to the Colonel in the late warrs) to ride single, and Mr. John Petre of Horton in Buckinghamshire and his wife, the Colonel's sister, who were then accidentally at Bentley, being bound homeward, to ride in the same company; Mr. Petre and his wife little suspecting Will Jackson their fellow travailer to be the monarch of Great Britain.

His Majesty thus refreshed and thus accoutr'd with all necessaries for a journey in the designed equipage, after he had taken leave of my Lord Wilmot and agreed on their meeting within few dayes after at Mr. George Norton's house at Leigh near Bristol, the Colonel convey'd him a back way into the stable, where he fitted his stirrups, and gave him some instructions for better acting the part of Will Jackson, mounted him on a good double gelding, and directed him to come to the gate of the house, which he punctually performed with his hat under his arm.

By this time it was twilight, and old Mrs. Lane (who knew nothing of this great secret) would needs see her beloved daughter take horse, which whilst she was intending, the Colonel said to the King, "Will, thou must give my sister thy hand." But His Majesty (unacquainted with such little offices) off'red his hand the contrary way, which, the old gentlewoman taking notice of, laughed, and ask'd the Colonel her son what goodly horseman her daughter had got to ride before her.

Mr. Petre and his wife, and Mr. Lassels being also mounted, the whole company took their journey under the protection of the King of Kings towards Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire. And soon after they were gone from Bentley the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Lane, and Robert Swan, my lords servant, took horse, with a hawk and spaniels with them for a disguise, intending to go that night to Sir Clement Fishers house at Packington in Warwickshire, where the Colonel knew they should be both as welcome as generosity and as secure as fidelity could make them.

When the King and His small retinue arrived near Wotton, within four miles of Stratford, they espy'ed a troop of rebels baiting (as they conceived) almost a mile before them in the very road, which caused a council to be held among them, wherein Mr. Petre presided, and he would

THE KING UPON HIS JOURNEY FROM BENTLEY HALL TO ABBOT'S LEIGH

by no means go on, for fear of losing his horse, or some other detriment; so that they wheel'd about a more indirect way, and at Stratford (where they were of necessity to passe the river Avon) met the same or another troop in a narrow passage, who very fairly opened to the right and left, and made way for the travellers to march through them.

That night (according to designment) Mrs. Lane and her company took up their quarters at Mr. Tomb's house, at Long Marston, some three miles west of Stratford, with whom she was well acquainted; here Will Jackson being in the kitchen, in pursuance of his disguise, and the cook maid busie in providing supper for her master's friends, she desired him to wind up the Jack. Will Jackson was obedient, and attempted it, but hit not the right way, which made the maid in some passion ask, "What countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a Jack?" Will Jackson answered very satisfactorily, "I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane in Staffordshire, we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a Jack," which in some measure asswaged the maid's indignation.

The same night my lord, with the Colonel arrived safely at Sir Clement Fishers house at Packington where they found a welcome suitable to the noblenesse of his mind, and a security answerable to the faithfulnesse of his heart.

Next morning my lord thought fit to dispatch the Colonel to London, to procure, if possible, a passe for the King, by the name of William Jackson to go into France, and to bring it himself or send it (as opportunity should be offered) to Mr. Norton's house, where my lord (as you have heard) was designed to attend His Majesty.

On Thursday morning (11th of September) the King with Mrs. Lane and Mr. Lassels rose early, and after Mrs. Lane had taken leave both of Mr. Petre and his wife (whose way lay more south) and of Mr. Tombs the master of the house, they took horse and without any considerable accident rode by Camden and arrived that night at an inn in Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, distant about twenty four miles from Long Marston. After supper a good bed was provided for Mr. Lassels, and a truckle-bed for Will Jackson in the same chamber but Mr. Lassels (after the chamberlain had left them) laid His Majestie in the best bed and himself in the other, and used the like due observance, when any opportunity would allow it.

The next day being Friday, the Royal Traveller with his attendants left Cirencester, and by the way of Sudbury[1] rode to and through the city of Bristol (wherein they had once lost their way till inquiry better informed them) and

[1 Sodbury.]

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[1] Sudbury.]

CIRENCESTER

(From an old print)

arrived that evening at Mr. Norton's house at Leigh, some three miles from Bristol and about thirty from Cirencester, which was the desired end of this perillous journey.

At this place His Majesty still continued under the notion of one of Colonel Lane's tenants sons, and by a presettled contrivance with Mrs. Lane, feigned himself sick of an ague, under colour whereof she procured him the better chamber and accommodation without any suspicion and still took occasion from thence with all possible care, and observance to send the sick person some of the best meat from Mr. Norton's table; and Mrs. Norton's maid, Margaret Rider, (who was commanded to be his nurse-keeper, and believed him sick indeed) made William a Carduus-posset and was very carefull of him; nor was His Majesty at all known or suspected here either by Mr. Norton or his lady, from whose knowledge yet, he was not concealed out of any the least distrust of their fidelity, (for his whole dominions yeilded not more faithful subjects) but because such knowledge might haply at unawares have drawn a greater respect and observance from them, than that exigent would safely admit of.

Under the disguise of this ague His Majestie for the most part kept his chamber, during his stay at Leigh, yet being somewhat wearied with that kind of imprisonment, one day (when his

ague might be imagined to be in the intermission) he walk't down to a place where the young men played at a game of ball called Fives, where His Majestie was ask'd by one of the gamesters if he could play, and would take his part at that game. He pleaded unskilfulnesse and modestly refused.

But behold an unexpected accident here fell out, which put His Majesty and Mrs. Lane into some apprehension of the danger of a discovery, Mr. Norton's butler (whose name was John Pope) had served a courtier some years before the war, and his late Majestie in the war, under Colonel Bagot at Litchfield, and by that means had the physiognomy of the King (then Prince of Wales) so much imprinted in his memory, that (though His Majestie was in all points most accurately disguised) yet the butler knew him, and communicated his knowledge to Mrs. Lane, who at first absolutely denyed him to be the King, but after, upon conference and advise had with His Majesty, it was thought best to acknowledge it to the butler, and by the bonds of allegiance, conjure him to secrecy, who thereupon kissed the King's hand and proved perfectly honest.

On Saturday night (13th of September) the Lord Wilmot arrived at a village near Leigh where he lay, but came every day to visit Will Jackson and Mrs. Lane, as persons of his acquaintance; and so had the opportunity to attend

and consult with His Majestie unsuspected, during their stay at Leigh.[1]

Soon after, upon serious advice had with my lord, it was resolved by His Majestie to go to Trent, the house of Colonel Frances Windham (of whose fidelity His Majesty had ample assurance) which lies in Somersetshire, but bordering on the very skirts of Dorsetshire near Sherburn; and therefore was judged to be conveniently seated in the way towards Lime and other port towns where His Majesty might probably take shipping for France.

In pursuance of this resolve, the Lord Wilmot (as His Majesties harbinger) rode to Trent on Monday to make way for his more private reception there; and on Tuesday morning (Sept. 16) His Majesties ague being then (as was pretended) in the recess, he repaired to the stable, and there gave order for making ready the horses, and then it was signified from Mrs. Lane, (though before so agreed) that William Jackson should ride single and carry the portmanteau. Accordingly they mounted, being attended part of the way by one of Mr. Norton's men, as a guide, and that day rode, through the body of Somersetshire, to Mr. Edward Kirton's house at Castle

[1 Wilmot did not come openly to the house. When Pope heard that it was intended he should come there he pointed out the danger that would be run, as he would have been recognized by several of the inmates (see "King's Narrative," Tract I., p. 27.]

Cary near Burton,[1] where His Majesty lay that night, and next morning arrived at Colonel Windhams said house which was about twenty six miles from Leigh.

His Majestie was now at Trent, in as much safetie, as the master of the house his fidelity and prudence could make him; but the great work was how to procure a vessel for transportation of this great treasure; for this end His Majestie, the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Windham had several consults, and in pursuance of their determination, the Colonel, with his trustie servant Henry Peters, posted to Lime, which is about twenty miles from Trent, where after some difficultie by the assistance of Captain William Elsden,[2] a loyal subject (at whose house the Colonel lodged) he hir'd a bark to transport His Majesty for France, which bark was by agreement to attend at Charmouth (a little maritine village neer Lime) at a time appointed, and return'd with all speed to Trent with the good news.

The next day His Majesty resolved for Lime, and Mrs. Jane Lane here humbly took her leave of him, returning with Mr. Lassells, by His Majesties permission, into Staffordshire, leaving him in faithful hands, and in a hopeful way of escaping the bloudy designs of merciless rebels, which as it was all along the scope of her endeavours, so was it now the subject of her

[1 Bruton.] [2 Ellesdon.]

prayers; yet it was still thought the best disguise, for His Majesty to ride before some woman, and accordingly Mrs. Julian [1] Conningsby, Colonel Windhams kinswoman, had the honour to ride behind His Majesty, who with the Lord Wilmot, the Colonel, and Henry Peters, came that evening to a blind inn in Charmouth; neer which place the skipper had promised to be in readiness with his bark: but observe the disappointment.

In the interim (whilst Colonel Windham was gone back to Trent) it seems the rebels proclamation for apprehending Charles Stuart (meaning, in their impudent phrase, our gracious King) and prohibiting, for a certain time, the transportation of any person without a particular licence, had been published in and about Lime, and the skipper having acquainted his wife, that he had agreed to transport two or three persons into France, whom he believed might be Cavaliers, it seems the grey mare was the better horse, for she lock'd up her husband in his chamber, and would by no means permit him to go the voyage; so that whilst Henry Peters stayed on the beach most part of the night, His Majestie and the rest of the company sate up in the inn expecting news of the seaman with his boat, who never appeared.

The next morning His Majesty and attendants, resolving to return to Trent, rode first to Bruteport [2] in Dorsetshire, where he staid at an

[1 Juliana.] [2 Bridport.]

inn whilst Henry Peters was sent back to Captain Eldsden to see if their were any hope left of persuading the skipper, or rather of gaining leave of his wife, for him to undertake the voyage; but all endeavours proved ineffectual, and by that time Harry returned, the day was so far spent, that His Majesty could conveniently reach no farther that night than Broad-Windsor. And (which added much to the danger) Col. Heane (one of Cromwells commanders) at this very time was marching rebels from several garrisons to Weymouth and other adjacent ports, in order to their being shipped for the forcing the island of Jarsey from His Majesties obedience, as they had done all the rest of his dominions. So that the roads of this county were full of souldiers.

Broad-Windsor afforded but one inn, and that the George, a mean one too (and what was worse) the best accomodations in it were before his Majesties arrival taken up by rebel souldiers, one of whose doxies was brought to bed in the house, which caused the constable and overseers for the poor of the parish to come thither at an unseasonable hour of the night, to take care that the brat might not be left to the charge of the parish; so that His Majesty, through this disturbance, went not into bed at all and we may safely conclude, he took as little rest here as he did the night before at Charmouth. Thus were the tribulations of Davids heart enlarged, and he

prayed, "Deliver me, O Lord, from my distresses."

His Majesty having still thus miraculously escaped dangers, which hourly environ'd him, returned safe to Trent next morning, where after some refreshment and rest taken he was pleased to call my Lord Wilmot and Colonel Windham (the members of his little privy council) together, to consider what way was next to be attempted for his transportation.

After several proposals, it was at last resolved that my lord (attended and conducted by Henry Peters) should the next day be sent to Salisbury to Mr. John Coventry (son to the late Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England) who then lived in the close of that city, and was known to be both a prudent person and a perfect lover of this Soveraign, as well to advise how to procure a bark for passing His Majesty into France, as for providing some moneys for his present necessary occasions.

My Lord, being arrived at Salisbury, dispatched Henry Peters back to Trent, with intimation of the good reception he found there. For Mr. Coventry did not only furnish him with monies, but was very solicitous for His Majesties safety. To which end he advised with Dr. Humphrey Henchman, a worthy divine,[1] who

[1 Henchman lived in the Close, and was Precentor of the Cathedral.]

since His Majesties happy restauration, is with much merit advanced to the Episcopal Sea of Salisbury.

The result of these two loyal persons Consultation was that His Majestie should be desired to remove to Hele (which lay about three miles North East of Salisbury) the dwelling house of Mrs. Mary Hyde the relict of Laurence Hyde Es; eldest brother to honourable Sir Robert Hyde, one of the Justices of His Majesties Court of Common Pleas, whom they knew to be both as discreet and as loyal as any of her sex.

With this resolution and advice Mr. Coventry dispatched his chaplain, Mr. John Selleck, to Trent with a letter, rolled up into a bignesse of a musket bullet, which the faithful messenger had order to swallow down his throat in case of any danger.

Meantime Mr. Coventry had found out a trusty seaman at Southampton who undertook to transport whom he pleased, but on second thoughts and advice had with my Lord Wilmot, it was not held safe for His Majesty to take shipping there, in regard of the so many Castles by which the ships passe, that are outward bound and the often examination of the passengers in them so that some of the small ports of Sussex were concluded to be the safer places, for effecting this great work of His Majesties delivery from the hands of such unparallel'd

rebels, who even ravenously thirsted after Royal blood.

In the interim Mr. Selleck returned with His Majesties resolution to come to Hele, signified by a like paper bullet, and by this time His Majesty thought fit to admit of the service and assistance of Colonel Robert Phillips (grandson to the famed Sir Edward Phillips late Master of the Rolls) who lived in those parts and was well acquainted with the ways of the country, and known to be as faithfull as loyalty could make him. This Colonel undertook to be His Majesties conductor to Hele, which was near thirty miles distant from Trent.

During His Majesties stay at Trent (which was above a fortnight) he was for his own security forced to confine himself to the voluntary imprisonment of his chamber, which was happily accommodated (in case the rebels had searched the house) with an old well-contrived secret place, long before made (for a shelter against the inquisition of pursuivants) by some of the ancient family of the Gerhards, Col. Windhams lady's ancestors who were recusants and had formerly been owners of that house.

His Majesties meat was likewise (to prevent the danger of a discovery) for the most part dressed in his own chamber, the cookery whereof served him for some divertisement of the time. And 'tis a great truth, if we say, there was no cost

spared, nor care wanting in the Colonel, for the entertainment and preservation of his Royal guest.

On the 3 of October His Majesty (having given Colonel Windham particular thanks for his great care and fidelity towards him) left Trent and began his journey, with Colonel Philips, and personating a tenants son of his, towards Hele, attended by Henry Peters (who is now yeoman of the field to His Majesty) and riding before Mrs. Cunningsby. The travailers passed by Wincaunton, and near the midst of that dayes journey arrived at Mere, a little market town in Wiltshire, and din'd at the George-inn; the hoast, Mr. Christop. Philips whom the Colonel knew to be perfectly honest.

The hoast sate at the table with His Majesty, and administered matters of discourse, told the Colonel for news, that he heard the men of Westminster (meaning the rebels) notwithstanding their victory at Worcester, were in a grate maze, not knowing what was become of the King; but (sayes he) 'tis the most received opinion that he is come in a disguise to London, and many houses have been searched for him there, at which His Majesty was observed to smile.

After dinner mine hoast familiarly asked the King if he were a friend to Caesar to which His Majesty answered Yes, then said he, here's a health to King Charles, in a glasse of wine, which His Majesty and the Colonel both pledged, and

CAP, STOCKING AND HANDKERCHIEF LEFT BY CHARLES II

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Majesty ... Yes, then said he, here's a
health ... Charles! in a glasse of wine, which
His ... the Colonel both pledged, and

CAP, STOCKING AND HANDKERCHIEF LEFT BY CHARLES II AT MERE

that evening arrived in safety at Hele. And His Majesty since his happy return has been pleased to ask what was become of his honest hoast at Mere?

In the mean time the Lord Wilmot (who took up the borrowed name of Mr. Barlow) rode to such gentlemen of his acquaintance in Hampshire whom he knew to be faithfull subjects, to seek means for (what he so much desired) the transportation of His Majesty; and first repaired to Mr. Laurence Hyde, (a name as faithful as fortunate in His Majesties service) at his house at Hinton D'aubigny neer Catharington, then to Mr. Thomas Henslow at Burhant[1] in the same county, to whom (as persons of known fidelity) my Lord communicated his weighty business, and desired their assistance for procuring a bark for His Majesties transportation.

Mr. Henslow (in zeal to this service) immediately acquainted the Earl of Southampton[2] (then at his house at Titchfield, and now with much merit dignifyed with the great office of Lord High Treasurer of England) with this most important affair; my lord Wilmot judging it fitter for Mr. Henslow (his neighbour) to do it, than for himself, in those circumstances, to appear at my lords

[1 Burchant or Burhunt, near Titchfield.]

[2 Thomas Wriothesley, 4th Earl of Southampton, ob. 1667. One of the four who bore the coffin of Charles I. at his interment in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.]

house, whose eminent fidelity and singular prudence, in the conduct of even the greatest affairs of State, being known both to them and all the world, and his great power and command at Bewly Haven and the maritine parts of Hampshire, esteem'd very favorable for their design, wherein his lordship was extremely active and sollicitous.

Besides this, Mr. Laurence Hyde recommended my lord Wilmot to Colonel George Gunter, who lived at Rackton neer Chichester in Sussex, and was known to be both faithful and active, not unlike to be successful in this service, to whom therefore my lord hasted, and lay at Rackton one night, where he imparted his great sollicitation to the Colonel and his kinsman Mr. Thomas Gunter, who was then accidentally there.

All these persons had the like instructions from my lord, which made a deep impression on their loyal hearts, and excited them to use their utmost endeavours by several ways and means to procure the Noah's Ark, which might at last secure His Majesty from the great inundation of rebellion and treason, which then did overspread the face of his whole dominions.

But to return to my humble observance of His Majesty at Hele, where Mrs. Hyde was so transported with zeal and loyalty towards him, that at supper, though His Majesty was set at the lower end of the table, yet the good gentlewoman had much adoe to overcome herself, and

F. Lourdes Langford

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[illegible] oah's Ark, which might at last
[illegible] y from the great inundation of
[illegible] which them did overspread
[illegible] dominions.

[illegible] o my humble observance of
[illegible] dale, where Mrs Hyde was so
[illegible] eal and loyalty towards him,
[illegible] ough His Majesty was set at
[illegible] e table, yet the good gentle-
[illegible] aloe to overcome herself, and

T. Southampton

not carve to him first, however she could not refrain from drinking to him in a glasse of wine, and giving him two larks when others had but one.

After supper Mr. Frederick Hyde (brother in law to the widow, who was then at Hele, and since created Serjeant at Law) discoursed with His Majesty upon various subjects, not suspecting who he was, but wondred to receive such rational discourse from a person, whose habit spoke him, but of mean degree; and when His Majesty was brought to his chamber, Doctor Henchman attended him there, and had a long and private communication with him.

Next day it was thought fit to prevent the danger of any discovery or even suspicion in the house, that in regard His Majesty might possibly stay there some days before the conveniency of a transportation could be found out, he should that day publickly take his leave, and ride about two miles from the house, and then be privately brought in again the same evening, when all the servants were at supper; which was accordingly performed, and after that time His Majesty appeared no more at Hele in publick, but had meat brought him privately to his chamber, and was attended by the good widow with much care and observance.

Now among the many faithful sollicitors for this long expected bark, Colonel Gunter hapned to be the lucky man, who first procur'd it at

Brighthemston in Sussex by the assistance of Mr. Francis Mansel, merchant of Chichester, and the concurrent endeavours of Mr. Thomas Gunter. And on Saturday night the eleventh of October he brought the happy tidings to my Lord Wilmot and Col. Philips, who then lay, the one at Mr. Laurence Hydes, the other at Mr. Anthony Brown's house, his neighbour and tenant.

The next morning being Sunday Col. Philips was dispatch't to Hele with the much desir'd news, and with instructions to attend His Majesty on Munday to the Downs called Old Winchester neer Warnford.

Early in the morning His Majesty was privately convey'd from Hele, and went on foot at least two miles to Clarendon Park Corner, attended by Doctor Henchman, then took horse with Col. Philips, and at the appointed time and place the Lord Wilmot, Col. Gunter and Mr. Tho. Gunter met His Majesty with a brace of grey hounds, the better to carry on the disguise.

That night, though both Mr. Laurence Hyde and Mr. Henslow had each of them provided a secure lodging for His Majesty by the Lord Wilmots order, yet it was judged fittest by Colonel Gunter and accordingly agreed unto by my lord that His Majesty should lodge at Mr. Thomas Symons house at Hambledon in Hampshire, who marryed the Colonels sister, in regard the Colonel knew them to be very faithful, but chiefly because

it lay more directly in the way from Hele to Brighthemston; and accordingly Colonel Gunter attended His Majesty to his sisters house that night, who provided a good supper for them, though she had not the least suspicion or intimation of His Majesties presence among them.

The King and his small retinue arriving in safety at Mr. Symons' house on Munday night the 13 of October, were heartily welcomed by Mrs. Symons, for her husband was not then at home; but by that time they had sup'd, in comes Mr. Symons who, wondring to see so many strangers in his house, was assured by his brother Gunter, that they were all honest gentlemen, yet at first interview he much suspected Mr. Jackson to be a Roundhead, observing how little hair William Penderels scissers had left him; but at last being fully satisfied they were all Cavaliers, he soon laid open his heart and thought nothing too good for them, was sorry his beer was no stronger, and to encourage it, fetch't down a bottle of strong water, and mixing it with the beer, drank a cheerful cup to Mr. Jackson, calling him brother Roundhead, whom His Majesty pledged; who was here observed to be cloathed in a short juppa of a sad coloured cloath, and his breeches of another species, with a black hat, and without cuffs, somewhat like the meaner sort of country gentlemen.

Mr. Symons in the time of entertaining his

guests, did by chance let fall an oath, for which Mr. Jackson took occasion modestly to reprove him.

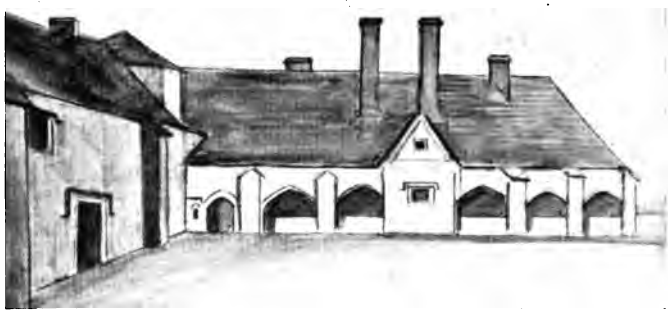
His Majesty thus resting himself Munday night at Hambledon, early on Tuesday morning (14 Octob.) prepared for his journey to Brighthemston, distant about thirty five miles from thence. But (having then no further use of Colonel Philips) dismiss'd him with thanks for his fidelity and service, in this most secret and important affair; and then, having also bidden farewell to Mr. Symons and his wife, took horse, attended by my Lord Wilmot and his man, Colonel Gunter, and Mr. Thomas Gunter.[1]

When they came neer the Lord Lumleys house at Stanstead in Sussex, it was considered that the greatness of the number of horse might possibly raise some suspicion of them, Mr. Thomas Gunter was therefore dismis'd with thanks for the service he had done, and His Majesty held on his journey without any stay, and being come to Bramber within seven miles of the desir'd port, met there some of Colonel Herbert Morleys soldiers, who yet did neither examine, nor had they, as far as could be discerned, the least suspicion of the Royal passengers, who arrived at last at the George Inn in Brightham-

[1 Miss Shergold, mentioned in "The Flight of the King," p. 174, as the possessor of the punch-bowl given by Charles II. to the Symons family in recognition of their services, died in May, 1903, in her 105th year.]

REMAINS OF

TOWER WHERE CHARLES IS SAID TO
HIS WAY FROM BRIGHTON TO BRIGHT



REMAINS OF LORD LUMLEY'S HOUSE AT STANSTEAD

From an old drawing

COTTAGE AT SOUTHWICK WHERE CHARLES IS SAID TO HAVE HALTED ON HIS WAY FROM BEEDING TO BRIGHTON

ston, where Mr. Francis Mansel (who assisted Colonel Gunter in this happy service, had agreed to meet him).

At supper Mr. Mansel sate at the upper end of the table, and Mr. Jackson (for that name His Majesty still reteined) at the lower end. The innkeeper's name was Smith,[1] and had formerly [been] related to the Court, so that he suspected Mr. Jackson to be whom he really was, which His Majesty understanding he discours'd with his hoast after supper, whereby his loyalty was confirmed; and the man proved faithfull.

The next morning being Wedenesday 15 October (the same day on which the noble Earl of Derby became a Royal Martyr at Boulton) His Majesty, having given particular thanks to Colonel Gunter for his great care, pains, and fidelity towards him, took shipping with the Lord Wilmot in the bark which lay in readiness for him at that harbour, and whereof Mr. Nicholas Tetersal was owner. And the next day, with an auspicious gale of wind, landed safely at Fecan[2] near Havre de Grace in Normandy, where His Majesty might happily say with David, "Thou hast delivered me from the violent man, therefore will I sing praises to Thy name, O Lord."

This very bark after His Majesties happy restauration, was by Cap. Tetersal brought into

[1 Smith had been one of Charles I.'s guards. See vol. iv., Carte's "History of England."] [2 Fécamp.]

the river Thames, and lay some months at anchor before Whitehall to renew the memory of the happy service it had performed.

His Majesty having nobly rewarded Cap. Tetersal, in gold for his transportation, lodged this night at an inn in Fecam, and the next day rode to Roan, still attended by the faithful Lord Wilmot, where he continued incognito several days at Mr. William Scots house, since created baronet, till he had sent an express to the Queen his Royal Mother (who had been long sollicitous to hear of his safety) and the Court of France, intimating his safe arrival there, and had quitted his disguised habit for one more befitting the dignity of so great a King.

Upon the first intelligence of this welcome news, his Highness the Duke of York, sent his coach forthwith to attend His Majesty at Roan, and the lord Gerard with others His Majestys servants made all possible haste, with glad hearts to perform their duty to him. So that on the 29 of October His Majesty set forward towards Paris, lay that night at Fleury about seven leagues from Roan; the next morning his Royal brother the Duke of York was ready to receive him at Magnie and that evening His Majesty was met at Mouceaux, a village neer Paris, by the Queen of England, accompany'd with her brother the Duke of Orleans, and attended by a great number of coaches and many both English and French

lords and gentlemen on horseback, and was thus gladly conducted the same night though somewhat late, to the Louvre at Paris, to the inexpressible joy of his dear mother the Queen, his Royal brother the Duke of York, and of all true hearts.

Here we must again, with greater reason, humbly contemplate the admirable Providence of Almighty God, which certainly never appeared more miraculously than in this strange deliverance of His Majesty for such an infinity of dangers that History itself cannot produce a parallel nor will Posterity willingly believe it.

From the 3 of September at Worcester to the 15 of October at Brighthemston, being one and forty dayes. He passed through more dangers than he travailed miles, of which yet he travers'd in that time only neer three hundred (not to speak of his dangers at Sea, both at his comming into Scotland, and his going out of England nor of his long march from Scotland to Worcester) sometimes on foot with uneasy shooes; at other times on horseback, encumbered with a portmanteau and which was worse, at another time, on the gall-back'd slow paced Millers horse; sometimes acting one disguise in course linnen and a leather doublet; sometimes another, of almost as bad a complection; one day he is forced to sculke in a barn at Madely; another day sits with Colonel Carlos in a tree, with his feet extremely surbated

and at night glad to lodge with William Penderel in a secret place at Boscobel which never was intended for the dormitory of a King.

Sometimes he was forced to shift with coarse fare for a belly-full; another time in a wood, glad to relieve the necessities of nature with a messe of milk served up in an homely dish by good-wife Yates a poor country woman. Then again for a variety of tribulation, when he thought himself almost out of danger, he directly meets some of those rebels, who so greedily sought his bloud, yet by God's great providence, had not the power to discover him; and (which is more than has yet been mentioned) he sent at another time to some subjects for relief and assistance in his great necessity who out of a pusillanimous fear of the bloudy Arch-rebel then reigning, durst not own Him.

Besides all this twas not the least of his afflictions daily to hear the Earl of Derby and other his most loyal subjects, some murdered some imprisoned and others sequestred in heaps, by the same bloudy usurper, only for performing their duty to their lawful King. In a word there was no kind of misery (but death itself) of which His Majesty in this horrid persecution, did not in some measure, both in body, mind and estate, bear a very great share, yet such was his invincible patience in this time of tryal, such his fortitude, that he overcame them all with such pious

advantage to himself that their memory is now sweet, and " It's good for him, that he has been afflicted."

Of these His Majesties sufferings and forced extermination from his own dominions, Englands great Chancelor thus excellently descants.

" We may tell those desperate wretches who yet harbor in their thoughts wicked designs against the Sacred person of the King, in order to the compassing their own imaginations, that God Almighty would not have led him through so many wildernesses of afflictions of all kinds, conducted him through so many perils by sea, and perils by land, snatch'd him out of the midst of this Kingdom when it was not worthy of him, and when the hands of his enemies were even upon him, when they thought themselves so sure of him, that they would bid so cheap and so vile a price for him; he would not in that article have so covered him with a cloud, that he travailed even with some pleasure and great observation through the midst of his enemies. He would not so wonderfully have new modelled that Army, so inspired their hearts and the hearts of the whole Nation with an honest and impatient longing for the return of their dear sovereign, and in the mean time have exercis'd him (which had little lesse of Providence in it than the other) with those unnatural or at least unusual disrespects and reproaches abroad, that he might have a

harmless and an innocent appetite to his own Country, and return to his own people, with a full value, and the whole unwasted bulk of his affections, without being corrupted or byassed by extraordinary foreign obligations; God Almighty would not have done all this but for a servant, whom he will always preserve as the apple of his own eye, and always defend from the most secret machinations of his Enemies." [1]

Thus the best and happiest of orators.[2]

We have hitherto only admired his Majesties Fortitude; which cardinal vertue, properly consists of two parts, the one active, the other passive, the first was signally manifest in his Courage during the time of Battle; the other, in his Patience, by suffering his following afflictions with an even and undaunted Spirit; yet his Gratitude and invincible Memory remain still to be reverenced by my humble Pen; For, among the so many persons, who were instrumental and serviceable in this his great deliverance, there was scarce one whose face (after so many years absence) His Majesty did not, at his happy return, precisely remember, and whose merits he has not particularly owned and rewarded,

[1] Lord Chancellors Speech to the Parliament 29 Decemb. 1660.

[2] From this point, to that indicated on p. 152 by a *, the matter contained therein is additional to the text of the later edition of Blount's "Boscobel" given by Hughes in the "Boscobel Tracts."]

either in fact, or by his Royal Promise, which are equivalent.

He dignifyed the Lord Wilmot (of principal merit in this service) with the Earldom of Rochester, and doubtless his acknowledgments had not been so bounded, but that death snatched that noble Lord away, before his great Masters restauration.

And, besides His Majesties Grace vouchsafed to Mrs. Jane Lane and Col. Francis Windham, the most honourable Houses of Parliament took notice of the great services performed by them, and were so sensible thereof, That on the seventeenth of December 1660, they voted one thousand pounds to be given the one, and on the nineteenth of the same month, voted the like sum to the other, with the thanks of the Parliament, the Representative of the whole Nation.

Doctor Henchman (as ye have heard) is advanced to the Bishoprick of Salisbury.

Master George Norton has received the honour of Knighthood from His Majesties hands.

Col. Philips is deservedly preferred to be one of the Grooms of His Majesties Bed-chamber.

Mr. Selleck (to omit others) is now Dr. in Divinity, and advanced to the Archdeaconry of the Cathedral Church of Bathe.

How can we better conclude these our humble endeavors, than in the Words of Holy David,

His Majesties great Exemplar in afflictions, and Royal Patience; and to whom we heartily pray; and confidently hope His Majesty will be a perfect Successor in tranquillity of State, and execution of judgment and justice to all his people,

"The King shall joy in thy strength, O Lord, and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice?

Thou hast given Him his hearts desire, and not denyed him the request of his lips. For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness: thou settest a Crown of pure gold on his head.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

His glory is great in thy salvation, honor and Majesty hast thou laid upon him.

For Thou hast made him most blessed for ever: Thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.

For the King trusteth in our Lord, and through the mercy of the most high, he shall not be moved." *

Some may haply here expect I should have continued the particulars of this History to the time of His Majesties happy restauration, by giving an account of the reception His Majesty found from the several Princes beyond the Seas, during his Exile, and of his evenness of mind

* See footnote, p. 150.

and prudent deportment towards them upon all occasions. But that was clearly beyond the scope of my intention, which aimed only to write the wonderful History of a great and Good King violently pursued in his own dominions, by the worst of rebels, and miraculously preserved under God by the best of Subjects.

In other countreys, of which His Majesty travers'd not a few, he found kindness and a just compassion of his Adversity from many, and from some a neglect and disregard; yet in all the almost nine years abroad, I have not heard of any passage that approached the degree of a miracle like that at home. Therefore I may with faith to my own intentions, not improperly make a silent transition from His Majesties arrival at Paris on the thirtieth day of October 1651 to his return to London, on the nine and twentieth of May 1660 and with a *Te Deum Laudamus*, sum up all, and say with the Prophet,

"My Lord, the King, is come again in peace, to his own House," [1]

"And all the people shouted and said

GOD SAVE THE KING." [2]

[1] 2 Sam. xix. 30. [2] 1 Sam. xx. 24.

Tract No. III

Mr. Whitgreave's Narrative

Printed from the MS. in the possession of the Whitgreave family, for the first time in *The Gentleman's Magazine.* June, 1789.

COLONEL JOHN LANE

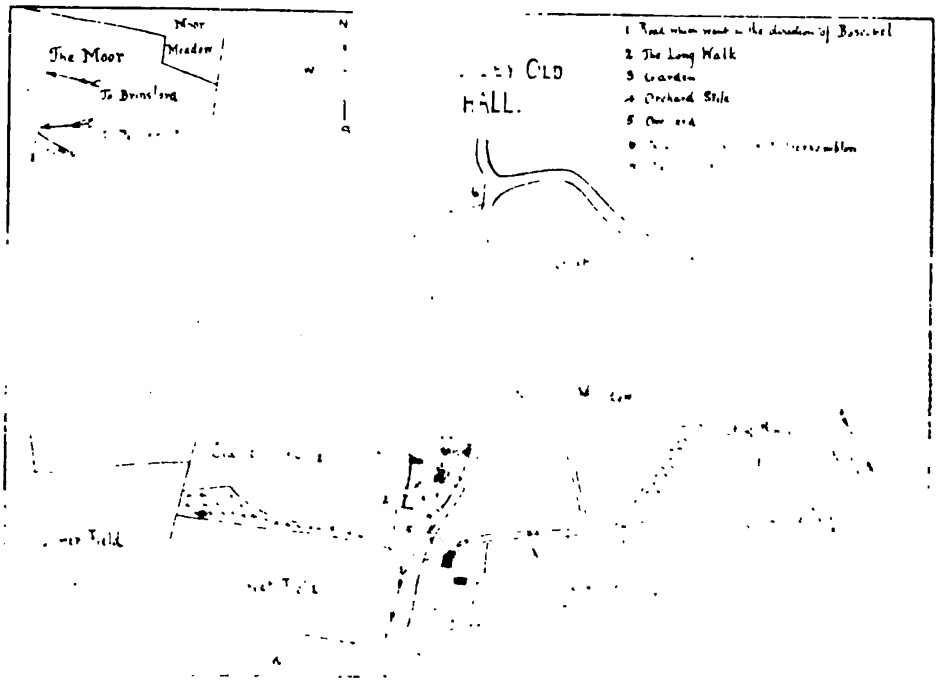
Tract No. III

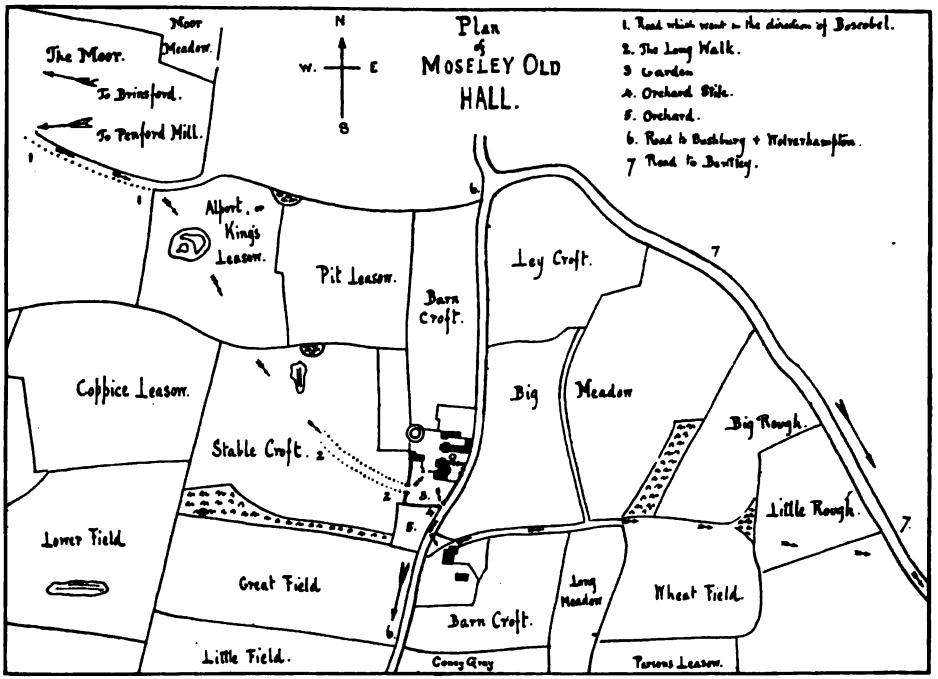
KING CHARLES THE SECOND comeing from Worcester fight, being Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1651, about sun rising next morning, being Thursday, by the conduct of Mr. Charles Giffard, and his man Yates, arrived at White Ladyes, where, as soon as might bee, he was divested of his apparell, his hayr cut off, and habited like a country fellow; which being done, haveing taken leave of the lords who attended him, was committed to the charge of the Pendrells. The lords, &c. then most of them fled after the flying armye towards Newport, and so northwards. The Lord Willmot was resolved to fly counter towards London, and by the guidance of John Pendrell gott to Mr. Huntbaches of Brinsford, from whence he sent the said Pendrell to Wolverhampton and all his acquaintance thereabouts, to gett some azilum for him; but not prevayling, as he was returning back, hee met with Mr. Huddleston (whom he had seen formerly at White Ladyes), with young Sir John Preston, to whose custody he was committed by Mrs. Morgan of Weston, grandmother to him, and sent to my mother's to

table, for fear Pym should seize him going there, by the name of Jackson; for whose companions Mr. Huddleston was pleased to admitt Mr. Francis Reynolds and Mr. Tho. Palin, both nephews of mine, and to teach them with him, and asked him what news he heard, who answered, none but very good; which was, the king had gott the day at Worcester. But Pendrell answeared, 'Tis clean contrarie; and then related to him the sad news of his majesties defeat att Worcester the day before; and how that morning earlie, the king came to White Ladyes, and was with some of his brothers in disguise, and that my Lord of Cleveland; but indeed Willmott hee left att the said Huntbaches, and was by him sent to Hampton, and to all his acquaintance thereabout, to gett some secrett place to secure him, which not being able to do, he asked Mr. Huddleston whether his landlord, being myself, would do him the favour to secure him; who replyed, I will take you to him, and you shall see; upon their arrivall, Mr. Huddleston told me all the sad news, and his business with me, whereupon I said I would with speed wait on his lordship, which I did accordingly; and when there, Mr. Huntbach brought mee to his chamber, whom, after I had condoled his majesties and all his friends sad misfortunes, I told him I feared not to secure his lordship if I could gett privately to my house, which I thought the best way was for

me to wish Mr. Huntbach to bring him a by-way to a close of mine, called the Moore, about midnight, whereatt thatt tyme I would wait for him, and take him to a friend's house not far of, wheare I feard not his securitie (to conceal from Mr. Huntbach my taking him home), where accordingly I wayted for their comeing 2 or 3 howers; and then supposing they had steared some other course, I returned home, where I found my Lord Willmott arrived, being conducted by the said Huntbach another way along the publick ways and lanes, which when my lord understood, he was much troubled. The next morning I sent a messenger well known to Colonel Lane to acquaint him that my lord was with mee; but I had no conveniency for his horses, my howse lying to the open roade and an howse over against itt, and therefore I desired him to entertain them (they being that night all att one Evans' house, a poor man, nigh Mr. Huntbach), myself being better able to secure my lord than them, who seemed very willing, and bidd the messenger bring them, and that att night he would himself wait on his lordship, and that I should about midnight expect his comeing into a close called Allport's Leasow, wherein was a great drie pitt, covered with many trees, where the colonel accordingly came; and having tied his horse in the said pit, I brought him through my backside to my lord's chamber, who when

they saw each other, they renewed their former acquaintance, the colonel formerly having served in my lord's brigade. The colonel then invited my lord to his house as far more safe, myself, as hee stiled mee a papist, and more liable to searches; besides, his sister the Lady Jane had newlie gott a pass from Captain Stone, governor of Stafford, for herself and a man to go into the west, which might be a convenient opportunity for his passage away. But the day before, I haveing shown his lordship a privacie in my house, formerly made in tymes of persecution, and in which, after the late unfortunate warre, I secured myself against the violent strict search of Captain Stone's troop, his lordship so approved of itt for his securitie, that he wisht 100,000 friends of his were with him; gave the colonel many thanks for his kind offer, but for the present said hee was well pleased and satisfied with his present quarters, but desired him to keep the opportunity of his sister's pass, and his horses, till he heard from him again, and so took leave of him, and I conducted back to his horses. This morning being Friday, Jo. Pendrell came to my lord, and staid all day with him, who att night sent him to White Ladyes, to enquire what was become of the king; who returned, and said he went from thence the night before to Madely in Shropshire, with a design to gett over Severn, and so to steer for Wales (but Severn was so guarded he could not pass, but


The Moor
Moor Meadow
To Brinsley
OLD HALL.
1 Road which went in the direction of Bostwell
2 The Long Walk
3 Garden
4 Orchard Stile
5 Our end



OLD GROUND PLAN OF MOSELEY HALL

was forct to stay there all that night and next day[1] in a barn of Mr. Woolf's); of whose removal, as soon as my lord heard, he resolved speedily to remove to Colonel Lane's, and wisht mee to send to him to have his horses sent for him that night, which I did, and they came accordingly; and so, after many thanks for all my care and kind entertainment, haveing dismissed Jo. Pendrell, hee went, and safelie arrived at the colonel's the next morning. Mr. Huddleston and myself were walking in the Long Walk, and concluding in the afternoon to go to White Ladyes to receave a perfect relation of all the transactions there, where unexpectedly wee saw Jo. Pendrell comeing to us and asking us where my lord was; wee telling him he was gone from hence, hee replyed, Wee then are all undone, for att my return yesterday, there being no passage over Severn, the king was forct on Friday night to come back to Boscobell,[2] and there mett with Colonel Carelos, and that they had no entertainment for him, neither knew they how to dispose of him, who grew very melancholly upon itt: but hearing by mee that I left my lord here, hee sent mee to his lordship to gett a place for his security with him here.[3] Whereupon Mr. Huddleston and myself went with Pendrell to the colonel, hee being a

[1] Saturday—Sunday [should be Thursday—Friday, 4th and 5th Sept.].

[2] Arrived there early Saturday morning.] [3] Sunday.

stranger to him, and we durst not write by him ; where I being arrived, acquainted the colonel that Pendrell came to us from some person of eminent qualitie, whose name he was not to discover, to bring him to my lord ; and therefore I came with him myself, that hee should not be afraid to give admittance, whereupon the colonel immediatlie took him to my lord, who, after some private conference and directions for Mr. Huddleston and myself, hee sent him to us, to return with speed, and in the way homewards to acquaint us the person hee came from was the king, which his lordship till then never discovered ; and that hee desired myself to attend his comeing that night, about an eleaven of clock, att his usuall pitt in Alport's Leasow ; and that Mr. Huddleston and self should appoint a place in my ground, whether he and his brothers should bring the king, about twelve or one of clock that night, which we accordingly did and Pendrell speedily sent away to acquaint his majestie. Att night, Mr. Huddleston and self, as soon as all the familie was gone to bedd, went to our severall stands, hee to a close called the Moore, and myself to the usual drie pitt. My lord came punctually according to his howre, whom I brought up to his chamber, and after the time prefixed, hee wisht me to go to Mr. Huddleston, to see if they were come with his friend, as hee called him ; but I returning and

telling him they were not, hee seemed much troubled and apprehensive of his miscarriage; then after a little while he wisht me to go again, and to stay in the orchard expecting them, where, after a while, I saw them comeing up the Long Walke, which I speedily acquainted his lordship with, who wished mee to stay att the orchard door, and to show him the way to the stayrs, where my lord expected him with a light. When hee came to the door with the Pendrells guarding him, he was so habited like one of them, that I could not tell which was hee, only I knew all the rest; I could scarce putt off my hatt to him, but hee discovering by the light the stayrs ymediatlie went to them, where his lordship expected him, and took him up to his chamber; then I took the Pendrells into the buttry to eate and drink, that I might dispatch them away, and secure the house; but 'ere they had done, my lord sent Mr. Huddleston down to mee, desireing mee to come up, which accordingly I did, and comeing att the chamber door, his majestie and my lord being both at a cupboard's head nigh to itt, talking, his lordship said to mee, "This gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed, is both your maister, mine, and the maister of us all, to whom wee all owe our duty and allegiance"; and so, kneeling down, he gave me his hand to kiss, and bidd me arise, and said he had receaved from my lord such a character of my loyaltie and

readines in those dangers to assist him and his friends, that hee would never bee unmindful of me or mine; and the next word after was, "where is the private place my lord tells me of?" which being already prepared[1] and showed him, hee went into itt, and when come forth, said it was the best place hee was ever in. Then hee returning to his chamber, sitting down by the fire side, wee pulled off his shoes and stockings, and washed his feet, which were most sadly galled, and then pulled off likewise his apparell and shirt, which was of hurden cloth, and put him one of Mr. Huddleston's and other apparell of ours; then after he had refreshed himself a little by eating some biskett, and drinking a glass of wine, he grew very chearful, and said, if it would please Almighty God to send him once more an army of 10,000 good and loyall soldiers and subjects, he feared not to expell all those rogues forth of his kingdom: then after an houre's discourse, or more, he was desirous to repose himself on a bedd that night.[2] The next day, the servants were sent all forth to work, only the cook maid, a Catholike, kept within to get provisions, as pretended, for a relation of Mr. Huddleston's, who fled to him from Worcester fight, neither she, nor Mr. Huddleston's schollars admitted to his sight, nor having the least suspect who hee was, the boys having, during his

[1 *Vide* Petitions, p. xxxi.] [2 Sunday night.

stay, liberty to play, and to watch who were comeing, whereupon Sir Jo. Preston one night att supper with the other boys said, "Eate hard boys, for wee have been on the life-guard and hard duty this day"[1] (more trulie spoken than he was aware). In the morning my lord took my mother to his majestie, and aquainted him who shee was, who kneeling down to kiss hand, he most gratiously saluted, and when she brought up dinner, would have her sitt down with him, Mr. Huddleston and myself wayting. In the afternoon I was sent to Hampton,[2] to enquire after news, and at my return wisht by my lord to send for his horses that night from Colonel Lane's, which I did accordingly, and he returned with them.[3] All that night his majestie lay on his bed, Mr. Huddleston watching within, and myself without doors. The next morning[4] my studie door being open, his majestie was pleased, with Mr. Huddleston and self to go into itt, and for diversion to look forth of it into the court and common roade, where he saw many of his soldiers, and some of his own regiment, which he knew, come up to the doors, some for provisions, and others for plaisters for their wounds. There he told us of the Scotts usage, and of his march from thence to Worcester, and of the fight there, and enquired of us how this country

[1] Monday.
[2] Wolverhampton.]
[3] Monday.]
[4] Tuesday.

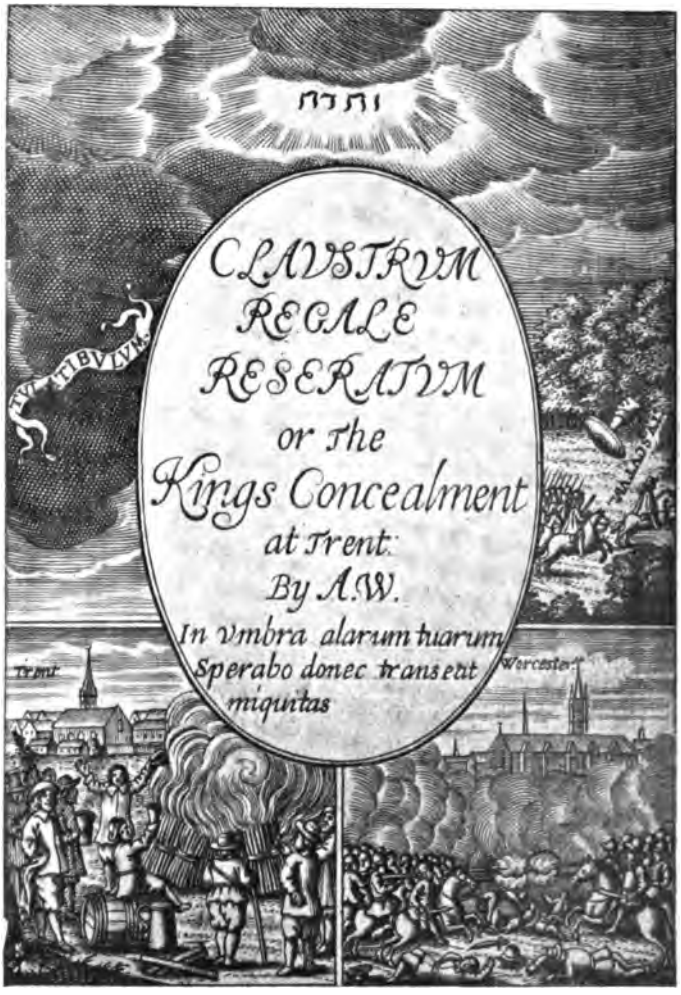
and the gentry stood affected, and who were against him: then, looking upon severall books, he saw Mr. Turbervill's Catechisme, and read a little of itt, said itt was a pretty book, and that hee would take itt with him. In the afternoon, reposing himself on his bed in the parlour chamber, and inclineing to sleep, as I was watching at the window, one of the neighbours I saw come running in, who told the maid, soldiers were comeing to search, who, thereupon, presentlie came running to the staires head, and cried, "Soldiers, soldiers are coming;" which his majestie hearing, presentlie started out of his bedd and run to his privacie, where I secured him the best I could, and then leaving him, went forth into the street to meet the soldiers who were comeing to search, who as soon as they saw, and knew who I was, were readie to pull mee in pieces, and take me away with them, saying I was come from the Worcester fight; but after much dispute with them, and by the neighbours being informed of their false information, that I was not there, being very ill a great while, they let mee goe; but till I saw them clearly all gone forth of the town, I returned not; but as soon as they were, I returned to release him, and did aquaint him with my stay, which hee thought long, and then hee began to bee very chearful again. In the interim, whilst I was disputing with soldiers, one of them called Southall came in the ffould,

and asked a smith, as hee was shooing horses there, if he could tell where the king was, and he should have a thousand pounds for his payns, as the smith called Holbeard since several times hath told mee and others. This Southall was the great priest-catcher, and Captain Lane's and Mr. Vernon's true cavalier in the plotting time. That afternoon my lord sent word he would send Colonel Lane with an horse for the king about midnight,[1] and that I must expect him att the usuall place. At night, his majestie wisht Mr. Huddleston to show him our oratory, saying hee knew hee was a priest, and hee needed not fear to own itt to him, for if it pleased God to restore him to his kingdom, we should never need more privacies; who having seen itt, said itt was a very decent place. Afterwards I went to the colonel, and took a nephew, Mr. Fra. Reynolds, with mee, to hold the horses whilst the colonel went up to the house with me, who arriving, I brought him to the orchard stile, where he would stay and expect till we brought his majestie to him; of which, I aquainting his majestie, he sent mee for my mother to come to take leave of him; who bringing with her some raysings, almonds, and other sweet meats, which shee presenting to him, some whereof hee was pleased to eat, and some took with him; afterwards, wee all kneeling down, and praying

[1] Tuesday.

Almighty God to bless, prosper, and preserve him, hee was pleased to salute my mother, and give her thanks for his kind entertainment, and then giving his hand to Mr. Huddlèston and myself to kiss, saying if itt pleased God to restore him, hee would never be unmindful of us, hee took leave and went, conducted with Mr. Huddleston and self to the colonel, and thence to his horses expecting him, where, he having gott on horseback, wee kneeled, and kiss his hand again, offering all our prayers for his saftie and preservation, Mr. Huddleston putting on him a cloak of his to keep him from cold and wett, which, afterwards, by the colonel's order, was sent to mee, wee took leave.

Tract No. IV



TITLE-PAGE OF "CLAUSTRUM REGALE RESERATUM"
1681 EDITION

Claustrum Regale Reseratum

OR

THE KINGS Concealment

AT

TRENT

Published by *A. W.*

In umbra alarum tuarum sperabo donec transeat iniquitas

LONDON,

Printed by *M. Clark*, for *H. Brome* in *S. Pauls* Churchyard, & *C. Harper* in *Fleetstreet.* 1681

TO THE

QUEENS

Most Excellent

MAJESTY.

THIS little Book having obtained liberty, after a long Imprisonment, to walk abroad, prostrates it self at Your Majesties feet for patronage and protection. In it Your Majesty may behold GOD'S wonderfull Mercy and Providence, in keeping and preserving our Gracious Sovereign from the hands of His Enemies, when they so pleased themselves with the hopes of seising His Sacred Person after the Battel of Worcester, As they had invented and prepared new ways to afflict His Majesty, such as till then never entred into the Harts [of] the worst of Tyrants before them. But it pleased God to frustrate the hopes and designs of the Kings Adversaries, and to restore His Majesty to His Fathers

Throne: Which that he may long enjoy with Your Majesty, in health, Peace and Happiness, Is, and shall be the prayers of

Your MAJESTIES
Most obedient, and most
Faithful Servant,
ANNE WYNDHAM.

Claustrum Regale Resreatum:

OR,

THE KING'S

Concealment

AT

TRENT.

How that after the Battel of Worcester, his Sacred Majesty most wonderfully escaped the hands of his blood-thirsty Enemies, and (under a Disguise, in the company of Mrs. Jane Lane) safely arrived at Abbots-Leigh in Somersetshire (the seat of Sir George Norton, lying near to the City of Bristol) hath been fully published unto the World. His Majesties Journey from thence to the House of Colonel Francis Wyndham at Trent in the same County, his Stay there, his Endeavour (though frustrate) to get over into France, his Return to Trent, his final Departure thence in order to his happy Transportation, are the subject of this present Relation. A Story,

in which the Constellations of Providence are so refulgent, that their light is sufficient to confute all the Atheists of the world, and to enforce all persons (whose faculties are not pertinaciously depraved) to acknowledge a watchful Eye of GOD from above, looking upon all Actions of Men here below, making even the most wicked, subservient to his just and glorious designs. And indeed, whatsoever the Antients fabled of Gyges's Ring, by which he could render himself Invisible, or the Poets fancied of their Gods, who usually carried their chief Favourites in the Clouds, and by drawing those aerial Curtains, did so conceal them, that they were heard and seen of none, whilst they both heard and saw others, is here most certainly verified. For, the Almighty so closely covered the King, with the wing of his Protection, and so clouded the Understanding of his cruel Enemies, that the most piercing Eye of malice could not see, nor the most Barbarously-bloody Hand offer Violence to his Sacred Person: God smiting his Pursuers (as once he did the Sodomites) with blindness, who with as much eagerness sought to sacrifice the Lord's Anointed to their fury, as the other did to prostitute the Angels to their lust.

But before the several Particulars of this Story are laid open, two Questions (easily foreseen) which will be readily asked by every Reader, call for an Answer. The one is, Why

this Relation so much expected, so much longed for, has been kept up all this while from publick veiw? And the other, How it comes to pass, that now it takes the liberty to walk abroad? Concerning the first, it must be known, that a Narrative of these Passages was (by especial command from his Majesty) written by the Colonels own hand, immediately after the Kings return into England; which (being presented to his Majesty) was laid up in his Royal Cabinet, there to rest for some time, it being the Kings pleasure (for reasons best known to his Sacred self) that it should not then be published.

And as his Majesties command to keep it private, is a satisfactory answer to the first; so, his licence now obtained that it might travel abroad, may sufficiently resolve the second question. But besides this, many prevalent reasons there are, which plead for a publication; the chief of which are briefly these. That the implacable Enemies of this Crown may be for ever silenced and ashamed; who having neither law, nor Religion to patronize their unjust undertakings, construed a bare Permission, to be a Divine Approbation of their Actions; and (taking the Almighty to be such a one as themselves) blasphemously entitled God to be the Author of all their wickedness. But the arm of God stretched out from heaven to the rescue of the

King, cutting off the clue of their Success, even then when they thought they had spun up their thred, hath not left them so much as an apron of fig-leaves to cover the nakedness of their most shameful proceedings.

The next is, That the Truth of his Majesties Escape (being minced by some, mistaken by others, and not fully set forth by any) might appear in its native beauty and splendor: That as every dust of gold is gold, and every ray of light is light; so every jot and title of Truth being truth, not one grain of the treasure, nor one beam of the lustre of this Story might be lost or clouded; it being so rare, so excellent, that aged Time out of all the Archives of Antiquity can hardly produce a Parallel. Singularly admirable indeed it is, if we consider the Circumstances and Actors. The Colonel (who chiefly designed, and moved in this great affair) could not have had the freedom to have served his Majesty, had he not been a Prisoner; his very Confinement giving him both a liberty, and protection to act. For, coming home from Weymouth upon his parole, he had the opportunity to travel freely, without fear of being stopped, and taken up: And being newly removed from Sherborne to Trent, the jealous eye of Somersetshire Potentates had scarce then found him out, whose malevolent Aspect afterwards seldom suffered him to live at home, and too too often

furnished his House with very unwelcom guests. Others, who contributed their Assistance, were persons of both sexes, and of very different conditions and qualities: And although their endeavours often proved successless, though they received discouragements on one hand, were terrified with threats on the other; That a seal of silence should be imprinted upon the lips of women, who are become proverbial for their garrulity; That faithfulness and constancie should guard the hearts of servants, who are usually corrupted with rewards, or affrighted with punishments; That neither Hope nor Fear (most powerful passions, heightned by capital animadversions proclaimed against All that should conceal, and large Remunerations promised to such as should discover the King) could work nothing upon any single person, so as to remove him or her from their respective duty, but that all should so harmoniously concenter, both in the design, and also afterward keep themselves so long close shut up under the lock of secrecy, that nothing could be discovered by the most exquisite art and cunning, till the blessed Restauration of his Majesty to his glorious Throne, so filled their hearts with joy, that it broke open the door of their lips, and let their tongue loose to tell this Miracle to the amazed World, would (were not the Persons yet alive, and the Story fresh in memory) rarifie it into a Romance.

The reproaches and scandals, by which some envious Persons have sought to diminish and vilifie the faithful services, which the Colonel out of the integrity of his soul performed unto his Majesty, shall not here be mentioned. Because by taking up dirt to bespatter him, they defile their own hands, and the gun they level at his Reputation, recoils to the wounding of their own.

These things thus premised, by way of Introduction, open the Gate, through which you may enter, and in the ensuing Pages (as in several Tables) take a full view of the Particulars.

The Disguise His Majesty put on, secured him from the Cruelty of his Enemies; but could not altogether hide him from the prying eyes of his dutiful subjects. For in the time of his stay at Leigh, one John Pope (then Butler to Sir George Norton, but formerly a souldier for the King in the West) through all those clouds espied the most Illustrious Person of the King. With him His Majesty (after he saw himself discovered) was pleased familiarly to discourse; And speaking of the great Sufferings of very many of his Friends in the Western parts, (most whereof were well known to Pope) his Majesty enquired if he knew Colonel Francis Wyndham, who (in the time of the late Wars) was Governor of Dunster-Castle? "Very well, Sir,"

answered Pope. The King then demanding what was become of him? Pope replies, That the Colonel had married Mrs. Anne Gerrard, one of the daughters and heiresses of Thomas Gerrard Esq; late of Trent in Somersetshire, and that he had newly brought thither his Mother (the Lady Wyndham)[1] his Wife and family, and that he believed the Colonel intended there to reside and live. His Majesty having received this intelligence concerning the Colonel, together with an exact information of the cituation of Trent, sought an opportunity to speak with Mrs. Lane, (from whom the better to conceal himself, he then kept at a distance) and by means of Mr. Lassels (who accompanied the King in this journey) obtaining his desire, His Majesty with much contentment imparted to Mrs. Lane what Pope had informed him concerning Colonel Wyndham, and his habitation; telling her withal, That if she could bring him thither, he should not much doubt of his safety.

In this very point of time comes the Lord Henry Wilmot (afterward Earl of Rochester), from Dirham in Glocestershire (the seat of John Winter Esq; a person of known loyalty and integrity) to Leigh. My Lord had attended his Majesty in his passage Westward, and on Friday morning (September the 13), met accidentally

[1 Eliz., *née* Coningsby, wife of Col. Sir Thos. Wyndham of Kentsford (*vide* Appendix, p. 241).]

Captain Thomas Abington of Dowdswell in the County of Glocester[1] at Pinbury Park;[2] and being known by the Captain, (who had served under his lordship in the Wars) was that night by him conducted to Mr. Winter's, from whom his Lordship (as he hath often since acknowledged) received great Civilities. Mrs. Lane presently reveals to the Lord Wilmot the King's resolution to remove to Trent: whereupon my Lord demanded of Henry Rogers (Mr. Winter's servant, and his Lordships guide from Dirham to Leigh) whether he knew Trent? He answered that Colonel Wyndham and his Master had married two Sisters, and that he had often waited on his Master thither. These things so happily concurring, his Majesty commanded the Lord Wilmot to haste to Trent and to ascertain the Colonel of his speedy Approach.

His Lordship took leave, and continuing Rogers for his guide, with one Robert Swan, arrived at Trent the sixteenth of September. Rogers was sent in forthwith to the Colonel to acquaint him, that a Gentleman a friend of his, desired the feavour of him, that he would please to step forth and speak with him. The Colonel enquiring of Rogers whether he knew the

[1 The old Manor House of Dowdeswell, belonging to the Rogers family (who intermarried with the Abingtons) is about 4½ miles from Cheltenham.]

[2 Near Cirencester (*vide* "Flight of the King").]

Gentleman or his business? answered, No, he understood nothing at all, but only that he was called by the name of Mr. Morton. Then without further discourse the Colonel came forth, and found the Gentleman walking near the Stable; whom as soon he approached, (although it was somewhat dark) he saluted by the Title of My Lord Wilmot. His Lordship seemed to wonder that he should be known, but it was nothing strange considering the Colonel's former acquaintance with him, being one of the first that engaged under his Command in His late Majesties service. Besides his Lordship was not in the least altered, except a Hawk on his fist, and a Lure by his side might pass for a Disguise. This Confidence of his Lordship really begat admiration in the Colonel, calling to mind the great danger he was in, and whose Harbinger he was; For he advertised the Colonel, that the King himself was on his way to Trent, intending that very night to lodge at Castle-Cary (a Town six miles thence) hoping by Gods assistance to be with him about ten of the clock next morning.

At this joyful news the Colonel was transported, (there having run a report, that his Majesty was slain in the Fight at Worcester) and giving God thanks for his wonderful mercy, he assured his Lordship, "That for His Majesties preservation he would value neither his life,

family nor fortune, and would never injure His Majesties confidence of him; not doubting, but that God, who had led His Majesty through the midst of such inexpressible dangers, would deliver him from all those barbarous threats, and bloody intentions of his enemies." With these and such like expressions, the Colonel brought the Lord Wilmot into his parlour, where he received an exact account of His Majesties condition and present affairs.

Next morning, the Colonel found it necessary to acquaint the Lady Wyndham, his mother, and also his own lady, with the particulars the Lord Wilmot had overnight imparted to him, concerning the King. The relation he gave them, did not (through the weakness of their sex) bring upon them any womanish passion, but surprized with joy, they most cheerfully resolve, (without the least shew of fear) to hazard all, for the safety of the King. And so (begging Gods blessing upon their future endeavours) they contrive how his Majesty might be brought into the house, without any suspicion to their family, consisting of above twenty persons. Among them therefore, Mrs. Julian Coningsby (the Lady Wyndham's Neece) Elianor Withers, Joan Halsenoth, and Henry Peters, (whose loyalty to the King, and fidelity to themselves, they had sufficiently experienced) are made privy to their design. Next they consider what Chambers

CUP COMMEMORATING THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES

After Worcester [illegible]

[illegible] and would [illegible] figure His [illegible] [illegible] of him not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had His Majesty [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CUP COMMEMORATING THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II

[illegible] ES II. ESCAPE AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER, AND THE RESCUE OF CHARLES II

REMAINING PANELS OF THE CUP COMMEMORATING THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II

are fittest for his Majesties reception. Four are made choice of; amongst which the Lady Wyndham's was counted most convenient for the day-time, where the servants might wait with more freedom upon his Majesty. Then a safe place is provided to retreat unto, in case of search, or imminent danger: And lastly, Employments are designed to remove all others out of the way at the instant of His Majesties arrival. All which after a while, answered their desires, even beyond their expectation.

Between nine and ten the next Morning, the Colonel and his Lady walking towards the fields adjoining to the house, espied the King riding before Mrs. Lane, and Mr. Lassels in their company. As soon as his Majesty came near the Colonel, He called to him, "Frank, Frank, how dost thou do?" By which gracious pleasance the Colonel perceived, that though his Majesties habit and countenance were much changed yet his heroick spirit was the same, and his mind immutable. The Colonel (to avoid the jealous eyes of some neighbours) instantly conveyed the King and Mrs. Lane into the Lady Wyndham's Chamber, where the passions of Joy and Sorrow did a while combat in them, who beheld his Sacred Person. For what loyal Eye could look upon so glorious a Prince thus eclipsed, and not pay unto Him the Homage of Tears? But the consideration of His Majesties safety, the

gracious words of his own mouth confuting the sad reports of his untimely death, together with the hope of his future preservation, soon dried them up. In a short time the Colonel brought the Lord Wilmot to the King, and then the ladies withdrew into the Parlour, having first agreed to call Mrs. Lane Cousin, and to entertain her with the same Familiarity as if she had been their nearest Relation. That day she stayed at Trent, and the next morning early Mr. Lassels and she departed.

His Majesty, after He had refreshed himself, commanded the Colonel in the presence of the Lord Wilmot, to propose, What way he thought most probable for his Escape into France; for thither he desired with all speed to be transported. The Colonel (the King giving him this opportunity) entertained and encouraged his Majesty with this remarkable passage of Sir Thomas Wyndham (his Father) "Who, not long before his death (in the Year 1636) called unto him his five Sons, (having not seen them together in some years before) and discoursed unto us (said he) of the loving Peace and Prosperity this Kingdom had enjoyed under its Three last Glorious Monarchs: Of the many Miseries and Calamities which lay sore upon our Ancestors, by the several Invasions and Conquests of Foreign Nations, and likewise by Intestine Insurrections and Rebellions. And notwithstanding the strange

mutations and Changes in England, he shewed, how it pleased God in love to our Nation to preserve an undoubted Succession of Kings, to sit in the Regal Throne. He mentioned the healing Conjunction of the two Houses of York and Lancaster, and the blessed Union of the two Crowns of England and Scotland, stopping up those fountains of Blood, which, by National feuds and quarrels kept open, had like to have drowned the whole Island. He said, he feared the beautiful garment of Peace would shortly be torn in pieces through the Neglect of Magistrates, the general corruption of manners, and the prevalence of a Puritanical faction, which (if not prevented) would undermine the very pillars of Government. My Sons! we have hitherto seen serene and quiet Times: but now prepare your selves for cloudy and troublesom. I command you to honour and obey our Gracious Sovereign, and in all times to adhere to the Crown; and though the Crown should hang upon a Bush, I charge you forsake it not. These words being spoken with much earnestness, both in gesture and manner extraordinary, he arose from his chair, and left us in a deep consultation what the meaning should be of—The Crown hanging upon a Bush. These words, Sir, (said the Colonel) made so firm an impression in all our breasts, that the many afflictions of these sad Times cannot raze out their undelible

characters. Certainly these are the days which my Father pointed out in that Expression: and I doubt not, God hath brought me through so many dangers, that I might shew my self both a dutiful Son, and a loyal Subject, in faithfully endeavouring to serve your Sacred Majesty, in this your greatest Distress."

After this Rehearsal, the Colonel (in obedience to His Majesties command) told the King, that Sir John Strangways (who had given many testimonies of his loyalty, having two Sons, both of them Colonels for his Royal Father) lived but four miles from Trent; That he was a person of great fortune and interest in Dorsetshire, and therefore he supposed that either Sir John, or his Sons might be servicable to His Majesty's occasions. The King, in prosecution of this proposal, commanded the Colonel to wait on them; and accordingly the next morning he went over to Melbury; the place where Sir John dwelt.[1] No sooner was he come thither, but he met with Colonel Giles Strangways, and after usual salutations, they walked into the Park adjoyning to the House, where Colonel Wyndham imparted the reason and end of his present Visit. Colonel Strangways his Answer was, That he was infinitly grieved, because he was not able to serve His Majesty in procuring a Vessel

[1 About ten miles south of Trent. See "Flight of the King," p. 122.]

[illegible] Words for Light

[illegible] Certainly these are the days which [illegible] in that Profession and [illegible] God hath enabled through [illegible] that I might shew my self [illegible] and a loyal Subject in faithfully [illegible] to serve your Sacred Majesty in [illegible] present Distress."

[illegible] his Rehearsal, the Colonel (as [illegible] His Majesties command) told the King, [illegible] John Strangways (who had given many [illegible] of his loyalty, having two Sons, [illegible] Colonels for his Royal Father) lived [illegible] miles from Trent; That he was a person [illegible] and interest in Dorsetshire and [illegible] supposed that either Sir John or [illegible] might be serviceable to his Majesty's [illegible] The King, in prosecution of the [illegible] ordered the Colonel to wait on [illegible] accordingly the next morning at [illegible] Bury; the place where Sir John [illegible] never was he come thither, but his [illegible] and Giles Strangways, and [illegible] as they walked into the Park [illegible] House, where Colonel Wyndham [illegible] soon at end of his present [illegible] Strangways his Answer was, That [illegible] mightily grieved, because he was not able [illegible] his Majesty in procuring a Vessel

[illegible] south of Trent. See "Flight of the King."

COLONEL GILES STRANGWAYS

according to expectation; That he knew not any one Master of a Ship, or so much as one Mariner that he could trust: All that were formerly of his acquaintance in Weymouth, being for their loyalty banished, and gone beyond the sea; and in Pool and Lime he was a meer stranger, having not one Confident in either. A hundred pounds in Gold he delivered to Colonel Wyndham, to present to the King; which at his return, by Command was deposited in the hands of the Lord Wilmot, for his Majesties use.

About this time the Forces under Cromwell were retreated from Worcester into the several Quarters of the Country; some of which coming to Trent, proclaimed the Overthrow of the King's Army, and the Death of the King, giving out that he was certainly killed; And one of them affirmed that he saw him dead, and that he was buried among the rest of the slain, no injury being offered to his body, because he was a Valiant Soldier, and a Gallant man. This welcome News so tickled the Sectaries, that they could not hold from expressing their joy by making Bonfires, firing of Guns, Drinking, and other jollities; And for a close of all, to the Church they must, and there ring the Kings knell. These rude Extravagancies moved not his Majesty at all, but only (as if he were more troubled for their madness, than his own

misfortune) to this most Christian and compassionate Expression, "Alas poor people!"

Now though the King valued not the menaces of his proud Enemies, being confident they could do him no hurt; yet he neglected not to try the faithfulness of his Friends to convey him out of their reach. Thus the former design proving unsuccessful, and all hope of Transfretation that way being laid aside, the Colonel acquainted His Majesty, that one Captain William Ellesden of Lime (formerly well known unto him) with his Brother John Ellesden, (by means of Colonel Bullen Reymes of Wadden in Dorsetshire) had conveyed over into France, Sir John Berkley (afterward Lord Berkley) in a time of danger. To this Captain therefore His Majesty sends the Colonel, who lodging at his house in Lime, took an opportunity to tell him, That the Lord Wilmot had made his Escape from Worcester; that he lay privately near to him; and that his Lordship had earnestly solicited him to use his utmost Endeavours to secure him from the hands of the pursuers. To this purpose he was come to town, and assured the Captain, if he would joyn in this affair, his Courtesie should never be forgotten. The Captain very cordially embraced the motion, and went with the Colonel to Charmouth (a little place near Lime) where at an Inn, he brought to him a Tenant of his, one Stephen Limbry, assuring

the Colonel that he was a right honest man, and a perfect Royalist. With this Limbry Colonel Wyndham treated under the name of Captain Norris, and agreed with him to transport himself and three or four friends into France. The conditions of their Agreement were; That before the two and twentieth Day of that instant September, Limbry should bring his Vessel into Charmouth-Road, and on the said two and twentieth, in the night should receive the Colonel and his company into his Long-boat from the Beach near Charmouth, from thence carry them to his Ship, and so land them safe in France. This the Colonel conjured Limbry to perform with all secresie, because all the Passengers were of the Royal party, and intended to be shipped without leave, to avoid such Oaths and Engagements, which otherwise would be forced upon them: And therefore Privacie in this transaction would free him from Danger, and themselves from Trouble, the true cause why they so earnestly thirsted (for some time) to leave their native Country. Limbry's Salary was sixty pounds, which the Captain engaged to pay at his return from France, upon sight of a Certificate under the Passengers hands of their landing there. To the performance of these Covenants, Limbry with many vows and protestations obliging himself, the Colonel with much satisfaction, and speed came back to his Majesty and

the Lord Wilmot to Trent, who at the narration of these passages expressed no small contentment.

The business being thus far successfully laid, the King consults how it might be prudentially managed, that so there might be no miscarriage in the prosecution. Necessary it was that his Majesty and all his Attendants (contrary to the use of Travellers) should sit up all the night in the Inn at Charmouth; that they ought to have the command of the house, to go in and out at pleasure, the Tide not serving till twelve at night. To remove therefore all suspicion and Inconveniences, this Expedient was found out.

Henry Peters (Colonel Windham's servant) was sent to Charmouth Inn, who inviting the Hostess to drink a glass of wine, told her, That he served a very gallant Master, who had long most affectionately loved a Lady in Devon, and had the happiness to be well beloved by her; and though her Equal in birth and fortune, yet so unequal was his fate, that by no means could he obtain her Friends consent: And therefore it was agreed between them, that he should carry her thence, and marry her among his own Allies. And for this purpose his Master had sent him to desire her to keep the best Chambers for him, intending to be at her house upon the two and twentieth day of that month in the evening; where he resolved not to lodge, but only to refresh himself and friends, and so travel on

either that night, or very early next morning. With this Love-story (thus contrived and acted) together with a Present delivered by Peters from his Master, the Hostess was so well pleased, that she promised him, her house and servants should be at his Masters command. All which she very justly performed.

When the day appointed for His Majesties journey to Charmouth was come, he was pleased to ride before Mrs. Julian Coningsby (the Lady Wyndham's Neece) as formerly before Mrs. Lane: The Colonel was His Majesties Guide, whilst the Lord Wilmot with Peters kept at a convenient distance, that they might not seem to be all of one company.

In this manner travelling, they were timely met by Captain Elesden, and by him conducted to a private house of his Brothers among the hills near Charmouth.[1] There His Majesty was pleased to discover himself to the Captain, and to give him a piece of foreign Gold, in which in his solitary hours he made a hole to put a ribbon in. Many like pieces His Majesty vouchsafed the Colonel and his Lady, to be kept as Records of His Majesties favour, and of their own fidelity to his most Sacred Person in the day of his greatest Trial. All which they have most thankfully treasured up as the chiefest Jewels of their Family.

[1 "Elsdon's Farm" (see "Flight of the King," pp. 124, 125.]

This Royal Company from thence came to the Inn at Charmouth, a little after night; where Captain Elesden solemnly engaging to see the Master of the Ship ready, (the wind blowing then fair for France) took leave of his Majesty. About an hour after came Limbry to the Inn, and assured the Colonel all things were prepared, and that about midnight his Long-boat should wait at the place appointed. The set hour drawing nigh, the Colonel with Peters went to the Sea-side (leaving His Majesty and the Lord Wilmot in a posture to come away upon call) where they remained all night expecting; but seeing no Long-boat, neither hearing any message from the Master of the ship, at the break of day the Colonel returns to the Inn, and beseeches the King and the Lord Wilmot to haste from thence. His Majesty was intreated; but the Lord Wilmot was desirous to stay behind a little, promising to follow the King to Bridport, where His Majesty intended to make a halt for him.

When the King was gone, the Lord Wilmot sent Peters into Lime, to demand of Captain Elesden the reason why Limbry broke his Promise, and forfeited his word? He seemed much surprised with this message, and said, He knew no reason, except it being Fair-day the Seamen were drunk in taking their Farewell; and withall advised his Lordship to be gone, because his stay there could not be safe. But

since that, Limbry himself hath given this account under his own hand:—

That according to an Agreement made at Charmouth, September the 19, 1651, betwixt himself and one Captain Norris, (since known to be Colonel Francis Windham) he put forth his Ship beyond the Cobs-mouth into Charmouth-road, where his servants on the 22 of the same moneth were all ready in her, waiting his coming; That he going to his house about ten that night, for linen to carry with him, was unexpectedly locked into a chamber by his Wife, to whom he had a little before revealed his intended Voyage with some Passengers into France, for whose Transportation, at his Return, he was to receive a considerable sum of money from Captain Elesden.

This woman (it seems) was frighted into a panick fear by that dreadful Proclamation (of the tenth of September) set out by the Men of Westminster, and published that day at Lime. In this, a heavy Penalty was thundred out against all that should conceal the King, or any of his party who were at Worcester Fight; and a Reward of a Thousand pounds promised to any that should betray him. She, apprehending the Persons her husband engaged to carry over to be Royalists, resolved to secure him from danger, by making him a Prisoner in his own chamber. All the persuasions he used for his liberty, were in vain: For

the more he intreated, the more her violent passion increased, breaking forth into such clamors and lamentations, that he feared if he should any longer contend, both himself and the Gentlemen he promised to transport, would be cast away in this storm, without ever going to Sea.

Thus a Design in a business of the highest nature, carried on with industry and prudence, even to the very last, still promising full hope of a happy production, by one mans single whisper (the bane of Action) proved abortive. For no doubt, had Limbry kept his counsel, he had gained the honour of Conveying over his Majesty; of Whose Noble Courage and Vertue, God was pleased to make yet farther trial, as the sequel will inform.

The King passing on upon London-Road from Charmouth, met many travellers, among whom was one of his Fathers servants, well known both to His Majesty and the Colonel; who were very well pleased that he was not guilty of so much Civility, as to give either of them the Complement of a Salutation. As they drew near to Bridport, the Colonel riding a little before, and entering the town, perceived it full of Soldiers: whereupon stopping his horse till the King came up, he intreated His Majesty to keep on, and by no means to put himself into the mouth of them, who gaped greedily after his destruction. Nevertheless, the King having engaged to the Lord Wilmot, to

expect him there, (without the least apprehension of danger) rode into the George, and alighting in the Court, was forced to stay there, and in the Stable, near half an hour, before the Colonel could procure a Chamber. All this while his bloody Enemies were his only Companions, with whom he discoursed freely without fear, and learned from them their intended Voyage for Jersey and Guernsey, and their Design upon those Islands. Here may you see the Pursuers overtaken, and the bitterest of Enemies friendly discoursing with Him, whose utter Ruine they accounted would compleat their Happiness. He that sate in Heaven certainly laughed them to scorn, and by the interposition of his mighty Arm eclipsed their glory, and by his admirable Wisdom reproved and confuted their malice against the King, and their blasphemies against Heaven.

No sooner had the King withdrawn himself from his dangerous Company into a Chamber, (with much difficulty obtained) but Mrs. Coningsby espied Peters riding into the Inn. He (being beckned up) acquainted His Majesty, that the Lord Wilmot humbly petitioned him to make Haste out of that Place, and to overtake him slowly passing on the road, and waiting his Majesties coming. Presently upon the dismission of Peters, the King having taken some small repast, not far from the Town joyned in company again with the Lord Wilmot, and discoursing of the several

Adventures of that hopeful, and (as it fell out) most perilous Journey, concluded that London-Road was very unsafe, and therefore resolved to follow the next turning[1] which might probably lead towards Yeavill or Sherborn, neither of which is computed to be above two miles distant from Trent. Providence (the best of Guides) directed these Strangers (for so they were all to those parts) to a way, which after many hours travel brought them into a Village, in which was a small Inn for entertainment. Thus entred these masqued Travellers, to enquire where they were. And to this purpose calling for some Beer, the Host of the house (one Rice Jones) came forth, and informed them that the place was called Broadwinsor. The Colonel knew the Innkeeper and his wife to be very honest, loyal persons, and that for their fidelity to the King and his party, they had (according to their condition) undergone their share of troubles. The King understanding the affection of the people, resolves to lodge in the house that night, it being already somewhat dark, and His Majesty and Company sufficiently wearied with their former nights watching, and that days travel. The Colonel (while the horses were put up) desired Mr. Jones to shew him the most private rooms; the reason he gave was, Because his Brother-in-law Colonel Reymes (whom the Lord Willmot personated) had been

[1 This is known as "Lee Lane."]

[illegible] that hundred and fifty [illegible] fell out
[illegible] [illegible], concluded that Lord [illegible]
[illegible] himself, and thereupon resolved [illegible]
[illegible] at Worcester which [illegible]
[illegible] Vicar of Bloxborn, mother of [illegible]
[illegible] to be above two miles distant [illegible]
[illegible] distance (the best of [illegible]) [illegible]
the [illegible] gers for so they were [illegible]
to [illegible], which after many hours travel brought
them [illegible] a Village, in which we [illegible]
for [illegible] Parliament. There entered [illegible]
Town [illegible] to enquire where they were. [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] day for some Beer, the Host
[illegible] [illegible] Rice Jones) came [illegible] and told
[illegible] that the place was called Broad
[illegible] Which I knew did [illegible]
[illegible] by honest, loyal people, and that
[illegible] to the King and his party, they
[illegible] to their condition [illegible]
[illegible] The King [illegible]
[illegible] people, resolves to lodge [illegible]
[illegible], it being already [illegible]
[illegible] Party and Company [illegible]
[illegible] Summer nights [illegible]
[illegible] The Colonel (while the horse
[illegible] [illegible] ed Mr. Jones to shew him
[illegible] [illegible] ers; the reason being
Be[illegible] [illegible] other-in-law Colonel Ry[illegible]
([illegible] [illegible] will not prosecute) [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] "L[illegible] Lane"

BOSCOBEL AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE COMMANDERY, WORCESTER, WHERE THE WOUNDED
DUKE OF HAMILTON WAS REMOVED TO

a long time imprisoned as well as himself; That they had lately obtained their Parples, and to be seen together so far from their homes, might create new jealousies, and so consequently crush them with new troubles. The good Host upon this brought them up into the highest chambers, where Privateness recompensed the meanness of the Accommodation, and the pleasantness of the Host (a merry fellow) allayed and mitigated the weariness of the Guests. Now the face of things began to smile, which all the day and night preceding looked so louring and ill-favoured. But this short Calm was on a sudden interrupted by a violent Storm. For in comes the Constable with almost Forty Soldiers to be billeted that very night in the Inn: All the lower Receptacles were thronged up with this unexpected Company; so that the King was in a manner besieged, there being no passage from above, but through those suspected Guards. Thus every place brought forth its troubles, and every period of time disclosed fresh dangers! Shortly after the Soldiers had taken up their Quarters, a Woman in their company fell in labour in the Kitchin. The pangs she endured, made the Inhabitants of that place very ill at ease, fearing lest the whole Parish should become the reputed Father, and be enforced to keep the Child. To avoid this charge, the chiefest of the Parish post to the Inn, between whom and the Soldiers arose

a very hot conflict concerning provision to be made for the mother and the infant. This dispute continued till such time as (according to orders) they were to march to the Sea-side. This quarrelsom gossipping was a most seasonable diversion, exercising the minds of those troublesom Fellows, who otherwise were likely to have proved too too inquisitive after the Guests in the house; the sad consequences of which, every loyal heart trembles to think on.

Surely we cannot, (except we wilfully shut our own eyes) but clearly see, and with all reverence and thankfulness adore the Divine Goodness for His Majesties signal Deliverances in this Voyage. Especially if looking back upon Charmouth, we consider the dangers that threatned him, occasioned by the Lord Wilmot's short stay there, after the Kings departure. For one Hamnet a smith, being called upon to shoe his Lordships horse, said, He well knew by the fashion of the shoes, that they were never set in the West, but in the North. The Hostler (a bird of the same feather) hearing this, began to tell what Company had been there, how they sate up, and kept their horses saddled all the night; and from hence they conclude, That either the King, or some Great Persons had certainly been at the Inn. The Hostler (whose heart was soured against the King) runs presently to one Westly (of the same leaven) then Minister of Charmouth, to inform him of these Passages,

JANE LANE

and to ask counsel what was to be done. This Westley was at his Morning Exercise, and being something long-winded [And by the way it may be observed, that long Prayers proceeding from a Traiterous heart, once did good, but by accident onely] the Hostler, unwilling to lose his reward at the Gentlemans taking horse, returns without doing his errand. As soon as my Lord was mounted and gone, Hamnet tells Westly of the discourse between himself and the Hostler. Away comes Westley upon full speed to the Inn, and (almost out of breath) asks the woman of the house, what Guests she had entertained that night? She said, They were all strangers to her, she knew them not. "I tell you then," said he, "one of them was the King." Then hastily turning away from her, he and Hamnet ran to Mr. Butler of Commer (then Justice of Peace) to have him dispatch abroad his Warrants to raise the Country for the apprehending of the King, and those persons the last night with him at Charmouth. But he spends his mouth in vain, a deaf ear is turned upon him, no Warrant would be issued forth. This check given to his zeal so vexed him, that it had like to have caused a suffocation, had not Captain Massey (as errant a Hotspur as himself) given it vent, by raising a Party and pursuing the King upon London-Road. But God preserved His Majesty by diverting him to Broadwinsor, whilst Massey and his hot-

mettled company outran their Prey as far as Dorchester. And indeed, the report of the Kings being at Charmouth, was grown so common, that the Soldiers (lying in those parts) search'd the houses of several Gentlemen, who were accounted Royalists, thinking to surprize him. Amongst which, Pilisdon (the house of Sir Hugh Windham) Uncle to Colonel Francis Windham) was twice rifled. They took the old Baronet, his Lady, Daughters and whole Family, and set a Guard upon them in the Hall, whilst they examine every corner, not sparing either Trunk or Box. Then taking a particular view of their Prisoners, they seize a lovely young Lady, saying, she was the King disguised in womens apparel. At length being convinced of their gross and rude mistake, they desisted from offering any farther violence to that Family. And here it is much to be observed, that the same day the King went from Charmouth, Captain Elesden came to Pilesdon, and enquired of Sir Hugh and his Lady for the King and Colonel, confidently affirming that they must needs be there.

His Majesty having with an evenness of spirit gotten through this rough passage, safely anchored at Broadwinsor, Where at length enjoying some rest, he commands the Colonel to give his opinion what course was to be taken, as the face of affairs then looked. The Colonel (seeing Forces drawn

every where upon that shore) thought it very hazardous to attempt any thing more in Dorsetshire; and therefore humbly besought his Majesty, that he would be pleased to retreat to Trent: He hoped his Majesty was already satisfied in the fidelity of his servants; and that he doubted not, his Majesty might lie securely in that Creek, till it was fair weather, and a good season to put forth to Sea. He humbly advised, that Peters might conduct the Lord Wilmot to Mr. Huit's house at the Kings-Arms in Sarum, where he and many of his friends had been sheltered in the time of troubles. That Peters (being at Sarum) should by a private token bring his Lordship to Mr. John Coventry (his Kinsman) a Person Noble, Wise, and Loyal, with whom he had kept Intelligence in order to the Kings service, ever since his Majesty had set foot in Scotland; That he was assured Mr. Coventry would think himself highly honoured to correspond in this matchless employment, The King's Preservation. He desired the Lord Wilmot to be confident of lying concealed; And likewise to treat with Mr. Coventry, and by Peters to return his Majesty an account how he found that Gentleman affected towards this service.

This counsel being well relished and approved, 'twas resolved, That between Sarum and Trent (lying 30 miles distant and better) an intercourse should be kept by trusty messengers, and

a secret way of writing, to avoid danger in case of interception. All things being thus concluded, the King left his jovial Host at Broadwindsor, and returned with the Colonel and Mrs. Coningsby to Trent. The Lord Wilmot with Peters went that night to Sherborn, and the next morning was waited on by Swan (who attended his Lordship to the Colonels) and that Day got into Sarum; where he soon saluted Mr. Coventry, in all things fully answering his Lordships expectation: And (the 25 of September) Peters was sent back with this joyful message from the Lord Wilmot to his Majesty, That he doubted not (by Mr. Coventries assistance, and those recommended by him) to be able in some short time to effect his desires.

Whilst his Sacred Majesty enjoys his peace at Trent, and the Lord Wilmot (with those other Worthies) is busied at Sarum to procure its continuation, It cannot be impertinent to mention a Circumstance or two, which inserted in the midst of the web and texture of this Story would have looked unhandsom, but added as a fringe may prove ornamental.

Upon the Sunday morning after the King came to Trent, a Tailor of the Parish informed the Colonel, That the Zealots (which swarmed in that place) discoursed overnight, that Persons of Quality were hid in his House, and that they intended to search and seise them; and therefore

he desired the Colonel (if any such there were) to convey them thence, to avoid surprisal. The Colonel (rewarding the good man for his care and kindness towards himself and family) told him, That his Kinsman (meaning the Lord Wilmot) was not private, but publick in his house, (for so his Lordship pleased to be) and that he believed he would shew himself in the Church at the time of Prayers. When the honest fellow was gone, the Colonel acquaints the King what passed between himself and the Tailor, and withall besought his Majesty to persuade the Lord Wilmot to accompany him to Church, thinking by this means not only to lessen the jealousie, but also to gain the good opinion of some of the Fanaticks, who would be apt to believe, that the Colonel was rather brought to Church by my Lord, than his Lordship by the Colonel, who seldom came to that Place, since Faction and Rebellion had justled out, and kept possession against Peace and Religion. He alledged moreover, that he sate in an Ile distinct from the body of the Congregation, so that the Parishoners could not take a full view of any of his company. These reasons, joined with his Majesties command, prevailed with his Lordship; and (though he thought it a bold adventure, yet) it not only allayed the fury, but also took out the very sting of those wasps; insomuch that they who the last night talked of nothing but searching, began now to say, that Cromwell's late

success against the King, had made the Colonel a Convert.

All being now quiet about home, the Colonels Lady (under a pretence of a Visit) goes over to Sherborn to hear what news there was abroad of the King. And towards evening, at her return, a Troop of horse clapt privately into the town. This silent way of entring their Quarters, in so triumphant a time, gave a strong alarm to this careful Lady, whose thoughts were much troubled concerning her Royal Guest. A stop she made to hearken out what brought them thither, and whither they were bound: but not one grain of Intelligence could be procured by the most industrious enquiry. When she came home, she gave his Majesty an account of many stories, which like flying clouds were blown about by the breath of the people, striving to cover her trouble with the vail of chearfulness. But this the King perceiving to be rather forced than free, as at other Times, was earnest to know the cause of her discomposure. And to satisfie his Majesties importunity, she gave him a full relation of the Troop at Sherborn: At which his Majesty laughed most heartily, as if he had not been in the least concerned. Yet upon a serious debate of the matter, the Colonel and his Lady supplicated the King to take a view of his Privy chamber, into which he was persuaded to enter, but came presently forth again, much pleased, that upon the least approach

of danger, he could thither retreat with an assurance of security. All that night the Colonel kept strict watch in his house, and was the more vigilant, because he understood from Sherborn, that the Troop intended not to quarter there, but only to refresh themselves and march. And accordingly (not so much as looking towards Trent) about two of the clock next morning, they removed towards the Sea-coast. This fear being over, the King rested all the time of his stay at Trent, without so much as the apprehension of a disturbance.

The strangeness of which will be much increased by the addition of what a Captain who served under Cromwell at Worcester, reported to two Divines of undoubted Veracity, long before the King's blessed Restauration: That he was followed and troubled with Dreams for three Nights together, That the King was hid at Trent near Sherborn, in a house nigh to which stood a Grove or patch of trees, and that thither he should go and find him. This suggestion thus reiterated, was a powerful spur to prick him forwards: But the hand which held the reins and kept him back, was irresistible.

Now the hands of his Majesties enemies were not only restrained from doing him evil, but the hands of his friends were strengthened to do him good. In order to which, Colonel Edward Phelips of Montacute, in the County of Somerset,

came from Sarum to his Majesty (Septem. 28) with this intelligence, That his brother Colonel Robert Phelips was employed to Southampton to procure a Vessel, of whose transaction his Majesty should receive a speedy account.

In the mean time, Captain Thomas Littleton (a Neighbour of Colonel Wyndham) was dispatch'd up into Hampshire, where by the aid of Mr. Standish he dealt with the Master of a Ship, who undertook to carry off the Lord Wilmot and his company, upon the condition his Lordship would follow his direction. But the hope of Colonel Phelips his good success at Hampton dashed this enterprise, and the Captain was remanded [back] to Trent, and to make no progress till farther order.

Upon the first of October Mr. John Selliok (Chaplain to Mr. Coventry) brought a Letter to his Majesty. In answer to which the King wrote back, That he desired all Dilligence might be used in providing a Vessel; and if it should prove difficult at Hampton, trial should be made farther: That they should be ascertained of a Ship before they sent to remove him, that so he might run no more hazards than what of necessity he must meet with in his passage from Trent to the place of his Transportation.

October the fifth, Colonel Phelips came from the Lord Wilmot and Mr. Coventry to his Majesty with this assurance, That all things were

MONTACUTE HOUSE, THE OLD SEAT OF THE PHELIPS FAMILY

OLD INN AT SOUTHAMPTON WHERE TRANSACTIONS WERE MADE FOR PROCURING A VESSEL FOR THE KING

ready; And that he had informed himself with the most private ways, that so he might with greater probability of safety guide his Majesty to the Sea-side. As soon as the King heard this Message, He resolved upon his Journey. Colonel Wyndham earnestly petitions his Majesty, that he might wait on him to the shore: But his Majesty gave no grant, saying, It was no way necessary, and might prove very inconvenient. Upon the renewing this request, the King commanded the contrary, but sweetned his denial with this promise, That if he were put to any distress, he would again retreat to Trent.

About ten next morning (October the sixth) his Majesty took leave of the old Lady Wyndham, the Colonels Lady and Family, not omitting the meanest of them that served him. But to the good old Lady he vouchsafed more than an ordinary respect, who accounted it her highest honour, that she had three Sons and one Grandchild slain in the defence of the Father, and that she her self in her old age had been instrumental in the protection of the Son, both Kings of England.

Thus his Sacred Majesty, taking Mrs. Juliana Coningsby behind him, attended by Colonel Robert Phelips, and Peters, bad Farewel to Trent, the Ark in which God shut him up, when the Floods of Rebellion had covered the face of his Dominions. Here he rested Nineteen days,

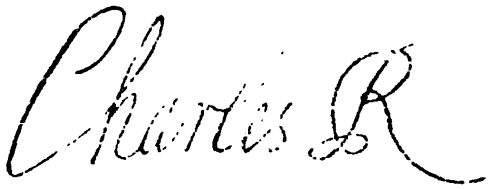
to give his faithful Servants time to work his deliverance: And the Almighty crowned their endeavours with success, that his Majesty might live to appear as Glorious in his Actions, as Couragious in his Sufferings.

Tract No. V

Mr. Ellesdon's Relation of the King's Escape from Lyme[1]

N.B.—The letter written by the Captain to the Earl of Clarendon ("Clarendon State Papers," vol. ii. pp. 563, 571), the MS. of which is in the Bodleian Library. The original draft of the letter, however, is in the possession of the Baillie-Hamilton family, to whom it descended from the Royalist Wiltshire family of Grove. The following transcript from the 1773 Oxford Edition of the "Clarendon State Papers," has been revised and added to from the original draft without going back to the confusing spelling of the manuscript.

[1] The document in the Bodleian Library is so endorsed by Lord Clarendon.



Charles R

Tract No. V

To the Rt. Hon. Edward Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, and one of His Majesty's Principal Ministers of State, etc.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Humbly conceiving that a compleat and perfect narration of the many and great dangers, and the as many and signal deliverances which his sacred majesty met withal after that fatal rout at Worcester, until his majesty's happy arrival at the port of safety which Almighty God, his gracious and merciful preserver, had designed for him, cannot but be very acceptable to all good Christians and loyal hearts, as being a work so much conducing to the glory of God, and the honour and renown of our most dread sovereign, and withal observing too great a defectiveness in those narratives on the subject that I have hitherto seen, as to some of those eminent deliverances which God was pleased mercifully to vouchsafe his majesty in the west; to the intent that, if God shall stir up the heart of any learned and able

historian to give a full and true account of those remarkable passages of Providence to the world, I may contribute my mite to such a noble and desirable undertaking; I have now (upon presumption of your lordship's favourable acceptance) taken upon me the boldness to present unto your lordship a brief account of those memorable passages in this kind, which myself (as having been agent in them) had the honour and the happiness to be acquainted with; the which your lordship may be pleased to take as followeth.

After that his majesty was disappointed of his hopes of embarking at Bristol (of which your lordship may inform yourself in that account which a person of quality hath given the world in his book stiled "The History of his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second," printed at London, anno 1660, page 125), his majesty desired to be brought some miles westward, to the house of a worthy gentleman, whom he knew to be a trusty friend; and accordingly, his majesty being conveyed to the house of Colonel Francis Wyndham of Trent, in Somerset, and here the colonel's advice was had about preparation of a passage for his majesty in some western port. In prosecution of which, myself being looked upon as a person that might be confided in, and in a capacity of serving his majesty in order to his transportation (having not long before been instrumental in getting safe passage for Sir John, now Lord

Berkeley, by means of my brother John Ellesdon, being then receiver of the customs in the port of Lyme, and brought to me by Colonel Bullen Reymes, having been designed passage in all other places attempted), upon or about the 18th of September, 1651, the aforesaid honourable and truly loyal gentleman, Colonel Francis Wyndham, came to me at my house at Lyme (where I then lived, looking upon it as some protection to me in those times to live in that town), when, after some other discourse had, and an engagement to secrecy passed betwixt us, he told me that the King had sent him to me, commanding me to procure him a vessel in order to his transportation into some part of France.

Being overjoyed to hear that my sovereign was so near me (as the colonel had informed me he was) and even ravished with content that an opportunity of expressing the loyalty of my heart to his most excellent majesty, so unexpectedly presented itself, I answered that I would with the utmost hazard of my person, and whatsoever else was dear unto me (as knowing myself by all obligations, both sacred and civil, thereunto obliged), strenuously endeavour the execution of his majesty's both just and reasonable commands in this particular; being verily persuaded, that either God would preserve me from, or else support me in and under any sufferings for so good a cause. Accordingly, I forthwith sent

one to the custom-house to make enquiry who had entered his vessel as bound for France. News was soon brought me that one S. L. of Charmouth had lately entered his bark, and intended a speedy voyage for St. Malo.

Not only myself, but also Colonel Wyndham was much affected with these tidings; I having first told him that I had an interest in the master (he being my tenant), and that he had ever the repute of being well affected to his majesty. This I took as a good omen for that the master of that vessel was my tenant and in whom I had at that time more than an ordinary interest by reason he was then in treaty for a forder (*sic*) estate in his liveing, moreover he always had the repute of being well affected to his majesty. Upon these encouragements, we (resolving to lose no time) rode to Charmouth by the seaside, to confer with the master, which way I the rather made choice of, that in our passage there I might show the colonel what place I judged most convenient for his majesty to take boat in (provided we could work the master to a compliance), in order to his embarking; and, indeed, a more commodious place for such a design could hardly be found, it lying upon the shore a quarter of a mile from any house, and from any horse or foot-path. The colonel being fully satisfied of the conveniency of the place, we rode into the town, and immediately sent for the master, who being

very happily at home, presently repaired to us at the inn.

Friendly salutations and some endearing compliments being passed between us (and a name that was not his own being by me, in the hearing of the master, given to the colonel, in the way of disguise), I told him that the end of our sending for him was to procure passage for a friend of mine and this gentleman's, who had a finger in the pye at Worcester. The man being startled at this proposition (as apprehending more than ordinary danger in such an undertaking), we were necessitated to use many arguments for the removal of his fears, which we so happily managed, that in a little time we saw the effect of them by his chearful undertaking the business. Wherefore, an ample reward being engaged for on our part, he with proffer of a handsome reward in case he would undertake the business which wrote so effectually on him as at last he condescended and promised speedily to prepare his vessel, and hale her out of the cob the Monday following, and about midnight to send his boat to the place appointed for the taking in of the passenger, and then immediately to put off to sea (if the winds were in the least favourable). Thus far we were agreed; and in all our discourse, there was no enquiry made by the master, nor any the least intimation given by us, who this passenger might

be, whose quality we purposely concealed, lest the hopes of gaining £1000 (the promised reward of the highest treason) might prove a temptation too strong for the master to grapple with.

Having thus far successfully proceeded in our business, we returned to Lyme. And the next day (being Friday), Colonel Wyndham resolved upon returning to his house at Trent with these hopeful tidings to his majesty. I bore him company part of his journey, and chose the land road from Lyme to Charmouth, that upon the top of a hill, situate in our way betwixt these two towns, upon a second view he might be the more perfectly acquainted with the way that leads from Charmouth to the place appointed for his majesty's taking boat; it being judged by us most convenient, upon several accounts, that the colonel, and not myself, should be his majesty's conductor thither. Here calling to mind that on Monday following (the day appointed for his majesty's embarking) a fair was to be held at Lyme, and withal doubting lest upon that account (through the nearness of the place), our inn in Charmouth might be filled with other guests, we sent down one Harry Peters, then a servant of the colonel's (who yet had not been there with us the day before), with instructions, and by an earnest of five shillings to secure the two best rooms in the inn against his majesty's coming; who told the

After Worcester Fight

[illegible] day we purposely concealed,
[illegible] ning £1000 (the promised reward
[illegible] treasor) might prove a temptation
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[illegible] majesty's company, who told

JANE LANE

hostess (to take off suspicion) this fair tale: That there was a young man to come thither the next Monday, that had stolen a gentlewoman to marry her, and (fearing lest they should be followed and hindered) that he desired to have the house and stables at liberty to depart at whatsoever hour of the night he should think fittest.

This message being performed, the rooms made sure of, and the servant returned, I then showed the colonel a country house of my brothers, distant both from Lyme and Charmouth about a mile and a half, which (for the privacy of it) we determined should be the place whither his majesty, with the Lord Wilmot, who then waited upon him, should repair on Monday next, that I might then and there give his majesty a farther account of what should pass in the interim between myself and the master.

And now being abundantly satisfied and exhilarated in the review of the happy progress we had thus far made, with most affectionate embraces the colonel and myself parted; he returning to his house to wait upon his majesty, and myself towards mine, vigorously to prosecute what yet remained on my part to be done with the master, in order to the compleating of this work thus happily begun, resolving to act our parts each in his several station according to the design in the performance of which, that I might approve myself faithful, I the same day, and the

day following, and also on the Monday after, having diligently sought out the master, moved and pressed and minded him so earnestly to the punctual performance of his passed promise, that he seemed displeased at my importunity, as betraying in me a suspicion of his fidelity, which however pleased me very well. A little to allay his passion, I told him I was assured that the gentleman, my friend, would be at Charmouth on Monday, and that if he were not then ready to transport him, it might prove an undoing both to my friend and me. [This (and me) was a dangerous word and though said yet for your discretion, take out to be left out in your relation.] Whereupon, to vindicate himself, he told me that he had taken in his ballast, that he had victualled himself, and haled out his vessel to the cob's mouth, for fear of being beneaped, because the tides at that time were at the lowest.

Being well satisfied with this answer, I left him (after that I had given him instructions how to prevent any jealousies that might arise in the breasts of the mariners concerning the persons to be transported), and immediately went to the aforesaid country house of my brothers, whither when I was come (and perceived that I was the first comer), that I might also erect a blind before the tenant's eyes, I demanded of him whither the London carrier had passed that day or not; telling him, withal, that I expected two or three

friends, who promised to meet me there that day about the time of the carrier's passing by.

His answer to me was but little to the purpose; but in half an hour after my arrival there, came the king on horseback, with Mrs. Julian Coningsby, a kinswoman of the colonel's, who rode behind him, the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Wyndham, and his man Peters, attending on him. After their coming in, I took the first opportunity to acquaint his majesty with what had passed betwixt myself and the master after Colonel Wyndham's departure from me. The result of all which was this, that the master had assured me that all things were in a readiness for the intended voyage, and that (according to the instructions given him) he had possessed the seamen with a belief that one of the passengers—viz. my Lord Wilmot—was a merchant, by name Mr. Payne; and the other, meaning the king, was his servant. That the reason of Mr. Payne's taking ship at Charmouth at such an unseasonable hour, and not at Lyme, was because that, being a town corporate, he feared an arrest, his factor in St. Malo having broken him in his estate by his unfaithfulness to him; and that therefore he was necessitated with this his servant speedily and privately to transport himself to St. Malo aforesaid, in order to the recovery of such goods of his as by his said factor were unjustly detained; the sending of which goods at several times this

servant of his could sufficiently testify and prove. All this I the rather acquainted his majesty and my Lord Wilmot with, that after their being shipped (the more to confirm the mariners), they might drop some discourses to this effect.

His majesty having showed his approbation of what I had done, was graciously pleased, as a testimony of his royal favour (which I have ever esteemed as a jewel of choisest worth), to bestow upon me a piece of gold, telling me that at present he had nothing to bestow upon me but that small piece, but that, if it ever should please God to restore him to his kingdoms, he would readily grant me whatsoever favour I might in reason petition him for.

Upon this his majesty, attended as is before expressed, rode towards Charmouth, commanding me to hasten to Lyme, and there to continue my care that all things might be performed according to his majesty's expectations and the master's promise. Accordingly, I made haste home, found out the master, acquainted him that my friend was now at Charmouth, and that I newly came from him. He replied, that he was glad of it, that he would presently repair to Charmouth to speak with him, and to tell him when he would come ashore for him; which accordingly he did to my Lord Wilmot and Colonel Wyndham.

And thus far all things succeeded according

to our best wishes, both the wind and tide seeming to be at strife which of them should most comply with our desires. But after all these fair hopes, and the great likelihood we had all conceived of his majesty's happy transportation, it pleased God Almighty, for the clearer manifestation of his infinitely glorious wisdom and powerful goodness in his majesty's preservation, suddenly to blast this design, and to cast his majesty upon new streights and dangers.

For the master, either through weakness of judgment, or else in design to prevent a discovery, had utterly forborne to acquaint his wife with his intentions to go to sea, until it was almost time for him to go aboard. Whereupon he no sooner called for his chest, but his wife asked him why he would go to sea having no goods aboard. The master now thought himself necessitated to tell her that his landlord Mr. Ellesdon had provided him a fraught, which would be much more worth to him than if his ship were full loaden with goods, he being to transport a gentleman, a friend of his. His wife (having been at Lyme fair that day, and having heard the proclamation read, wherein £1000 was promised as a reward for the discovery of the king, and in which the danger of those also was represented that should conceal his majesty, or any of those that were engaged with him at Worcester, and apprehending that this gentleman

might be one of the party) she immediately locked the doors upon him, and, by the help of her two daughters, kept him in by force, telling him that she and her children would not be undone for ever [by] a landlord of them all; and threatened him that, if he did but offer to stir out of doors, she would forthwith go to Lyme, and give information both against him and his landlord to Captain Macy, who had then the command of a foot company there. Here the master showed his wisdom not a little by his peaceable behaviour; for had he striven in the least, it is more than probable his majesty and his attendants had been suddenly seized upon in the inn.

But I must needs awhile leave the master a prisoner in his own house, his wife and children being now become his keepers, whilst I render an account of the actings of Colonel Wyndham, who, with his man Peters, at the time appointed, went to the place agreed upon to expect the landing of the boat; but no boat coming, after several hours waiting (because he saw the tide was spent), he resolves upon returning to the inn. In his way thither he discovers a man coming towards him dogged at a small distance by two or three women. This, indeed, was the master of the vessel, who by this time had obtained liberty (yet still under the eyes of his over-jealous keepers) to walk towards the seaside, with an intention to make known to those that waited

[illegible] would [illegible] of them all [illegible] but offer to [illegible] him and his [illegible] by force. Here the master [illegible] field be strown in the best it is mo[illegible] his majesty and his [illegible] accepted upon the life.

I must needs awhile leave the master in his own house, his wife and chi[illegible] I become his keepers, whilst I re[illegible] the actings of Colonel Wyndha[illegible] Peters, at the time appo[illegible] agreed upon to expect the boat; but no boat coming, af[illegible] ting (because he saw the [illegible] lves upon returning to the [illegible] r he discovers a man c[illegible] at a small distance by [illegible] This, indeed, was the master who by this time had [illegible] under the eyes of his over-je[illegible] walk towards the seaside, with [illegible] make known to those that wa[illegible]

NEEDLECASE MADE FROM A PORTION OF JANE LANE'S SILK BROCADE DRESS

there for him the sad tidings of this unexpected disappointment, together with its causes. The colonel (when they met), though he conceived it might be the master, yet, being not certain of it, and seeing the women at his heels, passed him by without enquiring into the reason of non-performance of his promise.

Your lordship may easily guess that this frustration of hopes was matter of trouble as well as admiration to his majesty. The issue of it was that Peters, very early the Tuesday morning, was sent unto me to know the reason of it. He had no sooner delivered his message, but astonishment seized on me; and the foresight of those sad consequences which I feared might be the fruits of this disaster, wrought in me such disquietment of mind, that (for the time) I think I scarcely sustained the like upon any occasion in all my life before, my confidence of his majesty's safe departure adding not a little to the weight of that load of sorrow, which afterwards lay so heavy upon me. The cause I plainly told him I was wholly ignorant of, except this were it, that in regard it was fair-day the master might not be able effectually to command his mariners out of the alehouses to their work, I conjecture unless the strong ale of the fair had made the mariners forget their duty, but promised speedily to search into it; and upon after enquiry, I found it to be what I have before related.

But here, (because I apprehended that delays might prove inauspicious) I presently dismissed the messenger with this my humble advice to his majesty, that his longer stay in Charmouth might endanger his discovery; which had certainly proved the issue of it had not God, the King of kings, graciously, and even miraculously, prevented it. For the hostess of the house, little thinking what manner of guests the chambers before spoken of had been secured for, had at that time admitted to be her ostler one of Captain Macy's soldiers, a very officious and prying knave; who, observing and taking notice that the colonel and his man went out so late at night towards the seaside, and that the rest of the company, during their absence, were more private than travellers are wont to be, and perhaps inspired and prompted by the devil, strongly suspected one of these guests to be the king, under the disguise of a woman's habit, and ceased not once and again to discover his jealousies unto his mistress.

But she (though, from the fellow's words, and the consideration of some circumstances which that night and some days before had occurred, she had some thoughts that it might be so, yet) detesting as much to lodge treason in her heart, as she would have been proud of entertaining the king in her house had she been certain it was he, very passionately rebuked the ostler

for these insolencies, hoping by that means to put a stop to his (as she judged) treasonable projects.

Yet this her honest design wrought not the intended effect upon the heart of this her treacherous servant; for the same morning, whilst Peters was with me at Lyme, he went to speak with the then parson of Charmouth, intending to communicate his suspicions to him; but found no opportunity to speak with him, he being at that time engaged in prayer with his family, in which he continued so long (for he had not the measure of premeditation) as the fellow went away without discovering what he came for, for which reason I have been somewhat reconciled to extempory prayers ever since.

Another remarkable passage we must of necessity here insert, which was this: My Lord Wilmot's horse wanting a shoe, in Peters's absence, the ostler led him to one Hammet's, a smith, then living in Charmouth, who, viewing the remaining shoes, said: "This horse hath but three shoes on, and they were set in three several counties, and one of them in Worcestershire"; which speech of his fully confirmed the ostler of his former opinion.

By this time Harry Peters, being returned from Lyme, and my Lord Wilmot's horse shod, upon the advertisement that was sent him, his majesty immediately departed towards Bridport,

a town eastward of Charmouth, and about five miles distant from it.

The ostler, now that the birds had taken their flight, began to spread his net. For going a second time to the parson, he fully discovered his thoughts to him, and withal told him what the smith had said concerning my Lord Wilmot's horse. The parson thereupon hastens to the inn, and salutes the hostess in this manner: "Why how now, Margaret? you are a maid of honour now." "What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?" quoth she. Said he, "Why Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour." The woman began then to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. "But," said she, "if I thought it was the king, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out." Or words to that purpose, which I the rather give you in the interlocutor's own language that your lordship may see how little loyalty and treason can agree even in the dark.

But, to return to the main intendent of this my narrative, I shall (before we come in our thoughts to attend his majesty in his journey eastwards) humbly beg of your lordship this

favour, that your lordship would here be pleased seriously to admire with myself the goodness of Almighty God in infatuating this ostler, and the rest of his majesty's enemies in these parts.

First of all, the parson, (being not a little nettled at the rude and sharp language the hostess gave him), taking Hammet the smith along with him, he speedily applied himself to Mr. John Butler the next justice of the peace, to inform him of the forementioned jealousies, together with the reasons of them; and earnestly pressed him to raise the county by his warrants, in order to his majesty's apprehension. But he (as God was pleased to order it), thinking it very unlikely that the king should be in these parts, notwithstanding all the parson's bawling and the strong probabilities upon which their conjectures seemed to be grounded, utterly rejected his council, fearing lest he should make himself ridiculous to all the country by such an undertaking.

As for the ostler, his imprudent managing his mischievous intention discovered itself two ways; first, in his having recourse to the parson; whereas, with greater likelihood of success he might have taken the advice and assistance of his fellow-soldiers, three whereof, being very desperate enemies to his majesty, were at that time inhabitants of Charmouth, and his nearest neighbours, and God knows sufficiently disaffected to his

majesty. In the next place, his egregious folly was further manifested in his delaying to acquaint his captain at Lyme with his suspicions above-named until twelve of the clock that day; for had it not been for this neglect of his, his majesty's escape would have been (in reason's eye) impossible; his captain, Macy, having no sooner received the report of these surmises, and information on what horses and in what equipage, and which way the persons suspected made their departure from Charmouth, but, having (in all likelihood) the promised reward of such mischievous diligence in his eye, he instantly resolves to leave no means unattempted, that with the least shadow of probability might conduce to his majesty's attachment.

In pursuance of which resolves he presently mounts, and setting spurs to his horse, in a full career he rides towards Bridport, where, at his arrival, after a little enquiry made, he was given to understand that some persons, with whom the description he had received most exactly suited, had dined at the George that day, but not long before his coming were departed towards Dorchester. This, therefore, was the next place to which he posted (the wings of covetousness and ambition more nimbly transporting his mind than it was possible his horse could convey his body); which he no sooner entered, but (as if he had been to execute some warrant for the apprehending the most notorious felon in the kingdom), with

the utmost haste and diligence imaginable, he searched all the inns and alehouses in the town. But God (who had given him no commission to violate majesty) was graciously pleased to make this furious hunter to overrun the game he hunted for. Wherefore dismissing him from creating any further trouble to your lordship (whose principles, I doubt, rather led him to the height of discontent at his supposed loss, than to a Christian observance of that divine hand of Providence which was so eminently seen in the preservation of that royal personage which he intended to make a prey of), let us now again return to his majesty:

Who, in his passage from Charmouth, meeting with no interruption in his journey, soon reached Bridport; and turning in at the George, he (to the astonishment, doubtless, both of himself and his attendants) found himself surrounded by his enemies; there being at that time in the said town divers foot companies drawn together, who were designed for an expedition against Jersey. But being as yet unsuspected (lest he might too late bewail the sad effects of delay), after a short repast (too short, indeed, at any time but this, for so great and heroical a prince), his majesty left this town, going on the way that leads to Dorchester, in which he had not rode past half a mile, ere by the finger of divine Providence he was directed into a narrow lane on the left hand of

the common road to Dorchester, by which means (though they knew not whither they went) they were that evening safely conducted to Broadwindsor, a country parish some six miles north of Bridport.

They very fortunately lighted upon an inn where both the inn-holder and his wife were very well known to Colonel Wyndham, they having formerly been servants unto some of his allies. The colonel being confident he had an interest in them, upon the account of his former knowledge of them and the relation they sometimes had to some of his kindred, persons of no mean quality, requested that he and his company might that night be lodged in the most convenient rooms for privacy their house would afford; telling them, that himself and his brother Colonel Bullen Reymes[1] (meaning my Lord Wilmot who very much resembled him), had transgressed their limits, the royalists at that time being confined within five miles distance from their homes. This they readily condescended to; and thereupon led them into the uppermost chambers in their house, where the hostess as I am informed came immediately to welcome Colonel Reymes whom she said she very well knew at Exeter when she lived with Mrs. Coventry and how she caressed

[1] Brother-in-law is meant. Col. Reymes, of West Waddon, married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Gerard, of Trent.

COLONEL BULLEN REYMES

Lord Wilmot instead of him I leave your lordship to be better informed from his majesty himself that to this day hath not forgot it.

Yet here the face of danger was again discovered unto them; for they had not been housed much above half an hour before a company of troopers (to the number of near forty) came thither, with an intention to quarter in this and other houses adjacent; which accident might in all likelihood have proved fatal to his majesty (the soldiers everywhere about that time being proudly inquisitive into the names, qualities, affairs, and businesses of strangers), had not God in his infinite mercy incapacitated them for such like actings here, by cutting out work of another nature for them. For, having a woman in their company, who not long after their coming thither fell in travail, and was delivered of a child, the officers and other inhabitants of the said parish, having notice thereof, contested so long with them about freeing their parish from the burthen of its maintenance, till sleep and drowsiness had rendered their heads unfit for anything but their pillows; upon which, whilst they securely slept, his majesty, together with his attendants, arising some hours before day, and taking the opportunity of that time of silence, retired themselves undiscovered unto Trent.

Where after his majesty had awhile concealed himself and taking new councils, he departed

thence to one Mrs. Hyde's near Salisbury. What afterwards passed, I must needs leave to others that had the honour to know it, being myself unable of knowledge to spin the thread of this history any longer.

Thus have I (right honourable), without the least violation of truth's chastity, made a brief collection of those never-to-be-forgotten miracles of Providence, wrought by the hand of Omnipotency for the conservation of his most serene majesty in the midst of the many perils he was exposed to in the west of Dorset, which came within my cognisance, which I humbly lay (such as it is) at your lordship's feet, being thereunto prompted upon the following considerations: First, that I might present your honour with some new matter for your meditations, having frequently observed your lordship to be much delighted both in moving, and also in hearing discourses upon this subject. Secondly, that your lordship, by recounting in the hearing of others these Dei Magnalia, may quicken and excite them to a serious minding and due improvement of the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of the most high God (the great preserver even of kings) manifested in what hath been the subject-matter of the precedent narrative. Lastly, that I might leave in your honour's hands some monument of my real gratitude for the many favours your lordship has been pleased to confer on me.

Tract No. V

But it is time for me to remember what the poet said to his Augustus:

> "In publica commoda peccem,
> Si longo sermone morer tua tempora."

Lest therefore, I should offend through my unseasonable prolixity, having first, with all submission, craved your lordship's pardon for this my great presumption in tendering to your lordship, whom the world justly esteems so absolute a master of speech, such a rude and unpolished story, I shall only beg the honour to subscribe myself,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most humbly devoted Servant,
WILLIAM ELLESDON.

APPENDIX AND ADDENDA

Mrs. Wyndham and the King's Nurse.

THERE has been some confusion between Colonel Francis Wyndham and his elder brother, Colonel Edmund, the High Sheriff of Somersetshire, who, being sent by Charles I. with the Marquis of Hertford, Lords Seymour, Hopton, etc., to watch his interests in the west of England in 1642, was made Governor of Bridgewater.[1]

The wives of the two brothers have likewise been confused,[2] and some writers have stated in error that Mrs. Anne Wyndham, the wife of Colonel Francis, had been the King's nurse. Whereas it was her sister-in-law,[3] Christabella, the daughter of Hugh Pyne, of Cothanger, Co. Somerset,[4] a handsome and, as it would appear, a rather dangerous woman.

Speaking of her, Lord Clarendon says she was "a woman of great rudeness and a country pride—she valued herself much upon the power and familiarity which her neighbours might see she had with the Prince of Wales, and therefore upon all occasions in company, and when the concourse of the people was greatest, would use great boldness towards him (and such as in dancing would run the length of the room and kiss him[5]); and, which was worse than all this, she affected in all companies (where she let herself out to any freedom)

[1] Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," v. 443, vii. 98.

[2] *Vide* "Pepys's Diary," Dec. 3, 1665, and "Pepysiana," by H. B. Wheatley, p. 94.

[3] "History of the Rebellion," xii. 60, xiii. 97.

[4] "Misc. Gen. et Her.," 3rd Series, vol. i. p. 80; see also Hughes' "Boscobel Tracts," p. 387.

[5] The sentence in brackets is erased in Clarendon's manuscript. "History of the Rebellion," Oxford Clarendon Press, 1888 edition, vol. iv. p. 23.

a very negligent and disdainful mention of the person of the King: the knowledge of which was the true reason that made his Majesty not willing that his son should go farther west than Bristol, since he knew Bridgewater must be a stage in the motion." In other words, Charles I. dreaded his son should visit the city where Colonel Wyndham was governor, lest his wife should turn her influence over the Prince to bad account. And this she did to some extent, for on his "coming to Bridgewater, and having an extraordinary kindness for Mrs. Windham who had been his nurse, he was not only diverted by her folly and petulance from applying himself to the serious consideration of his business, but accustomed to hear her speak negligently and scornfully of the Council."[1]

Hoskins in his "Charles the Second in the Channel Islands" also confuses Anne with Christabella Wyndham,[2] but he calls attention to the fact that by "nurse" must be understood, rather a sort of nursery governess.

In Chevalier's journal of the King's sojourn at Jersey we find he had in his suite a "*Mr. Walton, son of the Prince's wet nurse:* his highness was very fond of him, on account of their both having been nourished by the same milk, and invariably called him brother." Hoskins, who brought to light this invaluable journal, in a footnote calls attention to the fact that the "chain of rubies estimated at 200 liv," which was presented by the Duchess of Richmond at the christening to "ye milk nurse," was not given to Mrs. Wyndham, but to Mrs. Walton. What he further states I will give verbatim. "The words 'milk nurse' are from a letter among the Lansdowne MSS., for it is suspected that there is another copy in existence, the original of that in Peele's 'Desiderata Curiosa,' from Ja. Meddus to Joseph Meade, cited by Harris, in which we find that the sentence runs thus: 'to the Melch nurse,' etc. There appears to be a tradition purporting that it was usual for the firstborn prince of the blood to be

[1] Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," ix. p. 18.

[2] Vol. i. p. 315.

suckled by a wet nurse from Wales; on this tradition, or some other, an ingenious theory is founded which supposes that the first sounds assailing the auditory nerves of every Prince of Wales should be uttered in Welch, in order 'probably to keep up the old custom and promise to the principality.' It would be curious if this theory rested on a false reading; and yet what more likely, in deciphering or transcribing a crabbed manuscript, than to mistake an M for a W, and thus convert Melch nurse into Welch nurse?"[1]

With regard to Mrs. Anne Wyndham, the wife of Colonel Francis, we learn from the date of her death and the age on her coffin-plate[2] that she can have been only nineteen years of age when Charles was at Trent in 1651. Her mother-in-law, the *old Lady* Wyndham, who was also living with her son at Trent at the time, was Elizabeth, *née* Coningsby, the wife of Colonel Sir Thomas Wyndham, of Kentsford, co. Somerset.

Lord Wilmot.

THE following little sidelight of a duel between Lord Wilmot and Lord Digby, some four yèars before his adventures with Charles, may not be uninteresting, although the tame conclusion reads somewhat like a modern Parisian *affaire d'honneur*.

Lord Wilmot, it appears, sent a challenge to Lord Digby, owing to some letters which the latter had written to the Queen, to his prejudice, and of which copies had been found in the latters cabinet at Sherborne Castle and published by order of Parliament. Daniel O'Neile, a led captain of Digbys, received the challenge, assuring Wilmot he should have satisfaction and that he would stand as Digby's second. St. Germains was accordingly fixed upon as a desirable meeting place, but pending arrangements, Digby received a more pressing engagement from Prince Rupert, stating that he awaited his arrival at the

[1] Vol. i. p. 356.
[2] "Flight of the King," p. 118.

Cross of Poissy, on the border of the forest of St. Germains, with his sword in his hand; but news of this second challenge having reached the Court, Digby, instead of having the honour to cross swords with his highness, found himself under arrest by the Queen's Guards, with the result that he had an opportunity of clearing himself of the imputations brought against him by the Prince to the satisfaction of both parties.

Meanwhile Wilmot pressed for an earlier meeting than had been fixed upon, so on October 9, 1647, the parties met near a house, within two leagues from Paris, called "Madrid," and so named by Francis I. to evade his oath to Charles V.

Mr. John Digby and O'Neile stood seconds to Digby, while Lord Wentworth and Mr. Rainsford were Wilmot's supporters. Preliminary overtures being over, in which the principal actors entreated that the Seconds might not be engaged after the French manner—"out flew bilboes," says O'Neile, in his humorous account of the affair,[1] "and to work we went, *à la mode de France*. 'Twas my fortune and my Lord Wentworths (who had first professed one another, we had rather have met at a bottle) at the first pass to close and tumble together, where we lay grovelling till Mr. Digby had like to have squeezed us to death by overbearing almost upon us as massy a bulk as himself. Mr. Rainsford, whom having disarmed, he ran in with both swords, crying to Lord Wilmot to yield his at the instant of time that the Lord Digby had hurt the Lord Wilmot in the sword arm. The Lord Wilmot gallantly replied that they might take his life, but that he would not part with his sword, whereupon it was not further pressed. My Lord Wentworth and I coming in, a motion was made by us for a perfect reconcilement there, and that the business might be passed over in silence. But my Lord Wilmot, incensed as it should seem by the disadvantage on his part, refused a reconciliation and told the Lord Digby, that he hoped that he would not think that he had much the better by that which was to be attributed more to his friends good fortune

[1] Letter to the Marquis of Ormond. Carte's Collection, vol. i. p. 146. See also "Charles the Second in the Channel Islands," vol. ii. pp. 182–190.

than his own; whereupon the Lord Digby replied, that if he had had a much more personal advantage over him he should not have been vain of it; and without more words we parted, we to Paris and they to St. Germains."

Bishop Henchman.

WRITING of his ancestor, who was such an important agent in Charles II.'s escape, Mr. W. Henchman, of Rockhampton, Queensland, sends me some interesting particulars.

He and his own immediate relatives are the only members of the family left, and the only owners of the name, except a descendant of one of the old collateral branches, who settled in the United States.

"The Bishop," says his living representative, "may not be unworthily described as one of the saintly men of the Church, and that in a time when saintliness was far from being the fashion. During his episcopates of Salisbury and London, from 1660 to 1675, three important historical events happened —the Savoy Conference, the Plague, and the Fire of London. At the Savoy Conference, upon the question of Uniformity, his renowned antagonist, Richard Baxter, after a description of the other prelates, thus describes him:—'Bishop Henchman was of the most grave, comely, reverend aspect of any of them, and of a good insight in the Fathers and Councils. He spoke calmly and slowly, and not very oft, but was as high in his principles and resolutions as any of them.' During the Plague the Bishop remained in London, exerting himself in every way to mitigate the terrible suffering. By direction of the King, Lord Arlington wrote complaining that during the time of contagion the deserted pulpits were rushed by Nonconformist ministers. Henchman replied that 'he could not learn that Nonconformists had invaded the pulpits, but that many who never attended divine service were now present, and that after all the greatest danger arose from the distress of the poor, for whom he was making collections,' etc.

"Testimonies to his worth are numerous in the old chronicles. During his bishopric of Salisbury, Kennet says of him, quoting from the *Public Mercury*, 'Sure no country can be more happy than this diocese is, in the wisdom and piety of this most worthy Bishop.' The estimation in which he was held in London is expressed in his epitaph at Fulham, of which Mr. Cole, the antiquary, observes:—'The character of this pious and reverend prelate here given is so just and adequate to his life and actions, and so admirably and comprehensively composed, that there seems no room to add anything except of his charity and hospitality, which were so great that some part of the town of Fulham subsisted upon the bounty of his overflowing table, where in time of need they were always certainly supplied. And so great is the veneration they have for his memory, that several who knew him cannot mention his name, even now, without unusual concern.' In the Luttrell collection of 'Eulogies and Elegies' in the British Museum are found two elegies to his memory, which, however, are too long to quote.

"But peculiar attention deserves to be called to his connection with St. Paul's Cathedral. The Fire of London, it will be remembered, took place on September 3rd, 1666, when the old cathedral perished. During the rebuilding of the City the great question was the restoration of St. Paul's. Needless to say that in this matter Bishop Henchman was closely, indeed daily, associated with Sir Christopher Wren. Not only was his constant attention directed to this important object, but the funds contributed by him, especially considering the relative value of money, were considerable. Moreover, his dying blessing was given to it, for in his will, made immediately preceding his death, he writes, 'The Lord of Heaven bless and prosper the zeal of my dread Sovereign King Charles in advancing that glorious work;' and in regretting the smallness of his bequest to Clare Hall, Cambridge, he further remarks: 'The duty incumbent upon me to promote the buliding of St. Paul's Church, and the money expended by me in building at London House (then in Aldersgate Street), and the meanness of my estate, require of me to limit my gift.' His

Communion plate and all the ornaments of his chapel he bequeathed to the Dean and Chapter for the use of his successors in the see.

"Now, so far as I have been able to ascertain, in all references to St. Paul's, historical and otherwise, Bishop Henchman has been ignored. Because the cathedral was completed and opened during the episcopate of Bishop Compton, his name alone is mentioned in the matter. Probably it will be agreed that, irrespective of the official or artistic considerations attaching to Canterbury and York, outsiders, at any rate, associate St. Paul's as the centre of the Established Church. Whatever its position in Great Britain, throughout Greater Britain it occupies, I think, a position with regard to Anglicanism somewhat analogous to St. Peter's in the Latin communion.

"That a prelate of Bishop Henchman's parts, who devoted the last nine years of his life to the early planning and promotion, and the subsequent erection of this glorious pile, should have been allowed to sink into oblivion in all references to it, is a matter for something like reproach to a church so highly valuing its traditions. Perhaps, in these days of restorations, the Dean and Chapter may find it a duty, not unpleasing in itself, nor unworthy their office, to redeem this reproach with respect to one of the cathedral's chief founders."

Mr. Henchman further informs me that, though he is the senior in descent in the direct male line from the Bishop,[1] there are no relics in his possession; but a Mrs. Northcote, of Torquay, still has some of the prelate's plate and linen, the latter marked "H. Salisbury."

It is interesting to note that the tablet to his memory in Fulham Church has been re-erected, and the Bishop's arms from old Sion College have been set up in the new building. The authorities of St. Paul's should therefore not be backward in preserving the memory of one so closely connected with the cathedral.

[1] See pedigree, p. 261.

Appendix and Addenda

Extracted from the Principal Registry of the Probate Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice.

In the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

In the name of God Amen I William Carlos of Greene Streete within the parish of Hollowe in the County of Worcester Esqr being in health of body and of sound and perfect disposeing mind and memory thanks bee therefore to Almighty God but considering the certainty of death and the uncertainty of the time thereof and being minded and desirous to settle and dispose after my decease what worldly estate and substance it hath pleased God to blesse mee withall doe make and declare this my true last will and testament revoakeing and by these presents absolutely annulling all and every testament and testaments will and wills heretofore by mee made and declared either by word of mouth or in writeing notwithstanding any promise to the contrary or clause derogatory in the same and this to bee taken for my very last will and testament and none other And first I committ and bequeath my soule to Allmighty God my Creator trusting to bee saved by the sole merrits of my blessed Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ And my body I commit to the earth from whence it came to bee decently buryed at the discretion of my Executor hereinafter named And touching such temporall estate of goods chattels and debts as the Lord hath beene pleased to bestowe upon mee I doe order give bequeath and dispose the same in manner and forme following Imprimis I doe hereby give devise and bequeath unto my adopted sonne Edward Carlos of Worcester Apothecary all those my messuages Burgages or Tenements howses buildings lands and tenements with the appurtenances scituate lyeing and being within the Borough Townshipp Freedomes and libertyes of the towne of Stafford from and immediately after my decease and the decease of Mrs. Elizabeth Ironmonger [1] wid of whome

[1] "His Majesty had not been long gone from Boscobel, but Colonel Carlis sent William Penderel to Mr. Humphry Ironmonger,

Appendix and Addenda

I bought and purchased the same To hold to the said Edward Carlos and Dorothy his now wife for the terme of their naturall lives and life of the longest liver of them. And from and after their several deceases then to the use and behoofe of the heires of their two bodyes lawfully begotten or to bee begotten successively And for default of such issue then to William Carlos second brother of the said Edward Carlos and to the heires males of his body lawfully begotten or to bee begotten And for default of such issue then to the third brother of the sd Edward Carlos and to the heires males of his body lawfully begotten or to bee begotten And for default of such issue then to the use and behoofe of the right heires males of the said Ed Carlos for ever And in case the said Ed Carlos happen to die before the said Dorothy his wife then my mind and will is that the sd Dorothy shall have and enjoy all the before mentioned premisses with the appurtences soe long as shee shall continue and remaine a wid: and not longer Item I give and bequeath unto William Carlos sonne of my brother John Carlos five pounds per annu lawfull Englishe money dureing his life which said summe of five pounds shall be paid unto the said William Carlos or to such person or persons as shall have the care and tuition of him by my said adopted sonne Edward Carlos his heires or assignes out of such reall and personall estate as I shall hereby leave and bequeath unto him by halfe yearely payments the first payment to bee made at Michaelmas or a Lady Day next after my decease which shall first happen And lastly I doe made constitute ordaine and appoint my said adopted sonne Ed Carlos my sole Executor of this my last will and testament and my worthy friend John Gifford of Chillington Esqr Overseers thereof In witnesse whereof I have hereunto put my hand and seale the twenty eighth day of December in the fourth yeare of the raigne of our Sovereigne

his old friend at Wolverhampton, who not only procured him a pass from some of the rebel commanders, in a disguised name, to go to London, but furnished him with money for his journey, by means whereof he got safe thither, and from thence into Holland, where he brought the first happy news of his Majesty's safety to his royal sister the Princess of Orange."—Blount's "Boscobel," Part I.

Appendix and Addenda

Lord King James the second over England &c Annoq Domini one thousand six hundred eighty eight—W Carlos—Signed sealed published and declared in the sight and presence of—Rich Lees Signum—Charles Right—W Rocke junr.

Proved 19th October 1689 Probate of
codicil granted 7th October 1699.
Fos. 10 OB HK.
136 Ent.

Extracted from the Principal Registry of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice.

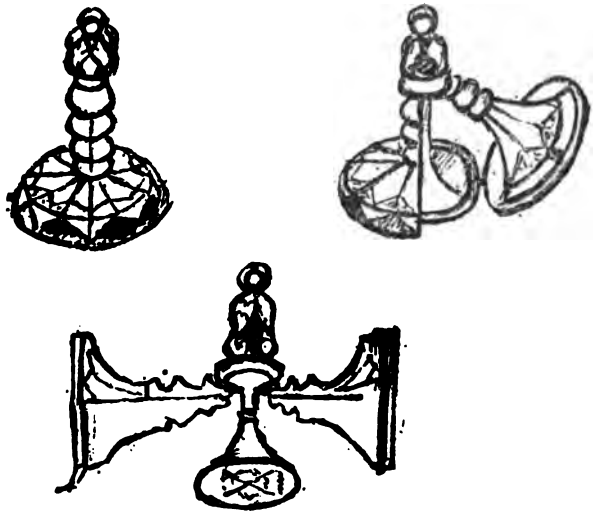
In the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

Colonell Wm Carlos his desire and request to his adopted sonn Ed Carlos being sole Executor of his last will and testament (vizt) that the money which shall become due and payable to the said Colonell out of the Trinity House at London be distributed and disburse yearly soe long as it shall be received in manner as is hereafter expressed:

Imprismis	To my said adopted sonn and Extor Ed. Carlos 100.00.00 yearly.		
	To Wm Carlos of Birmingham	30.00.00	
	To Tho Carlos „	25.00.00	
	To Rich Carlos „	30.00.00	
	To Franc Carlos	25.00.00	
	To Jno Carlos	10.00.00	
	To Mary Foster	5.00.00	These are not
	To Eliz Carlos	5.00.00	to be paid
Paid	To Elnor Carlos	5.00.00	yearly but soe
	To Margret Carlos	5.00.00	much apiece in
Paid	To Margret Hakins de London	5.00.00	all if the money
Paid	To Francis Carlos de London	20.00.00	received will
Paid	To Mrs. Schrimshar for a debt due to her	20.00.00	amount to soe much as is set
Paid	To five priests 10s apiece ...	2.10.00	down.

And the remainder of the said moneys to Elizabeth Carlos of Brumhall And lastly my request is that if my said Executor shall dye before all the said money shall be received and disburse as before expresst that then my said Executor doe fully impower Francis Carlos of London and Wm Carloss of Birmingham to be Overseers of this my request for the performance thereof Witnesse my hand and seale this sixth day of May one thousand six hundred eighty nine—W Carlos sealed and published in the presence of—Will Carlos Signed Thomas Poole—W Rocke Junr.

Proved (Codicil only) 7th October 1699.
Fos 5 OB HK.
155 Pett.



COLONEL CARLOS'S THREEFOLD SEAL.

NOTES AND ERRATA

Elizabeth Yates (p. 25, "Flight of the King") must be read *Margaret* (*vide* Introduction in the present volume, pp. xxii. and xxiii.).

As further proof that the hiding-place where the King passed the night of September 6th was that which is beneath the floor of the garret (p. 45, "Flight of the King"), Dr. Stukeley, who visited Boscobel in 1764, says, "The floor of the Garret (which is a Popish Chapel) being nailed prevents any suspicion of *a little cavity with a trap door over the staircase where the King was hidden.* His bed was artfully placed behind some wainscot that shut up very close." [This is the hiding-place in "the squire's bedroom."] *Vide* "Arbores Mirabiles," by Joseph Taylor, 1812.

Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury, says in his memoirs, in alluding to Father Huddleston, that the King was hidden "under the boards of the altar," where mass was said at the house of the Penderels. Blount merely mentions this chapel as a gallery, though Charles evidently thought it was the proper place to perform his devotions [*see* Tract II. (present volume), p. 95].

Note 2, p. 10, "Flight of the King."—Moore, of Elmley-Lovett. I find "The Lodge" in the time of the Civil Wars was in the possession of the Townshend family (also staunch loyalists); from them it passed to the Foresters.

Page 185, "Flight of the King."—Mention is made that Tattersal's mate, in an interview with the King in 1669, secured the release of six imprisoned Quakers by calling to Charles's

memory the fact that he carried his Majesty upon his shoulders from the cock boat to the shore when he arrived at the Court of France after his hazardous escape.

A sequel to this story is to be found in George Offer's edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," where it is stated that the success of obtaining the release of the Quakers was afterwards followed up: "Four hundred and seventy-one Quakers and with the Royal permission twenty Baptists and Independents were released from prison by one deed of pardon and among the number was John Bunyan." His petition is recorded in the Minutes of the Privy Council, May 8, 1672. His licence bears date May 15, 1672.

Though I have adopted Blount's spelling of the name Penderel, most of the contemporary documents have two *l*'s. None of the brothers could write, as may be seen by the receipts of payments, etc., in the Salt Library. Pendrell, Pendrill, and Pendrel are each written for John, Richard, George, and Humphrey's *mark* to be attached. William has gone one better, and managed his initials fairly well. In no case is there an *e* after the *d*.

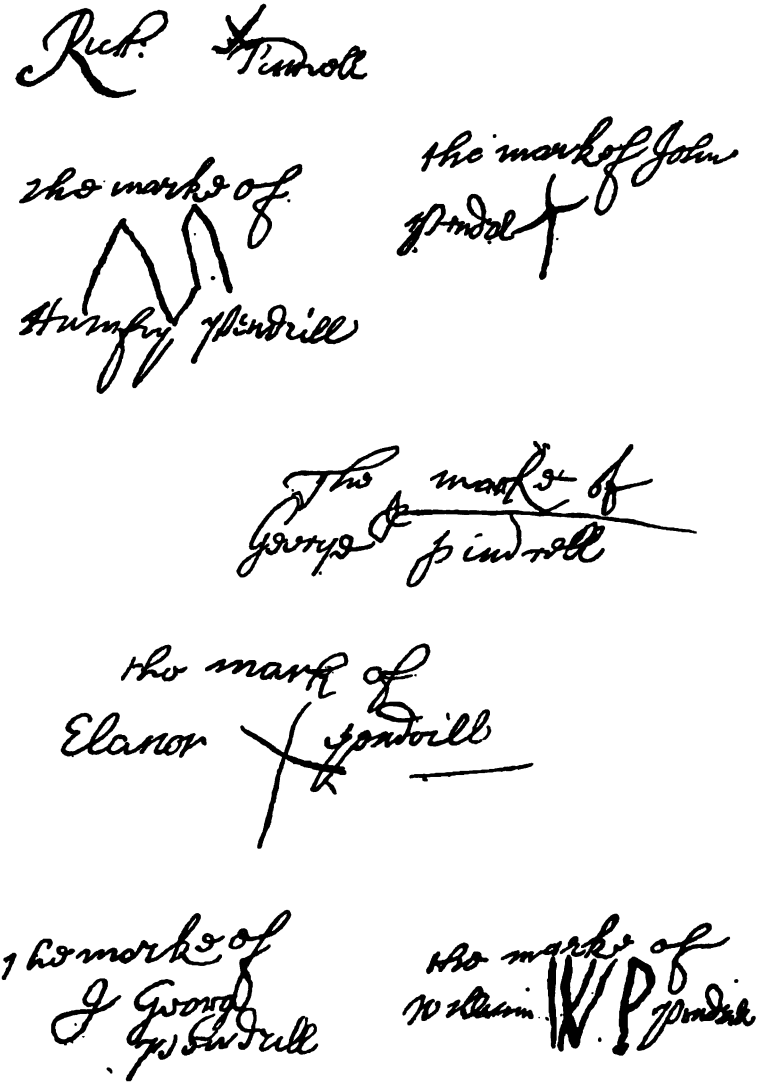
Pepys, however, spells the name Penderell; but Father Huddleston and Mr. Whitgrave have it Pendrell, and this is the most universally adopted way—so, at least, the records at Chillington show; and one of the living representatives of John is spelled in that way. Mr. Walter F. C. Giffard (the descendant of the Charles Giffard who was so instrumental in the King's escape), who still pays the pensions, sends me the names of the following recipients:—

Mrs. Florence Greenwood.
William Rice, Esq.
J. A. Pendrell Gould, Esq.
Charles Penderel Brodhurst, Esq.
Mrs. Walsh.
Mrs. A. A. H. Jones.
Mrs. J. G. Pring.
Mrs. M. E. Andrews.
Miss Nelly Crosley Price.

Notes and Errata

Thomas Walker, Esq.
Henry R. Moss, Esq.
Miss Agnes Annie Parsons.
C. E. Adlam, Esq.

Mr. Charles Stuart Pendrell (mentioned in the "Flight of the King," pp. 59, 61) died in 1896, since when the annuity has been paid to John Richard Pendrell; but as he is now dead, the annuity is held in trust for his two young daughters.

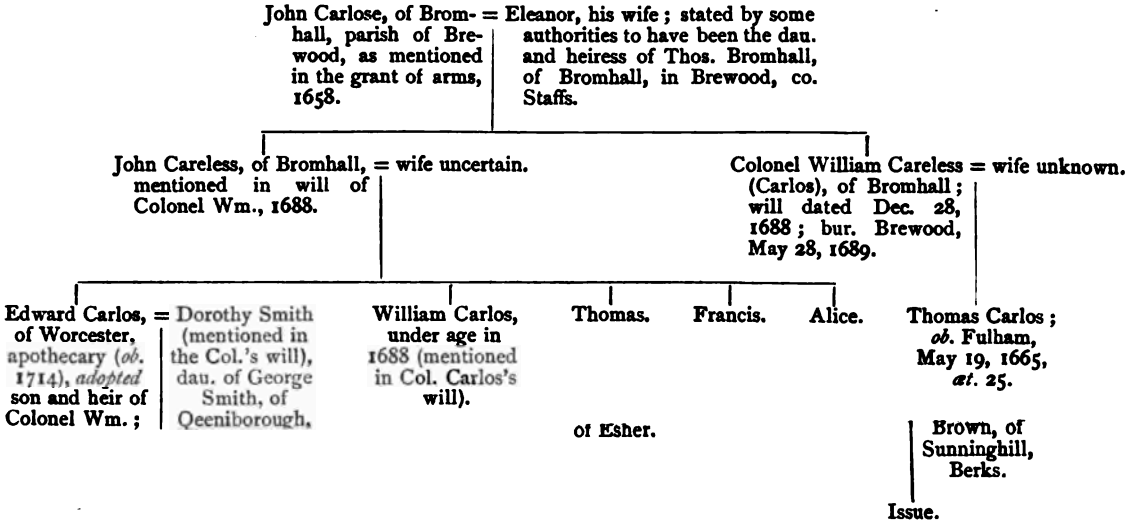


THE "MARKS" OF THE PENDRILL (PENDEREL) FAMILY.

PEDIGREES

REVISED AND ENLARGED PEDIGREE OF THE CARLOSE—CARELESS—CARLESS—CARLOS FAMILY.

SECTION I.


John Carlose, of Bromhall, parish of Brewood, as mentioned in the grant of arms, 1658.
= Eleanor, his wife; stated by some authorities to have been the dau. and heiress of Thos. Bromhall, of Bromhall, in Brewood, co. Staffs.
John Careless, of Bromhall, mentioned in will of Colonel Wm., 1688.
= wife uncertain.
Colonel William Careless (Carlos), of Bromhall; will dated Dec. 28, 1688; bur. Brewood, May 28, 1689.
= wife unknown.
Edward Carlos, of Worcester, apothecary (ob. 1714), adopted son and heir of Colonel Wm.;
= Dorothy Smith (mentioned in the Col.'s will), dau. of George Smith, of Qeeniborough,
William Carlos, under age in 1688 (mentioned in Col. Carlos's will).
Thomas.
Francis.
Alice.
Thomas Carlos; ob. Fulham, May 19, 1665, æt. 25.
of Esher.
Brown, of Sunninghill, Berks.
Issue.

SECTION II. (*Birmingham Branch*).

Richard Carless, of Birmingham. = Dorothy.
Temp. Queen Elizabeth.

Richard Carless, of Birmingham, and of Sherley Street, co. Warwick; bapt. 1592; *d.* before 1663. = Jane.

Richard Carless, of Birmingham (1620—1669-70). = Margery.

- Richard Carless, of Birmingham, and of the Five Ways House, nr. Birmingham, considered to be the Richard Carless mentioned in Col. Carlos's will. = Mary Billingsley, of Birmingham.
- Obediah Carless (2nd son), who had one son, Richard Carless, of whom no more is known.
- Joseph Carless, of Birmingham (3rd son). = Mary (Fetherston), widow of John Pemberton, of Birmingham.
- Samuel Carless, of Birmingham, and of Corbyn's Hall, co. Stafford; mar. several times (4th son). = Elizabeth Finch, of Dudley (2nd wife).
- Benjamin Carless, of Birmingham, who had issue one son, Thomas Carless, who died young, and two daughters and co-heiresses, viz. Mary, wife of Jonathan Grier, of Birmingham, and Sarah, wife of Charles Lloyd, of

..... Thomas Attwood, first M.P. for the Borough of Birmingham, and was grandmother to Thomas A. Carless Attwood, M.A., the present Representative of the Attwood family and of this branch of the Carlesses; the 2nd dau., Mary Ann Carless, mar. John Freeman, of Pedmore Hall, co. Worcester, and was mother of an only son, the late Edward Augustus Freeman, D.C.L. and LL.D., the Historian, and the youngest dau., Sarah Carless, died unmarried.

Merry, of the family of Merry, of Barton and Radbourn, Derbyshire.

Joseph Merry, of Packwood, Warwicks.; *b.* 1708; *ob.* 1766. = Elizabeth Grundy, dau. of J. Grundy, of Lichfield; *b.* 1720; *ob.* 1790.

William Bentley, of Bengeworth, Worces.; *b.* 1765; *ob.* 1822. = Sarah Parkes, cousin to John Cooke, of Olton (*b.* 1755; *ob.* 1813), who married Mary Lane (*b.* 1762; *ob.* 1821), only child and heiress of Edward Lane (*b.* 1726; *ob.* 1782).

Joseph Merry, of Longbridge, Warwicks.; *b.* 1760; *ob.* 1824. = Martha Keartland; *b.* 1764; *ob.* 1838.

John Merry, of Packwood; *b.* 1756; *ob.* 1800. = Mary Butler, dau. of Wm. Butler, of Linworth Hall, Warwicks.

Mary Bentley; *b.* 1802; *ob.* 1871.

Henry Merry; *b.* 1791; *ob.* 1847. =

John Merry, of Grovelly Hall, Worces.; *b.* 1788; *ob.* 1856. = Jane Rebecca Merry (cousin), heiress of John Merry, of Packwood, Warwicks.

Anthony Theophilus Merry; *b.* 1799; *ob.* 1863; bur. New Jersey, U.S.A. = Louisa, dau. of [Rev.] Richard Simcoe Carles, M.A., Vicar of Aston Cantloe, co. Warwick, and sister of [Rev.] Chas. Ed. Carles, B.A., of Warwick [*vide* Section II.]; *b.* Oct. 15, 1797; mar. Nov. 18, 1846; *ob.* 1857; bur. at New Jersey, U.S.A.

Alfred Senior Merry, of the Mumbles, Glamorganshire. = Eliza Bird, dau. of E. Bird, of Edgbaston.

Five daughters and three sons.

Theophilus Charles Merry; bur. New Jersey, U.S.A., leaving a son and daughter — Frederick Carles Merry, and Harriet Merry, of Philadelphia. = Theodosia Merry (a cousin), dau. of Hy. Merry, of Sparkbrook.

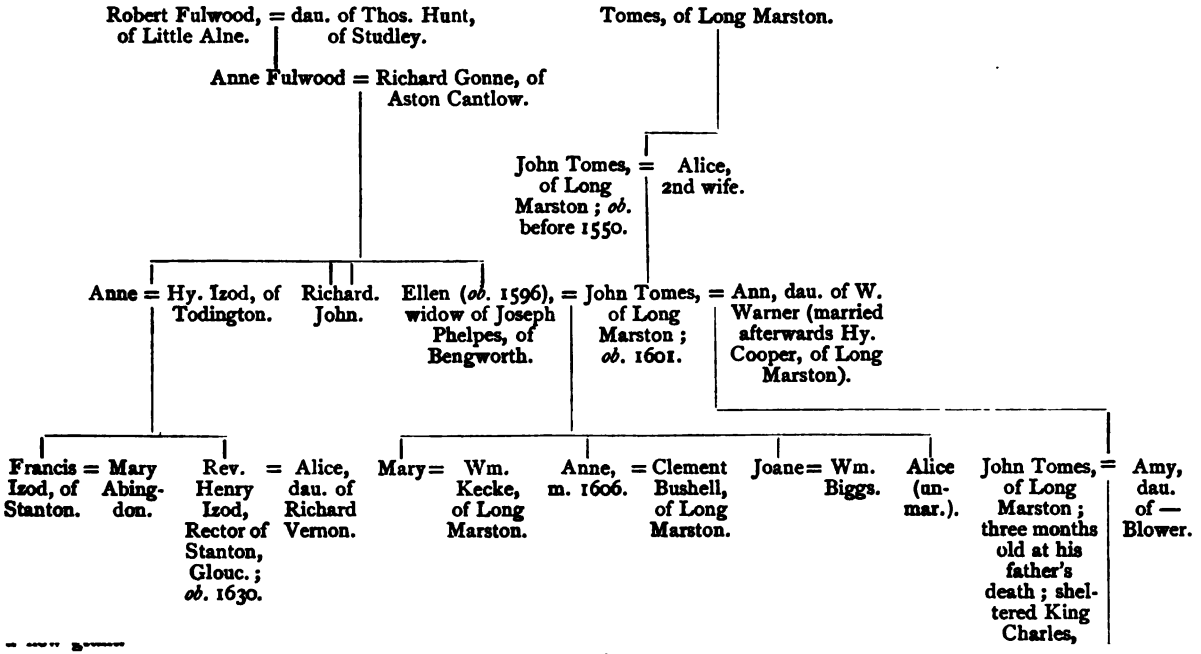
Fredk. Carles Merry; *ob.* 1900, at New York, U.S.A., leaving a son, Fredk. Carles Merry, of New Jersey, U.S.A.

Louisa. = T. Page, of New Jersey, U.S.A.

Arthur; *ob.* unmarried, 1862.

REVISED PEDIGREE OF THE TOMES FAMILY,

Drawn up by Sir Thomas Phillipps, from papers placed at his disposal by Fisher Tomes, and continued by John Tomes, F.R.S.
Vide Vol. III., "Misc., Gen. et Her.," New Series, p. 273.


Robert Fulwood, of Little Alne.
= dau. of Thos. Hunt, of Studley.
Anne Fulwood
= Richard Gonne, of Aston Cantlow.
Tomes, of Long Marston.
John Tomes, of Long Marston; ob. before 1550.
= Alice, 2nd wife.
Anne
= Hy. Izod, of Todington.
Richard.
John.
Ellen (ob. 1596), widow of Joseph Phelpes, of Bengworth.
= John Tomes, of Long Marston; ob. 1601.
= Ann, dau. of W. Warner (married afterwards Hy. Cooper, of Long Marston).
Francis Izod, of Stanton.
= Mary Abingdon.
Rev. Henry Izod, Rector of Stanton, Glouc.; ob. 1630.
= Alice, dau. of Richard Vernon.
Mary
= Wm. Kecke, of Long Marston.
Anne, m. 1606.
= Clement Bushell, of Long Marston.
Joane
= Wm. Biggs.
Alice (unmar.).
John Tomes, of Long Marston; three months old at his father's death; sheltered King Charles,
= Amy, dau. of — Blower.

HENCHMAN PEDIGREE.

All male lines extinct.

CROSBOROUGH, OR HENCHMAN, OF DODINGTON MAGNA, CO. NORTHAMPTON. *Temp.* HENRY VII.

Richard Henchman, of Wellingboro'. *Temp.* Henry VIII. = Alice, dau. of Pindar, of Wellingboro'.

Thomas Henchman, of Wellingboro', M.P. for Whitchurch, 1601. *Temp.* Mary, Elizabeth, James. = Mary, dau. of Freeman, of Irchester. (*See* Freeman Scholarships, Clare Hall, Second Report Hist. MSS.)

Thomas Henchman, of London; living 1633. = Ann, dau. of Griffith, of Carnarvon.

Humfrey Henchman, Bishop of Salisbury and London; bap. 1592; *d.* 1675. = Ellen, dau. of Dr. Tounson, Bishop of Salisbury.

Thomas Henchman, of Crutched Friars, bap. at Salisbury, 1630; *d.* 1688. = Mary, dau. of Thos. How, of Abbots Langley.

Thomas Henchman, S.T.P., Prebendary of Salisbury; *b.* 1667; *d.* 1748. = Jane, dau. of W. Swanton, Recorder of Salisbury.

Francis Henchman, B.D., Rector of Ruan, Cornwall; *b.* 1712; *d.* 1777. = Jane, dau. of W. Hill Pinkney, of Cholderton, Wilts.

Francis Henchman, M.A., Rector of St. Peter's, Marlborough, Padworth, etc.; *d.* 1824. = Sophia Ann, dau. of John Cater, of Cassington, Oxon.

Francis Henchman,[1] Dep. Under Sheriff of London and Middlesex, Red Lion Square; *b.* 1777; *d.* 1853. = Lucretia, dau. of Joseph Burchell, Dep. Under Sheriff, Red Lion Square.

John Henchman, of Bromley, Kent; *b.* 1814; *d.* 1893. = Agnes, dau. of Thos. Guthrie, of Bervie.

William Henchman, of Rockhampton, Queensland; *b.* 1842. = Jane McIlraith, dau. of Rev. Robert Wallace, of Tottenham.

—John Evelyn Wallace Henchman; *b.* 1872
—Hereward Humfrey Henchman, M.A., LL.B.; *b.* 1874 } *b.* in England. Of Queensland.
—Hubert James Hungerford Henchman; *b.* 1876

[1] Sole male survivor, Rev. Canon Thos. Henchman, of Grahamstown, S. Africa; *b.* 1822.

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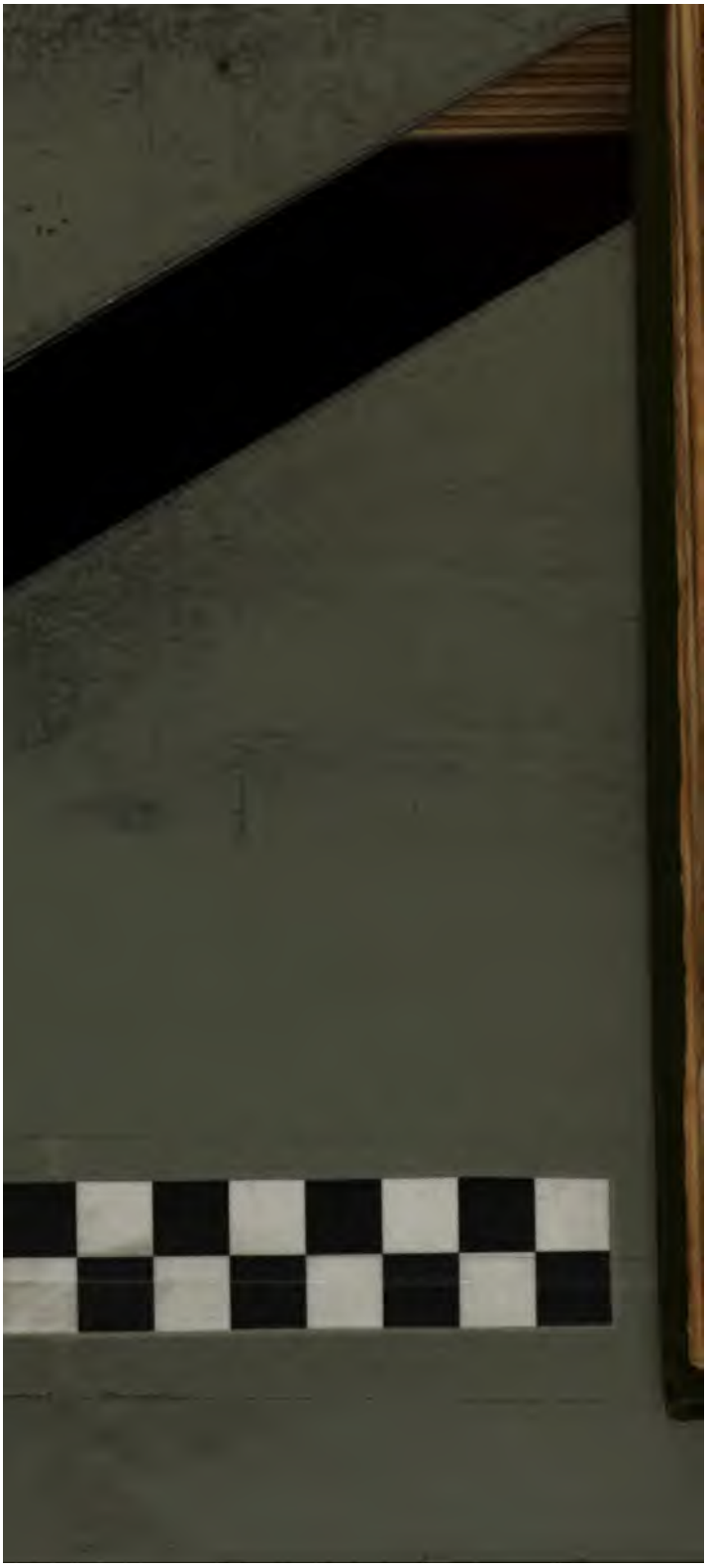
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